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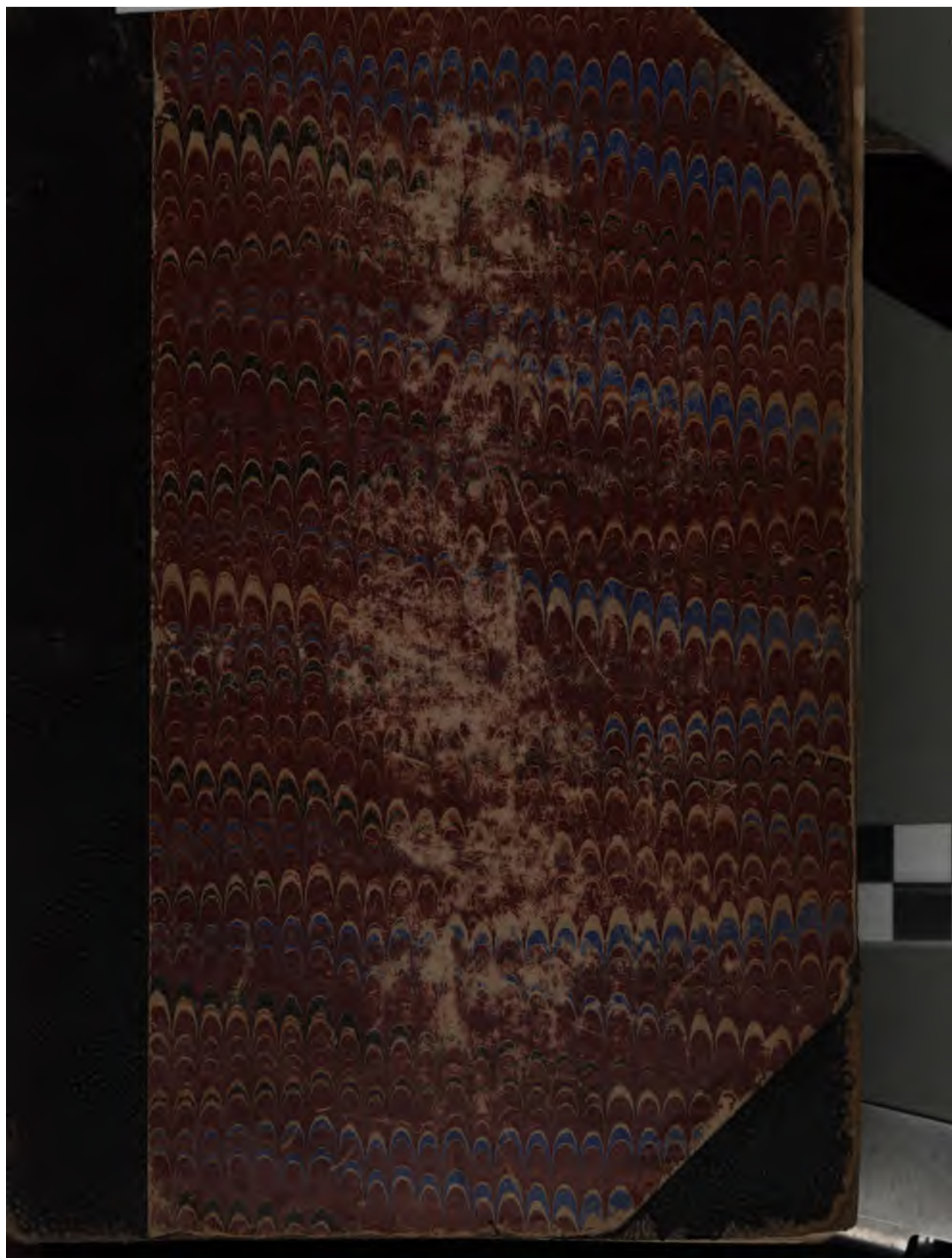
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CHRIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

How delightful it was to be in the bright south again, to feel that there was a real sun in the heavens above and here and there a real friend or two on the earth below! What a relief it was to have done with squalor and ignoble penury, to be delivered from an engagement which ought never to have been entered into, to come and go at will—in a word, to be as free as air!

This was the sort of thing that Chris kept ejaculating to herself from morning to night after her arrival at Cannes; and perhaps she would not have indulged in such ejaculations quite so often if she had been sure of being as happy as by rights she ought to have been. The Lavergues were kindness itself. They received her and treated her like a daughter of their own, showing her, indeed, more consideration than the generality of parents are accustomed to show to their children, in that they asked no questions at all and allowed her to tell them as much or as little as she pleased about the events of the past summer and autumn. Other old friends, too, turned up, and were loud and hearty in their welcome. José, back from a pedestrian circuit among Pyrenean watering-places; the man who sold roasted chestnuts; the shabby *sergent de ville*; the Italian musicians

and the good-humoured lazy beggars—with all of these it was a joy and a wonder to chat just as of yore; because not one of them was a bit changed, and none of them seemed to realize what an immense period of time had elapsed since the “last season,” of which they spoke as though it had ended the day before yesterday. Yet beneath all these pleasant renewals of old associations there lurked an *amari aliquid* of which Chris was increasingly conscious. “*Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus,*” said the king of France, when he returned to a country in which everything was changed except himself. Chris was in the opposite predicament; for although Cannes and its inhabitants remained unaltered, she was no longer the girl who had once been happy there; and what was unfortunate and inexplicable was that the things which had formerly sufficed to make her happy had now lost that power. Well, to be sure, her father was dead, which was a good and respectable reason for sadness; only, when she examined herself, she found that that was not the real reason: or at any rate, not the sole one. Then poor dear Peter was no more, and she missed him at every turn; yet somehow or other the loss of Peter did not seem altogether to account for the listlessness and weariness which oppressed her. “I don't know what is the matter with

me," Chris said to herself with a sigh ; "but everything seems very unsatisfactory."

It was Dr. Lavergne who at length enlightened her as to the true nature of her malady. The Doctor had heard from his wife, who had heard from Chris herself, all that could be safely told about Val Richardson, and he knew that the girl was well rid of a bad bargain. Also he was acquainted with the episodes attendant upon her flight to Paris ; for of these she made no secret. Now, with such facts before him, and with certain well-known and unmistakable symptoms staring him in the face, Dr. Lavergne had made a diagnosis of her case which he flattered himself was substantially accurate. Only he could not prescribe a remedy, because, for one thing, he did not believe in prescriptions of any kind, and for another, he needed some further information before he could even suggest a possible cure.

Therefore, while she was helping him to tie up his roses one afternoon, he said abruptly : "Mademoiselle, you are worrying yourself, and that is an extremely foolish thing to do. People who worry themselves become prematurely wrinkled."

"I don't think I am worrying myself," Chris answered. "What have I to worry me?"

"Ah, that is what you should know better than I ; but if you really do not know, I might try to guess. Meanwhile, let me assure you that when you are thirty years of age you will bitterly regret having drawn lines in your face which can never be rubbed out, and which in all probability will have no justification for their existence. What are the genuine troubles of life ? Disease, sin, want, and the death of those whom we have loved. From the first three of these you are as free as any one can be ; from the last I admit that you have suffered ; but unless I am very much mistaken, it is not from that that you are suffering now. I conclude, then, that your trouble is of the imaginary class, and since you will

not name it, I will, with your mission, hazard a little conjecture. Your mind is disturbed because you cannot forget that two men once found you in an equivocal situation in Paris and because you are afraid that one of them will reveal what he saw and what he thought. It would be impossible to conceive of a more groundless apprehension. You will not accuse me of thinking too well of my fellow-creatures ; but I venture to assure you that no man of honor (I do not speak of women, they are different) would dream of saying a word about such an encounter."

"Perhaps not," said Chris. She added after a moment, "It is not their talking about what they saw that I am afraid of."

"Then," said Doctor Lavergne, lifting his head quickly and looking straight at her through his spectacles, "it must be that you attach particular importance to the personal opinion of one of these gentlemen."

There was some indiscretion, not to say brutality, in this speech ; but Doctor Lavergne, who was neither indiscreet nor brutal, had his reasons for uttering it. He wanted to befriend the girl, and he could not do that without extorting an admission, tacit or other, from her ; so that he was completely baffled and surprised when Chris, without a shade of embarrassment, replied :

"I do attach a good deal of importance to Mr. Severne's opinion. He and I were friends at Brentstow, and I could see by his face, when we parted in Paris, that he despised me. As for Mr. Ellacombe, he may think what he pleases."

"When you next meet Mr. Severne you had better tell him the whole truth," said the Doctor ; "but in the meantime, you may be sure that if his good opinion is worth having at all, you will not have lost it. He will have blamed Mr. Richardson, not you. They generally do ; and it is nothing to the point that they are generally wrong. Come ! if you have no worse

trouble than that to brood over you are a very fortunate young lady."

So saying, the old man trotted away into the house, thinking to himself, "I suppose there is some other young man then, whom we have not heard of."

But although the Doctor's chance shot had proved a miss, so far as he was concerned, it had an undesigned success of which he was ignorant. After she was left alone, Chris thought over what he had said, and of course she understood what he had been driving at; and so it came to pass that all of a sudden she knew for certain what she had more than once vaguely suspected, but had never put into plain words. Such discoveries have different effects upon different people. To Chris it could not, in the circumstances, be anything but painful to acknowledge that she loved Gerald Severne; yet her predominating sensation was not so much one of pain as of extreme astonishment. The possibility of Gerald's falling in love with her had been placed before her plainly enough more than once. Lady Barnstaple had spoken of it as an undesirable event, and Mr. Compton had mentioned it in the contrary sense; but neither of them had made her doubt for a moment of her personal safety. And now, after all, it turned out that she was the one who ought to have been cautioned; for it was very evident that, knowing what he knew about her, Gerald would think of her no more, even as a friend. Warnings however would have done little good. She recognised the fact that she had loved him from the first, and would have loved him whether he had cared for her or not. It was her fate, she supposed.

Not until the following morning did she begin to feel wretched and humiliated. It is, no doubt, a humiliating thing for a woman to become enamoured of a man without having received due encouragement. She ought to wait until she is asked, just as children are expected to keep silence until they are spoken to. It seems a

little hard upon the women and children: but in their own interest, as well as in that of the community at large, these regulations must be observed. Chris, who had plenty of common sense, was quite ready to admit that, and consequently had to admit that she had more or less disgraced herself. Whether she could possibly have helped disgracing herself to that extent was another question: the main thing was that she should henceforth conceal her guilty secret; and as a first step towards doing so, she assumed an air of cheerfulness and jollity at the breakfast hour which deceived neither the Doctor nor his less observant wife.

"That poor child has something on her mind," said the latter to the former after Chris had left the room.

"I am much indebted to you for the information, my dear," replied the Doctor, who was apt to be a little irritable during the early hours of the day. "Allow me to inform you in return that you have a nose upon your face and that I have a pair of eyes in my head. What would increase my already high opinion of your sagacity would be to hear from you exactly what it is that the child has upon her mind."

Madame Lavergne at once confessed her inability to earn the reward named upon those terms, whereupon the Doctor rejoined tartly,

"Then if I were you, I should feel ashamed of myself. A woman who can't find out what is the matter with another woman!—although I dare say it would not make much difference if you could."

Chris meanwhile had sauntered down to the end of the garden, where she met the postman, who handed her a letter which had been forwarded from London. This proved to be an invitation from Lady Barnstaple, who had returned to Brentstow and who begged her to "run down to us for a week or two before we go abroad for the winter." Her ladyship wrote very affectionately.

"We are dying to see you again," said she, "and the longer you can stay with us the better we shall be pleased. I saw the announcement of your aunt's death in the papers. Has she left you anything?—and what are your plans for the future? But you can answer these and other questions when we meet."

There was no mention of Gerald in the letter, but Mr. Ellacombe's name appeared in a postscript. "Our poor neighbour at Hatherford," Lady Barnstaple wrote, "is said to be in bad health and spirits and certainly looks very glum. I met him the other day and stopped to speak to him, but he would only grunt at me. Perhaps when you come you will be able to draw him out of his shell. As far as I know, you are the only person who has ever succeeded in so doing."

Ellacombe then had evidently kept his own counsel. Chris was grateful to him for his forbearance, but was not sorry that she could give so excellent a reason for leaving him in his shell. By return of post she expressed her thanks and regrets to Lady Barnstaple, but did not think it necessary to allude to Mr. Ellacombe or to her improved circumstances. She had begun a fresh chapter in her life, she thought, and in that chapter the Severnes were not likely to play any part. Situated as she was, the best thing that she could do was to think as little as possible about the past. This might have been a sensible enough resolution to make if she had had any definite future to look forward to; but since she had none, she was of course unable to carry it into effect. Besides, one does not so easily break with the past. As the winter went on and the English colony began to arrive, visitors and visiting-cards came to Miss Compton in respectable numbers. Old friends of her father's sought her out; the Duchess of Islay asked her to tea; a great many people whose existence she had forgotten had apparently remembered her and were anxious to be kind to her; and oddly

enough, they all seemed to have discovered that she was now an heiress.

Doctor Lavergne was very caustic in his remarks about these amiably-disposed callers. "They were not so eager to thrust themselves forward last year," he would observe; "but they are evidently overcoming their natural timidity now, and who knows how far they may go with a little more encouragement? They may even end by finding out that I live here and deigning to shake hands with me when they do me the honour to cross my humble threshold."

The truth is that some of the ladies and gentlemen who had paid their respects to Miss Compton had not been quite as punctilious as they might have been in recognizing the presence of her host and hostess; but no such reproach could fairly be laid to the charge of a stout, good-humoured looking lady who was shown into Madame Lavergne's drawing-room one afternoon in the month of January, and who lost no time in saying that anybody who had been a friend to her dear little Chris was a friend of her own. There is no reason to doubt that Lady Barnstaple was perfectly sincere. She had always been fond of Chris, and had shown her affection in other circumstances, so far as it had been possible for her to do so; but ninety thousand pounds does make a difference, and there would be very good reason indeed to doubt the sincerity of any lady who should assert the contrary.

When Chris came into the room she was warmly embraced and not less warmly congratulated. "I read about your aunt's will in the 'Illustrated London News,'" Lady Barnstaple said, "and I never was more pleased in my life. Fancy being so rich and living in such a hole! However, if she had lived elsewhere perhaps she wouldn't have had as much to leave; so we won't complain. Well, here we are again, you see; and here I suppose we shall remain until after Easter.

Come and sit down beside me and tell me all your news."

"I don't think I have any to tell, Lady Barnstaple," answered Chris. "I came here soon after Aunt Rebecca died, and nothing has happened to me since."

"Oh!" said Lady Barnstaple, to whom this announcement seemed to come as somewhat of a relief; "then I'll tell you mine, of which I have quite a budget. First of all, have you seen anything of that Mr. Richardson lately?"

Chris shook her head.

"So much the better! He is somewhere abroad, I hear, and no doubt he will try to pick up old acquaintances if he can. I don't know whether you have heard that he levanted in the autumn, leaving his accounts unsettled. Lord Barnstaple saw him once or twice at Newmarket and heard of his goings on. A most disreputable young man by all accounts; and if you should come across him again you had better look the other way. Well, then there is poor Mr. Ellacombe—what do you think has happened to poor Mr. Ellacombe? He has actually gone and married; and the unfortunate thing is that his wife is a person whom one can't know. I shall always think that you are a little bit to blame for this catastrophe, Chris; though of course one wouldn't have wished you to prevent it in the only way in which it could have been prevented. After all perhaps he may find Mrs. Ellacombe a congenial companion; for rumour says that she is not precisely a total abstainer, and I am afraid there can be no question about his own tendencies."

"I thought you had a better opinion of him," Chris could not help saying.

"Oh, well, one tries to hope for the best; but at all events he is married now, and there's an end of him. When will you come and spend a day with us, Chris? Gracie is longing to see you and tell you all about her engagement to Lord Forfar, whom I think you saw at Brentstow. He is a very nice fellow in every way, and we are

very much pleased with the match, and you may congratulate us all round if you like."

Chris availed herself heartily of this gracious permission. She was fond of Lady Grace, and though she could not remember much about Lord Forfar, she remembered that he was young and good-looking, and said so.

"Yes," Lady Barnstaple answered, "and what is even more to the purpose is, that he is sure to succeed his father before long, which will make him immensely rich. When we left England the old man was only being kept alive by brandy and beaten-up eggs; so that one may reasonably hope to get the funeral and a decent period of mourning over before the spring, when, according to present arrangements, Gracie is to be married."

Dr. Laverne, who had come in from the garden and had been duly presented to Lady Barnstaple, was so tickled by these last words that he could not repress an abrupt chuckle; whereupon his visitor stared at him for a moment and then joined in his merriment quite good-humouredly.

"I thought," she remarked, "that you didn't understand English."

The Doctor explained that, although he did not speak our language, he understood it a little. "And," added he, with a bow, "I am beginning to understand the English character, for which I entertain the warmest admiration. You have, if I may be permitted to say so, a frankness of speech which no other nation can attempt to rival."

"Well," said Lady Barnstaple, getting up, "some of us have; but I don't know that it is exactly a national characteristic. In our class one meets with quite a large number of people who say what they think, because there really is no reason why they shouldn't; but the English *bourgeois* is a sad impostor, like the *bourgeois* of other countries, and he is always inclined to shy at his own shadow, as they all are."

Possibly these sentiments may have

nettled the Doctor, whose republicanism was that of the year 1848, or it may be that he was a little bit jealous of Lady Barnstaple, who unceremoniously arranged that Chris should spend the whole of the next day with her, and seemed to take it for granted that the girl would be only too glad of an outing. Anyhow, his visitor had no sooner departed than he observed, "She is droll, miladi, and she has an air of being very outspoken; but I am not convinced that she says quite all that she thinks, or that she is not just as capable of hatching transparent little plots as any *bourgeoise* in France or England. Have you a 'Journal des Étrangers,' my dear?"

Madame Lavergne was sorry that she had not. "What do you want it for, *mon ami*?" she inquired innocently.

"Oh, I was only curious to see whether Mr. Severne had arrived from Paris yet; but perhaps it will not be until the next list is issued that we shall find his name," replied the Doctor, trotting out rapidly into the garden, as his habit was when he wished to avoid being called upon to explain himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN justice to Dr. Lavergne, it must be remembered that he had tested Chris with a view to discovering whether she cherished any tender sentiment for Mr. Severne and that he had come to the conclusion that she was free from any such weakness. His sarcastic allusions to the designs of Lady Barnstaple were not, therefore, intended to wound her feelings, and no one would have been more sorry than he, had he known that he had been the means of inflicting an almost sleepless night upon her. Chris did not believe that Gerald would come to Cannes or even that he would be sent for; yet what the Doctor had said made her realize for the first time the pinch of wealth. It is no such unhappy fate to be rich—all things con-

sidered, it is a great deal worse to be poor—but the defects of what one possesses are, of course, always more conspicuous than its advantages, and the drawback to being an heiress is that melancholy doubt which must be present to all heiresses as to whether they are loved for themselves or for their dowry.

One discovery leads to another. After Chris had wept a little over the cynicism of Dr. Lavergne and the worldliness of Lady Barnstaple, she found out that she would hardly have been moved to the point of tears by either of these distressing traits if she had not been harbouring a secret hope that, some day or other, Gerald would seek her and find her and allow her a chance of explaining how it was that she had been seen walking in the streets of Paris with no other companion than Val Richardson. It would have been generous of him to give her such an opportunity in the days of her poverty; but the generosity would be less evident now; and it is a remarkable proof of the unhealthy condition of mind into which young women with plenty of money and no occupation are apt to fall that before daybreak Chris had firmly resolved to live and die an old maid. She was displeased with Dr. Lavergne, which was pardonable enough; she was displeased with Lady Barnstaple, and that also was not very unnatural; but she certainly had no business to be displeased with poor Gerald, whose behaviour since his encounter with her had been quite unexceptionable. He had held his tongue and he had left her alone: what more could any man with the feelings of a gentleman do? Chris however was unreasonable enough to quarrel with him for his discretion and to say to herself that if he had cared in the least for her, he would not have remained silent and quiescent so long. His coming forward now—should he be persuaded by his mother to do so—would only show that he thought ninety thousand pounds worth a small sacrifice of pride.

Towards morning she fell asleep, but did not get nearly as many hours of rest as persons of her age require; so that, in spite of all her efforts to summon up a cheerful expression, it was a somewhat weary and drawn face that she took to Lady Barnstaple's villa, in the garden of which she was met by Lady Grace.

"I saw you from my bedroom window, and I thought I would come down and intercept you," Lady Grace said. "There are some people in the drawing-room who are going to stay to luncheon; but we needn't go in yet. And how have you been all this long time, Chris? And why have you never written to me?"

"You never wrote to me," Chris remarked.

"Well, no," answered Lady Grace, laughing; "that is true. I did mean to write, and I was often upon the point of doing it; but I always put it off because—well, I'll explain to you afterwards why I didn't write. Do you know that you are not looking at all well, Chris?"

"I have rather a headache this morning," said Chris; "otherwise there's nothing the matter with me." Then she expressed her congratulations and begged to be told all about Lord Forfar; though her friend assured her that there was really nothing to tell.

"Forfar," Lady Grace declared, "is a commonplace young man, as you must have noticed, and I am a commonplace young woman, as you know; so that we shall get on very well together and live happily to the end of our days, I hope. Our relations are pleased with us; but they are not very much interested in us, and indeed one couldn't expect it of them. We are not interesting. Now *you* are very interesting, Chris, and that's why I want to talk to you about yourself."

But Chris, who was by no means anxious to talk about herself, insisted upon categorical answers to a number of questions relating to Lord Forfar and the approaching wedding; and it was not until the two girls had been

seated for half an hour on the shady side of a mimosa that she found herself compelled to take her turn of submitting to cross-examination.

"Have you no news to give me?" Lady Grace inquired. "Nothing about Mr. Richardson, for instance?"

"I suppose, from your asking that question," answered Chris, "that you know I was once engaged to him. I did not exactly wish it; but circumstances brought it about. The engagement is broken off now."

"Oh, I am so glad! Mamma told me that there was a sort of half-and-half engagement"—

"She promised not to betray that secret," remarked Chris parenthetically.

"I am sure she hasn't told anybody but me. And so it is really at an end! I am delighted to hear it; for I never thought him at all nice, and lately I have been told some very unpleasant things about him."

Chris not feeling called upon to make any rejoinder, a pause followed, after which Lady Grace resumed "There is somebody else who will be even more glad than I am to hear that you are not going to marry Mr. Richardson."

"Is there?" said Chris.

"As if you didn't know that as well as I do! Only perhaps you don't know quite as well as I do what a good, steady fellow he is, and what a real piece of luck it is for any girl to be cared for by him. Even my father, who isn't given to praising his children, admits that Gerald is a paragon. He has always paid his own bills; he has never got into scrapes of any kind"—

"I have no doubt that he is perfect," interrupted Chris, laughing a little constrainedly; "but I must take great care not to be dazzled by his perfections. Lady Barnstaple very kindly warned me about that when I was at Brentstow. She said he might admire me, and of course I should naturally admire him; but it would be a very sad thing if we were to allow this mutual admiration to go too far,

because Lord Barnstaple would never hear of his marrying me. So there was nothing for it but to telegraph to Aunt Rebecca and take to my heels."

"Yes, I know," answered Lady Grace tranquilly. "Mamma meant to be kind; and I really think that in the circumstances, she was kind. However fond people may be of one another, they can't marry upon an income which won't support them. But now the circumstances are altogether changed, you see."

"So I hear," observed Chris. "People who are by way of knowing the world assure me that a capital of ninety thousand pounds makes all the difference. But then I, too, in my humble way, have ideas as to what will do and what won't. Perhaps I don't altogether like to be told, 'With a mere three hundred a year, we can't look at you, and the sooner you take yourself off the better; but if you can really bring us as much as three or four thousand a year we shall be willing to do business with you.' Perhaps I may fancy that it would be wiser to keep my three thousand a year and my liberty."

"That is very unfair, Chris," Lady Grace declared. "Gerald never asked or thought about your money. My father would have thought about it, of course, just as all fathers do; but Gerald would have been only too delighted to starve with you in a garret. He told me all about it the day you left Brentstow, and I promised that I would befriend him if I could."

"You didn't do a great deal to befriend him," remarked Chris, who could not help being pleased and mollified by this revelation.

"What could I do? I gave him your address in London, which I thought at the time was rather wrong of me, and he called upon you and didn't see you. After that"—

"Well, what after that?" asked Chris a little anxiously.

"I don't know; I thought perhaps you would be able to tell me. Gerald had to return to Paris before his

leave was up, and since then there has been a change. He seemed to think that there was no chance for him, and I fancied that he might have heard something about you and Mr. Richardson. Something more, at least; for I confess I told him what I had heard from Mamma."

"I am glad he didn't tell you," said Chris meditatively; "but I don't think there is any harm in your hearing the truth now. I ran away from my aunt. She poisoned my dear Peter, and I felt that I couldn't live with her after that; so I made my escape from London, meaning to come on here to the Laverghes, who I knew would receive me. Unfortunately I had to stay a day in Paris, and I came across Mr. Richardson there quite by chance, and then, while I was walking with him, we ran against your brother. I was obliged to give some explanation, and I gave a very stupid one, I'm afraid; for your brother seems to have gone away with the idea that he had met with a runaway couple. Perhaps when you write to him you might tell him that it was not as he thought. My cousin, James Compton, pursued me and told me that Aunt Rebecca was very ill, and so I went back to England that same night. It was thought best that, after what had happened (for by an extraordinary stroke of bad luck Mr. Ellacombe also saw me in Paris), my engagement to Mr. Richardson should be acknowledged; but afterwards he behaved in a way that enabled me to claim my release. That's all."

"Oh, now I understand!" said Lady Grace musingly. She took Chris by the hand and looked into her face with a smile. "What am I to tell Gerald?" she asked.

"Nothing more than just what I have told you," answered Chris. "After all, I believe I would rather that you told him nothing. Let him think what he likes. The only thing that I don't at all want him to think is that—that—"

"Oh, he won't think anything of

that sort," Grace declared laughing; "Gerald has a very modest opinion of himself. All that I am afraid of is that he is too modest, and that he will require a great deal of backing up before he will consent to fight his own battle. Especially now that he knows how rich you have become."

"Dr. Lavergne," remarked Chris slowly, "said a thing yesterday which I didn't like. He said Lady Barnstaple would ask Mr. Severne to come here at once."

Lady Grace laughed again; but her laughter sounded somewhat forced and she coloured a little. She had opened her lips to make some reply when a servant came out of the house to tell the young ladies that everybody had sat down to luncheon; and so the dialogue came to an end.

Lady Barnstaple belonged to that set of people who move about in a pack. They are in London during the season; then they are at Goodwood and Cowes; then they march in a compact mass upon Scotland; then they meet one another at various country houses; and after that a good many of them go to Cannes for the winter. A good many of them were assembled round the luncheon-table at which Lady Grace and Chris took their places, and they were talking, as they always do, with immense interest about one another's affairs, so that the latter was neither noticed nor addressed. She was glad enough to be so insignificant and to be free to pursue her own meditations, which however received an abrupt check when she overheard her hostess saying: "Yes, Gerald arrived last night. I begged him to ask for a week's leave to see his mother, and I need hardly add that he has gone off to Monte Carlo for the day."

"How imprudent of you!" somebody exclaimed. "Fancy deliberately inviting one's son to the neighbourhood of Monte Carlo!"

To which Lady Barnstaple responded with a demure smile, "Oh, I'm not so imprudent as I look."

Chris threw a reproachful glance across the table at Lady Grace, who shrugged her shoulders very slightly, and Dr. Lavergne gained then and there a reputation for sagacity which may have been a trifle above his deserts.

After luncheon Lady Barnstaple was very affectionate to her young friend, who, for her part, was extremely cold and stiff; but later in the afternoon, when her mother had gone out for a drive and the party had dispersed, Lady Grace found an opportunity of enunciating sentiments which had at least the merit of common sense.

"You have no reason to be affronted, Chris," said she; "and if mamma had not been fond of you personally I doubt whether ninety thousand pounds would have tempted her. It is a good large fortune, but it isn't enormous; and I dare say she would tell you that Gerald might do better from a worldly point of view. As for him, I must leave him to convince you that he isn't mercenary. If he can't do it, of course I can't. I persuaded him to go to Monte Carlo to-day, because I wanted him to be out of the way. He didn't know why he had been summoned, and when I told him he was so incredulous and so despondent that I thought I had better see you and find out whether there was any use in his staying on. After what I have heard I shall advise him to stay; it seems to me it may be worth his while."

Receiving no reply, Lady Grace added: "Perhaps it is only fair to tell you that he was to come back by the four o'clock train, and that he may be here at any moment."

Thereupon Chris jumped up briskly, said good-bye, and walked away as fast as she could. This was just what Lady Grace had felt sure that she would do; and she also felt sure that, if the train kept its time with anything like punctuality, her brother must infallibly encounter Chris on his way up from the station. More than

that she could not very well have done for him, and she had a tolerably strong conviction that he would not stand in need of any further assistance.

But Chris, as she hastened on her way without any thought of meeting Gerald Severne, was not at all sure that she would accept him if at any future time he should ask her to be his wife. She had as yet hardly taken in the meaning of what Lady Grace had told her; she was still, and perhaps rather unjustifiably, sore against Lady Barnstaple; she did not relish the idea of being tolerated on account of the hoarded treasure which had been bequeathed to her. Possibly also she may have been inwardly conscious that a word or two from Gerald would conquer all her doubts and scruples; for as she drew nearer to the station it suddenly dawned upon her that she was walking along the road by which he must needs make his way homewards; and as soon as she realized that fact she struck off into a by-path between two high walls, which, she flattered herself, would effectually screen her from view.

This strategic movement was not executed with such rapidity but that somebody who had been scrutinizing her figure from afar caught sight of it and promptly started in pursuit. The legs of the pursuer being long, and his anxiety to catch her up very great, it was not many minutes before she heard the sound of approaching footsteps behind her; whereupon she immediately quickened her pace, without looking over her shoulder. But escape, as she very soon perceived, was impossible. Four miles an hour is probably the outside walking speed which can be attained by any wearer of petticoats, and it would be too ridiculous to break into a run. Chris therefore adopted the more dignified course of turning at bay, thereby bringing herself face to face, not with Gerald Severne, but with Val Richardson.

There was a change in Val's appearance—a change of which the de-

tails were not feminine eyes, effect was. He ably clad; he waistcoat; the from his neck banker's clerk somehow or o much more at place thus att rowed plumes decked himself There was a c ner, which h swagger. He said quite hum I couldn't res wanted to hea that you had f

Perhaps this judicious possil a lady who di dressed at all. annoyed with h to despise hir since he was have shown be her. However hit a man w answered: "I Mr. Richardson stood that. A hear that you l do and were n Still, after all would be bette again. You a Cannes, I supp

Val smiled. way from Cadiz "I heard that came, borrowin journey and v with my empl to believe that was dying at N for me. Chris, given me, as y you give me a know how I l imagine what have to look f You did like sure you did!"

"No," exclaimed Chris, whose heart had been touched for a moment, but who was determined that there should be no misconception upon this point; "I never liked you in the way that you mean! If I had, perhaps your having tried to rob Aunt Rebecca would have made no difference—I don't know. As it was, I was only too glad and thankful to be free. It may sound unkind to say so, but it is the truth. I never should have consented to be engaged to you if my cousin had not insisted upon it. He said you had a hold over me because of our having been seen together in Paris."

"I think," observed Val, "you forget that there was something very like an engagement between us before that time. You didn't quite refuse me, you know; you gave me to understand that there was nobody else whom you liked better."

"Nor was there," answered Chris slowly; "but"—

"But what? Is there somebody else now, then? Good heavens, Chris! is it possible that you can have fallen in love with that red-bearded fellow?"

"Certainly not! I wish you would not say such unpleasant things. As it happens, Mr. Ellacombe is married already; but in any case"—

"Then it is the other one," interrupted Val. "I thought as much! Trust old Lady Barnstaple to snap up ninety thousand pounds when she gets the chance! Well, I admire her promptitude; but I can't say that I admire your discernment. A man who is willing to make love to you after seeing what Mr. Severne saw in Paris must be a man with no sort of foolish pride about him."

"You are very insolent," said Chris coldly; "but I don't see what you can expect to gain by your insolence. I have not seen Mr. Severne and I don't want to see him; but he has nothing whatever to do with the—the disgust that I feel for you. It is horrid to have to say such a thing, but I am sure that you would not have come

here if you had not heard that I had inherited Aunt Rebecca's money."

This was quite true, and Val regretted that in his chagrin he had let out his knowledge of the fact that Chris was now richer by ninety thousand pounds than when he had seen her last. He had played his cards rather clumsily; but then, to be sure, his cards had not been worth much even to a skilful player. He produced the last one now, and did so with a bravado which would of itself have sufficed to insure its failure.

"Listen to me, Chris," said he. "I'm not going to pretend that I'm over and above scrupulous; you know enough of me by this time to know that, and you know also that I love you. I won't see you married to any other man living if I can help it, and you must see that I can easily enough prevent Severne from marrying you. Engage yourself to him, and I give you my word that I'll go straight to Lady Barnstaple and tell her that you ran off to Paris to meet me. You won't be able to disprove it, and I can as good as prove it. People can't be married at a day's notice, you must remember; so I leave you to judge whether Lady Barnstaple will have courage enough to welcome a daughter-in-law about whom her friends will have every excuse for saying some queer things."

If the disgraceful unmanliness of this threat did not deprive it of all its terrors for Chris, it was at all events sufficient to render any further intercourse between her and Val Richardson impossible. She turned away without a word and walked quickly back towards the high road, whither she thought that he would be less likely to follow her than if she were to proceed on her way towards the less frequented quarter for which she had been bound.

However, he did follow her. He had burnt his ships, and he knew very well that if he could not get her to listen to him now, no second opportunity of doing so would be given him.

He changed his tone when he caught her up; he intreated her to pardon his brutality, alleging that he had been half maddened by the thought of her belonging to another man; he swore that if she would only trust him he would prove himself worthy of her love. But to none of his words did Chris vouchsafe the slightest notice; and so they walked on, he pleading and protesting and she looking straight before her, until they reached the high-road, when he suddenly seized her hand, thus forcing her to halt.

It was in this attitude that Gerald Severne, who was sauntering slowly up from the station, with his hands behind his back and his head bent, discovered the pair. He started and stood still for one moment; then quickened his pace and passed on, without raising his hat. There are circumstances in which people prefer not to be recognised, and doubtless he remembered that he had once before been too ready to intrude upon Miss Compton and her present companion.

But Chris, who quite understood what his thoughts were, could not endure to be again so misjudged. Moreover, she was furiously angry with Val, and was beginning to be just a little bit frightened. Therefore she pocketed her pride, and called out, "Mr. Severne!" And as Gerald paused irresolutely, seeming doubtful whether to believe his ears or not, she repeated her summons in a louder key.

Upon that he turned, and advanced towards her, saying, with a rather forced smile, "Oh—how do you do, Miss Compton?" as though there had been nothing particularly strange in her standing in the middle of the road with an agitated young man clinging to her hand.

"How do you do?" returned Chris. "Will you make Mr. Richardson go away, please? I want to get rid of him, and I can't."

Gerald endeavoured not to look surprised. He stepped up to Val's side,

and said quietly, "You hear that Miss Compton wishes to get rid of you. I daresay you will prefer to go without making a disturbance."

Of the two men Gerald was somewhat the more powerfully built; but there was no such disparity of strength between them as to render the result of a tussle certain; and for one moment Val, though he relinquished the lady's hand, looked as though he might be inclined to show fight before submitting to her behests. However, he thought better of a line of action which would have put him altogether in the wrong, and replied: "Certainly I am quite willing to go away, and I should have done so if Miss Compton had simply stated her wishes, without calling in assistance. Perhaps I may be excused for not having at once understood Miss Compton's wishes, which seem to have undergone a curious change since she and I last had the honour of meeting you. If I am not mistaken, it was you whom she wished to get rid of then; and in her anxiety to dismiss you, I remember that she took what I thought the somewhat imprudent step of telling you that she had fled to Paris to join me."

"I never said that, and you know that I did not!" cried Chris. "I said I had run away from my aunt's house."

"Mr. Severne must draw his own conclusions," observed Val, with a smile.

"I have no wish to pry into anything that doesn't concern me," Gerald declared. "All I know is that Miss Compton has asked me to make you go away. For the second time, will you be good enough to go?"

Val looked down at the ground, drew some semicircles in the dust with his stick, and pondered. When he opened his lips, it was to make perhaps the most foolish speech that he had ever given utterance to in a life which had been full of folly.

"Mr. Severne," said he, "I don't know what account Miss Compton may

have been pleased to give you of her relations with me; but you can hardly require to be told that it is in my power to make things very unpleasant for you both, if I choose to speak out. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," answered Gerald.

"Well, then, to put matters quite plainly, I presume that you are either engaged or about to be engaged to Miss Compton. One is sorry to seem greedy, but necessity has no law, and I am very hard up. For five thousand pounds, payable on your wedding-day, I will undertake to hold my tongue about the past. All things considered, that can scarcely be called an exorbitant demand."

"My good man," answered Gerald calmly, "you are under a complete misapprehension. I have no such privileges as you are kind enough to attribute to me, and if I had, I should at once proceed to hit you in the face for your impudence in attempting to levy black-mail. I don't know whether it is worth while to mention that I don't believe a word of what you have said or hinted at; but you are welcome to that information. Now be off!"

"As you please," answered Val. "I have made you a fair offer; it isn't my fault if you think you can afford to reject it." Thereupon he made a low bow, turned on his heel and walked away.

And that was the last that Chris ever saw or heard of him. Possibly he was something of a coward; possibly he was not altogether a villain: whatever the cause of his surrender may have been, it was final and complete; nor has he reappeared in England from that day to this. It is not improbable that his handsome face may have won a Spanish bride for him, and it is tolerably certain that, if that be so, his wife has brought him a substantial dowry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Chris and Gerald Severne were left standing together on the

road, they both became conscious of a certain embarrassment and of a difficulty in discovering what to say next. Chris, for her part, was a little ashamed of having appealed for aid against so pusillanimous an assailant; moreover, she was not free from a painful doubt as to whether her motives might not have been misinterpreted.

To exculpate herself, she said at length: "I was really frightened when you came up. I didn't think he would leave me unless somebody made him; so, as I recognised you, I called out. I should have called out to any other Englishman whom I had seen passing."

"I am very glad that I happened to be the one," remarked Gerald, "and I am sure you were quite right to call me, Miss Compton. He would certainly have tried to frighten you more if you hadn't; and of course you were quite helpless in a lonely road like this and with night coming on. Perhaps," he added diffidently, "you will allow me to see you home now."

"Oh, no, thank you," answered Chris laughing; "that is not necessary. I am not likely to encounter any more Mr. Richardsons."

"No; but it is getting rather dark, and perhaps you have some distance to go."

"Scarcely more than a stone's throw. I am quite accustomed to walking about by myself, and I would much rather that you didn't go out of your way, please. Good-night, Mr. Severne."

Gerald hesitated. "Of course, if you object to my company——" he began.

"Oh, it isn't that. Well, then, yes; to be honest, I should rather object to your company just at present. After such horrid and untrue things have been said about us we couldn't talk with any comfort, could we? Very likely we shall meet again before you leave Cannes, and then perhaps we shall have had time to forget them."

"I am very sorry that they were said, and—still more sorry that some of them were untrue," replied Gerald;

"but we needn't talk about them. I hope you will allow an old friend to congratulate you upon having freed yourself from that fellow. I have heard of him from my father, who came across him at a good many race-meetings last autumn, and I knew he was a baddish lot, though I didn't suppose him to be such an utter scoundrel as he seems to be. However I hope you won't be troubled with him any more."

Chris was not sure that she altogether liked this paternal tone, though it set her more at her ease, as possibly it may have been intended to do. She did not at once move away, but stood where she was, arranging the stones on the road in patterns with the tip of her sunshade for a second or two. "I suppose," she resumed presently, "you did believe that I had gone to Paris to meet him."

"Well—you almost told me so. At least, I was stupid enough to think you did."

"But you don't believe it now?"

"Of course I don't; and I am not in the least surprised at your having bolted from that old aunt of yours. A more unattractive old woman I never came across. What a house too! I can't imagine your living in such a house."

"Oh, that was nothing," said Chris. "I could have put up with the house, and with Aunt Rebecca too; but—did you hear about Peter?"

Mr. Severne had not heard of the tragedy referred to, and when he was told of it he was as indignant as Chris could have wished him to be. "The old beast!" he exclaimed; and he declined to withdraw that strong expression, even when he was reminded that the lady of whom he spoke was dead. "I don't see why that should make any difference," he declared. "One doesn't speak tenderly of Burke and Hare, although they are no more. I hope, for her sake, that she repented before she died; but no amount of repentance could undo what she had done."

"Do you know," said Chris, "that

is just what I feel. She did repent in a sort of a way, I believe, and most people would think that she had made ample amends by leaving me all her money; but it wasn't me whom she killed, you see. I think I have forgiven her, so far as I am concerned; only I am not grateful to her, and I can't pretend to be, for all this money, which she had to leave behind her, and which I didn't particularly want. Do you think I ought to be grateful?"

By this time Chris had resumed her homeward march, and Gerald was walking beside her without let or hindrance. She had perhaps forgotten that she had begun by refusing his escort: at any rate, she did not intend to be alone with him again, and she wanted to have some pleasant memories of their last private interview to think over in the lonely years that were coming.

"I don't think you have much to thank your aunt for," was his answer to her question. "As you say, she couldn't take her money with her, and I daresay you wouldn't have considered yourself ill-used if she had left it to somebody else."

"I almost wished she had," sighed Chris. "Everybody gains something by being rich, I suppose, but it seems to me that I gain less by it than the generality of people would, and it has its disadvantages. It makes one ungenerous and suspicious, I think. The moment that I saw Mr. Richardson I suspected that he had heard of my inheritance, and that that was why he had sought me out after I had told him that I did not wish ever to see him again. In his case I was right; but a few months ago I shouldn't have had such suspicions, and now I suppose I shall have them more or less about everybody to the end of my days."

Gerald remained silent for some time, and his heart grew heavy within him. As a matter of theory, he thought that there was no great harm in marrying a woman with money,

that it was rather a clever thing to do than otherwise, that it was what lots of fellows did, and what one's people expected of one, and so forth; but, illogically enough, he was of opinion that the case was very different if you happened to be in love with the woman who possessed the money. He had been more than willing to marry Chris in the days of her poverty; but when he found out why he had been summoned to Cannes, he was at once attacked by scruples which to his mother would have seemed as incomprehensible as they were ridiculous. He had not imparted these scruples to his mother; but he had brooded over them all day at Monte Carlo, and the conclusion to which he had come was that, even if Miss Compton should prove to be free, it would be extremely difficult for him to avow his love to her, and still more difficult to get her to believe in it. She would believe, no doubt, that he had been to some extent in love with her at Brentstow; for indeed she had been as good as turned out of the house on that very account. But the fact remained that he had kept his sentiments to himself ever since; and how was she to know that he had called in Balacclava Terrace for the purpose of declaring them?

Here therefore were two people who were deeply in love with one another, yet each of whom was persuaded, or very nearly so, that they must part. As there was no adequate cause for their parting, and as certain resolute persons in the neighbourhood did not intend to let them do any such thing, the situation was scarcely as serious as they imagined it to be. Still it is probable that they would have taken leave of each other that evening in a very formal and distant fashion but for the trifling circumstance that, just as she was nearing the entrance to Dr. Lavergne's villa, Chris trod upon a loose stone. She missed her footing, and would have fallen flat upon her face if Gerald had not caught her; and, somehow or other,

when Gerald found her in his arms he did not let her go again.

After that there was not much use in saying, "I can't and I won't;" but Chris used these expressions, as well as a good many others to the like effect, and as she was a very honest person, one can only assume that she thought she was speaking sincerely.

"It is all very fine for you to grumble," remarked Gerald, when she had pointed out to him what a dreadfully humiliating thing it would be for her to be welcomed by his family after having been previously dismissed; "but if I were as proud as you are, it seems to me that I might make out a more substantial grievance. Could any unprejudiced person doubt that I shrank from sharing your poverty and that I have jumped at the chance of sharing your riches? And do you suppose that I shall enjoy having that sort of thing said about me by unprejudiced persons?"

"*Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse*," returned Chris; "I really don't think one need care very much about the calumnies of what you call 'unprejudiced persons.' I, at all events, believe whatever you tell me."

Having extorted this admission, Gerald had little difficulty in showing her that she had cut the ground from under her own feet, and had better consent to be happy, notwithstanding the affection which her future mother-in-law was ready to lavish upon her.

There is no rose without a thorn; but there are a great many thorns without roses. This was the text of a little homily preached to Chris by Dr. Lavergne that same evening.

"Dear Mademoiselle," said he, "you are going to marry the man whom you love, and that is everything. When you are married to him you will not be in Paradise, because there is no Paradise on the surface of the planet which we inhabit; but you will have obtained the best that this world can give you. Miladi Barnstaple will rub her hands; a sour old French doc-

tor will permit himself to laugh a little in his sleeve perhaps ; but what of that ? The laugh is on your side, and we know it. You can very well afford to let others call your husband a fortune-hunter, so long as you yourself are convinced that he is nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, I should be giving the lie to all my experience and knowledge of the world if I did not counsel you to have your money settled upon yourself."

It is not very likely that Chris would have acted upon this sound advice if she had been free to follow her own inclinations ; but as she had a cousin and guardian who was well acquainted with the wicked ways of men, her interests were in no danger of being neglected ; and it was creditable to Gerald Severne, as well as sensible on his part, that he declined to give up his profession and live upon his wife's income.

They have for some time past been installed in a pretty little detached house near the Champs Elysées, and are acquiring an increasing reputation as the givers of remarkably perfect little dinners. This distinction is, no doubt, due to the fact that they possess an excellent *chef* ; it cannot be in any way attributed to the management of their housekeeper, a very inefficient but most alarming personage, who is known and dreaded by the other domestics under the name of Mrs. Stubbs, but whom her mistress is wont to address as Martha.

"Wages not so much a hobgoblin as a respectable 'ome," says Martha ; "and my dooty it is to see that money

carefully saved shall not yet be thrown away by a furrin servant as ain't of what I call principle of 'em."

Mr. Severne, being so dog-fancier, has several in his establishment, but has none of her own. She entered into possession of her home a suspicious-looking woman, which was only got through by the house unopened by means of a key exerted in the highest quack case was subsequently in the garden, and over it was a marble tablet, which bore the inscription of "PETER, the attached friend of Christ

Ere long the house will be inhabited by Mr. Severne now inhabits by other hands ; the little will be laughed at, will be the subject of some idle conjectures, up, perhaps, and Peter will be scattered to the winds. It is the dogs and men alike. There we have neither part nor parcel of the world from the moment they are born to breathe its air, and all to behave ourselves as well as we can for the little time that we have. There is every reason to suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Severne will have themselves quite a rest of us and no reason to suppose they will be forgotten after their death. Men are popular people.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE hackneyed joke about biographers adding a new terror to death holds still as good as ever. But biography can sometimes make a good case against her persecutors; and one of the instances which she would certainly adduce would be the instance of Sydney Smith. I more than suspect that his actual works are less and less read as time goes on, and that the brilliant virulence of "Peter Plymley," the even greater brilliance, not marred by virulence at all, of the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," the inimitable quips of his articles in the "Edinburgh Review," are familiar, if they are familiar at all, only to the professed readers of the literature of the past, and perhaps to some intelligent newspaper men who find Sydney¹ to be what Fuseli pronounced Blake, "d—d good to steal from." But the Life which Lady Holland, with her mother's and Mrs. Austin's aid, produced thirty-three years ago has had a different fate; and a fresh lease of popularity seems to have been secured by another Life, published by Mr. Stuart Reid in 1883. This was partly abridged from the first and partly supplied with fresh matter by a new sifting of the documents which Lady Holland had used. Nor do the authors of these works, however great must be our gratitude to them, take to themselves any such share of the credit as is due to Boswell in the case of Johnson, to Lockhart in the case of Scott, to Carlyle in the case of Sterling. Neither is remarkable for any

literary merit of writing or ment; and the latter of them marred by tedious digressions the nobility of Sydney's capabilities. It is because they let their subject reveal his familiar letters, scraps of his conversation, and because the notion of self is so full and so that Sydney Smith's immortality that the generation which heard him talk has all but died is still secured without the fear of disturbance or decay a few exceptions (the Mrs. Norton's business, the apologue of the synod of Dort, "Oration" and one or two things by which Sydney is the general all come not from his Life or from one with any sense of the value of the works without being but in the Life and the letter qualities of wit appear and qualities which in the works appear at all. A person ignorant of anything but might possibly dismiss Sydney (though certainly it would judgment) on the evidence of his life but bitter and not too partisan, who fought hard against abuses when his life was out, and discovered that they abused at all when his portrait was paraded. A reader of his Life and of his utterances knows him better than he himself, and certainly admires him less.

He was born in 1771, the eccentric and apparently reviving person, who for no reason left his wife at the club in order to wander about and who maintained his

¹ To speak of him in this way is not impertinence or familiarity. He was most generally addressed as "Mr. Sydney," and his references to his wife are nearly always to "Mrs. Sydney," seldom or never to "Mrs. Smith."

principles so well that, as his granddaughter ruefully records, he, when he had after a fashion settled, bought, spent money on, and sold at a loss no less than nineteen different houses in England and Wales. Sydney was also the second of four clever brothers, the eldest and cleverest being the somewhat famous "Bobus," who co-operated in the "Microcosm" with Canning and Frere, survived his better known brother but a fortnight, founded a family, and has left one of those odd reputations of immense talent not justified by any producible work, to which our English life of public schools, universities, and Parliament gives peculiar facilities. Bobus and Cecil the third brother were sent to Eton: Sydney and Courtenay, the fourth, to Winchester, after a childhood spent in precocious reading and arguing among themselves. From Winchester Sydney (of whose school-days some trifling but only trifling anecdotes are recorded) proceeded in regular course to New College, Oxford, and being elected of right to a Fellowship, then worth about a hundred pounds a year, was left by his father to do for himself on that not extensive revenue. He did for himself at Oxford during the space of nine years; and it is supposed that his straitened circumstances had something to do with his dislike for universities, which however was a kind of point of conscience among his Whig friends. It is at least singular that this residence of nearly a decade has left hardly a single story or recorded incident of any kind; and that though three generations of undergraduates passed through Oxford in his time, no one of them seems in later years to have had anything to say of not the least famous and one of the most sociable of Englishmen. At that time, it is true, and for long afterwards, the men of New College kept more to themselves than the men of any other college in Oxford; but still it is odd. Another little mystery is, why did Sydney take orders? Although there

is not the slightest reason to his being, according to his standard, a very sincere and divine, it obviously was not the profession for him. He has have wished for the Bar, but deferred to his father's wishes Church. That Sydney was an tionate and dutiful son nobody doubt: he was always affectionate in his own way dutiful. But about the last man one can think as likely to undertake an unconge profession out of high-flown dutness to a father who had long left to his own resources, and who neither influence nor prospects in Church to offer him. The Fellowship would have kept him, as it had kept him already, till briefs came. However, he did take orders; and the late Life gives more particulars than the first as to the incumbency which indirectly determined his career. It was the curacy of Netheravon on Salisbury Plain; and its almost complete seclusion was tempered by a kindly squire, Mr. Hicks-Beach, great-grandfather of the present President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Hicks-Beach offered Sydney the post of tutor to his eldest son: Sydney accepted it, started for Germany with his pupil, but (as he picturesquely though rather vaguely expresses it) "put into Edinburgh under stress of war" and stayed there for five years.

The sojourn at Edinburgh began in June, 1798: it ended in August, 1803. It will thus be seen that Sydney was by no means a very young man even when he commenced reviewing the year before leaving the Scotch capital. Indeed the aimless prolongation of his stay at Oxford, which brought him neither friends, money, nor professional experience of any kind threw him considerably behindhand all his life; and this delay, much more than Tory persecution or Whig indifference, was the cause of the comparative slowness with which he made his way.

His time at Edinburgh was, however, usefully spent even before that invention of the Review, over which there is an amicable and unimportant dispute between himself and Jeffrey. His tutorship was so successful that Mr. Hicks Beach rewarded it with a cheque for a thousand pounds: he did duty in the episcopal churches of Edinburgh: he made friends with all the Whigs and many of the Tories of the place: he laughed unceasingly at Scotchmen and liked them very much. Also about the middle of his stay he got married, but not to a Scotch girl. His wife was Miss Catherine Pybus, of Cheam, and the marriage was as hare-brained a one, from the point of view of settlements, as Jeffrey's. Sydney's settlement on his wife is well known: it consisted of "six small silver teaspoons much worn," with which worldly goods he did her literally endow by throwing them into her lap. It would appear that there never was a happier marriage; but it certainly seemed for some years as if there might have been many more prosperous in point of money. When Sydney moved to London he had no very definite prospect of any income whatever; and had not Mrs. Smith sold her mother's jewels (which came to her just at the time), they would apparently have had some difficulty in furnishing their house in Doughty Street. But Horner their friend (the "parish bull" of Scott's irreverent comparison) had gone to London before them, and impressed himself, apparently by sheer gravity, on the political world as a good young man. Introduced by him Sydney Smith soon became one of the circle at Holland House. It is indeed not easy to live on invitations and your mother-in-law's pearls; but Sydney reviewed vigorously, preached occasionally, before very long received a regular appointment at the Foundling Hospital, and made some money by lecturing very agreeably at the Royal Institution on moral philosophy—a subject of which he very honestly admits that he

knew, in the technical sense, nothing. But his hearers did not want technical ethics, and in Sydney Smith they had a moral philosopher of the practical kind who could hardly be excelled either in sense or in wit. One little incident of this time, however, throws some light on the complaints which have been made about the delay of his promotion. He applied to a London rector to license him to a vacant chapel, which had not hitherto been used for the services of the Church. The immediate answer has not been preserved; but from what followed it clearly was a civil and rather evasive but perfectly intelligible request to be excused. The man was of course quite within his right, and a dozen good reasons can be guessed for his conduct. He may really have objected, as he seems to have said he did, to do what his predecessors had refused to do, and what would either bind or hamper his successors. But Sydney would not take the refusal, and wrote another very logical but extremely injudicious letter pressing his request with much elaboration, and begging the worthy Doctor of Divinity to observe that he, the Doctor, was guilty of inconsistency and other faults. Naturally this put the Doctor's back up, and he now replied with a flat and very high and mighty refusal. Oddly enough another example of this inability to take "no" for an answer exists in Sydney Smith's correspondence. However, he obtained, besides his place at the Foundling, preacherships in two proprietary chapels, and seems to have had both business and pleasure enough on his hands during his London sojourn, which was about the same length as his Edinburgh one. It was, however, much more profitable, for in three years the ministry of "All the Talents" came in, the Holland House interest was exerted, and the Chancellor's living of Foston, near York, valued at five hundred pounds a year, was given to Sydney. He paid for it, after a fashion which in a less zealous and convinced

Whig might seem a little dubious, by the famous lampoons of the "Plymley Letters," advocating the claims of Catholic emancipation, and extolling Fox and Grenville at the expense of Perceval and Canning. Very edifying is it to find Sydney Smith objecting to this latter that he is a "diner out," a "maker of jokes and parodies," a trifler on important subjects—in fact each and all of the things which the Rev. Sydney Smith himself was in a perfection only equalled by the object of his righteous wrath. But of Peter more presently.

Even his admiring biographers have noticed, with something of a chuckle, the revenge which Perceval, who was the chief object of Plymley's sarcasm, took, without in the least knowing it, on his lampooner. Had it not been for the Clergy Residence Bill, which that very respectable, if not very brilliant statesman passed in 1808, and which put an end to perhaps the most flagrant of all then existing abuses, Sydney, the enemy of abuses, would no doubt have continued with a perfectly clear conscience to draw the revenues of Foston, and while serving it by a curate, to preach, lecture, dine out, and rebuke Canning for making jokes, in London. As it was he had to make up his mind, though he obtained a respite from the Archbishop, to resign (which in the recurring frost of Whig hopes was not to be thought of), to exchange, which he found impossible, or to bury himself in Yorkshire. This was a real hardship upon him, because Foston, as it was, was uninhabitable, and had had no resident clergyman since the seventeenth century. But whatever bad things could be said of Sydney (and I really do not know what they are, except that the combination of a sharp wit, a ready pen, and strong political prejudices sometimes overpowered him), no one could say that he ever shirked either a difficulty or a duty. When his first three years' leave expired, he went down in 1809 with his family to York,

and established himself at Heslington, a village near the city and not far from his parish. And when a second term of dispensation from actual residence was over, he set to work and built the snuggest if the ugliest parsonage in England, with farm-buildings and all complete, at the cost of some four thousand pounds. Of the details of that building his own inimitable account exists, and is or ought to be well known. The brick-pit and kiln on the property, which were going to save fortunes and resulted in nothing but the production of exactly a hundred and fifty thousand unusable bricks: the four oxen, Tug, Lug, Haul and Crawl, who were to be the instruments of another economy and proved to be, at least in Sydneian language, equal to nothing but the consumption of "buckets of sal volatile:" the entry of the distracted mother of the household on her new domains with a baby clutched in her arms and one shoe left in the circumambient mud: the great folks of the neighbourhood (Lord and Lady Carlisle) coming to call graciously on the strangers and beingwhelmed, coach and four, outriders and all, in a ploughed field of despond: the "universal scratcher" in the meadows, inclined so as to let the brute creation of all heights enjoy that luxury: Bunch the butler, a female child of tender years but stout proportions: Annie Kay the factotum: the "Immortal," a chariot which was picked up at York in the last stage of decay, and carried the family for many years half over England—all these things are told in divers delightful scraps of autobiography and in innumerable letters, after a fashion impossible to better and at a length too long to quote.

Sydney Smith was for more than twenty years rector of Foston, and for fully fifteen actually resided there. During this time he made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Grey, next to Lord and Lady Holland his most constant friends, visited a little, entertained in his own unostentatious

but hearty fashion a great deal, wrote many articles for the "Edinburgh Review," found himself in a minority of one or two among the clergy of Yorkshire on the subject of emancipation and similar matters, but was on the most friendly terms possible with his diocesan, Archbishop Vernon Harcourt. Nor was he even without further preferment, for he held for some years (on the then not discredited understanding of resignation when one of the Howards was ready for it) the neighbouring and valuable living of Londesborough. Then the death of an aunt put an end to his monetary anxieties, which for years had been considerable, with the legacy of a small but sufficient fortune. At last, when he was approaching sixty, the good things of the Church, which he never affected to despise, came in earnest. The Tory Chancellor Lyndhurst gave him a stall at Bristol, which carried with it a small Devonshire living, and soon afterwards he was able to exchange Foston (which he had greatly improved) for Combe Florey near Taunton. When his friend Lord Grey became Prime Minister, the stall at Bristol was exchanged for a much more valuable one at St. Paul's; Halberton, the Devonshire vicarage, and Combe Florey still remaining his. These made up an ecclesiastical revenue not far short of three thousand a year, which Sydney enjoyed for the last fifteen years of his life. He never got anything more, and it is certain that for a time he was very sore at not being made a bishop, or at least offered a bishopric. Lord Holland had rather rashly explained the whole difficulty years before by reporting a conversation of his with Lord Grenville, in which they had hoped that when the Whigs came into power they would be more grateful to Sydney than the Tories had been to Swift. Sydney's acuteness must have made him wince at the omen. For my part I do not see why either Harley or Grey should have hesitated as far as

any scruples of their own went. But I think any fair-minded person must admit the possibility of a scruple, though he may not share it, about the effect of seeing either the "Tale of a Tub" or "Peter Plymley's Letters," with "the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of—" on the title-page. The people who would have been shocked might in each case have been fools: there is nothing that I at least can see in either book inconsistent with sound religion and churchmanship. But they would have been honest fools, and of such a Prime Minister has to take heed. So Amen Corner, or rather, for he did not live there, certain streets near Grosvenor Square in London, and Combe Florey in the country were Sydney Smith's abodes till his death. In the former he gave his breakfasts and dinners in the season, being further enabled to do so by his share (some thirty thousand pounds) of his brother Courtenay's Indian fortune. The latter, after rebuilding it, for he had either a fate or a passion for bricks and mortar, he made on a small scale one of the most beautiful and hospitable houses in the West of England.

To Combe Florey, as to Foston, a sheaf of fantastic legends attaches itself; indeed as Lady Holland was not very fond of dates (a fault no doubt to be rebuked with the greatest indignation and sorrow) it is sometimes not clear to which of the two residences some of them apply. At both Sydney had a huge storeroom, or rather grocer's and chemist's shop, from which he supplied the wants not merely of his household but of half the neighbourhood. It appears to have been at Combe Florey (for though no longer poor he still had a frugal mind) that he hit upon the device of "putting the cheapest soaps in the dearest papers," confident of the result upon the female mind. It was certainly there that he fitted up two favourite donkeys with a kind of holiday-dress of antlers, to meet the

objection of one of his lady-visitors that he had no deer; and converted certain large bay trees in boxes into the semblance of an orangery, by fastening some dozens of fine fruit to the branches. I like to think of the mixed astonishment and disgust of a great Russian and a not very small Frenchman, both lately deceased, M. Tourguénieff and M. Paul de Saint-Victor, if they had heard of these pleasing tomfooleries. But tomfoolery, though, when properly and not inordinately indulged, one of the best things in life, must, like the other good things of life, come to an end. After an illness of some months Sydney Smith died at his house in Green Street, of heart disease, on February 22nd, 1845, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The memorials and evidences of his peculiar if not unique genius consist of three different kinds; reported or remembered conversations and jokes, letters, and formal literary work. He was once most famous as a talker; but conversation is necessarily the most perishable of all things, and its recorded fragments bear keeping less than any other relics. Some of the verbal jests assigned to him (notably the famous one about the tortoise, which, after being long known by the initiated not to be his, has of late been formally claimed by its rightful owner) are certainly or probably borrowed or falsely attributed, as rich conversationalists always borrow or receive. And always the things have something of the mangled air which sayings detached from their context can hardly escape. It is otherwise with the letters. The best letters are always most like the actual conversation of their writers, and probably no one ever wrote more as he talked than Sydney Smith: the specially literary qualities of his writing for print are here too in great measure; and on the whole, though of course the importance of subject is nearly always less, and the interest of sustained work

is wholly absent, nowhere can the whole Sydney be better seen. Of the three satirists of modern times with whom he may not unfairly claim to rank—Pascal, Swift, and Voltaire—he is most like Voltaire in his faculty of presenting a good thing with a preface which does not in the least prepare you for it, and then leaving it without the slightest attempt to go back on it, and elaborate it, and make sure that his hearer has duly appreciated it and laughed at it. And of the two, though the palm of concentration must be given to Voltaire, the palm of absolute simplicity must be given to Sydney. Hardly any of his letters are without these unforced flashes of wit, from almost his first epistle to Jeffrey (where, after rallying that great little man on being the “only male despondent he has met,” he adds the postscript, “I beg to except the Tuxford waiter, who desponds exactly as you do”) to his very last to Miss Harcourt, in which he mildly dismisses one of his brethren as “anything but a *polished* corner of the Temple.” There is the “usual establishment for an eldest landed baby”: the proposition advanced in the grave and chaste manner that “the information of very plain women is so inconsiderable that I agree with you in setting no store by it”: the plaintive expostulation with Lady Holland (who had asked him to dinner on the ninth of the month after previously asking him to stay from the fifth to the twelfth), “it is like giving a gentleman an assignation for Wednesday when you are going to marry him on the previous Sunday—an attempt to combine the stimulus of gallantry with the security of connubial relations”: the simple and touching information that “Lord Tankerville has sent me a whole buck. This necessarily takes up a good deal of my time”; that “geranium-fed bacon is of a beautiful colour, but it takes so many plants to fatten one pig that such a system can never answer;” that “it is a mistake to think that

Dr. Bond could be influenced by partridges. He is a man of very independent mind, with whom pheasants at least, or perhaps even turkeys, are necessary"; and scores more with references to which I find the fly-leaves of my copy of the letters covered. While if any one wants to see how much solid there is with all this froth, let him turn to the letters showing the unconquerable manliness, fairness, and good sense with which he treated the unhappy subject of Queen Caroline, out of which his friends were so ready to make political capital; or to the admirable epistle in which he takes seriously, and blunts once for all, the points of certain foolish witticisms as to the readiness with which he, a man about town, had taken to catechisms and cabbages in an almost uninhabited part of the despised country. In conversation he would seem sometimes to have a little, a very little, "forced the note." The Quaker baby, and the lady "with whom you might give an assembly or populate a parish," are instances in point, but he never does this in his letters. I take particular pleasure in the following passage written to Miss Georgiana Harcourt within two years of his death: "What a charming existence! To live in the midst of holy people: to know that nothing profane can approach you: to be certain that a Dissenter can no more be found in the Palace than a snake can exist in Ireland, or ripe fruit in Scotland! To have your society strong, and undiluted by the laity: to bid adieu to human learning: to feast on the Canons and revel in the Thirty-Nine Articles! Happy Georgiana!" Now if Sydney had been what some foolish people think him, merely a scoffer, there would be no fun in this; it would be as impertinent and in as bad taste as the stale jokes of the eighteenth century about Christianity. But he was much else.

Of course, however, no rational man will contend that in estimating Sydney

Smith's place in the general memory, his deliberate literary work, or at least that portion of it which he chose to present on reflection, acknowledged and endorsed, can be overlooked. His Life contains (what is infinitely desirable in all such Lives and by no means always or often furnished) a complete list of his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," and his works contain most of them. To these have to be added the pamphlets, of which the chief and incomparably the best are, at intervals of thirty years, "Peter Plymley" and the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," together with sermons, speeches, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole, except the things which he did not himself care to reprint, can be obtained now in one volume; but the print is not to be recommended to aged or weakly sight.

Sydney Smith had no false modesty, and in not a few letters to Jeffrey he speaks of his own contributions to the "Edinburgh" with the greatest freedom, combating and quite refusing to accept his editor's suggestion as to their flippancy and fantasticality, professing with much frankness that this is the way he can write and no other, and more than once telling Jeffrey that whatever they may think in solemn Scotland, his, Sydney's, articles are a great deal more read in England and elsewhere than any others. Although there are maxims to the contrary effect, the judgment of a clever man, not very young and tolerably familiar with the world, on his own work, is very seldom far wrong. I should say myself that, putting aside the historic estimate, Sydney Smith's articles are by far the most interesting nowadays of those contributed by any one before the days of Macaulay, who began just as Sydney left off: he ceased to write anonymously in 1827, on his Bristol appointment. They are also by far the most distinct and original. Jeffrey, Brougham, and the rest wrote for the

most part very much after the fashion of the ancients: if a very few changes were made for date, passages of Jeffrey's criticism might almost be passages of Dryden's, certainly passages of the better critics of the eighteenth century, as far as manner goes. There is nobody at all like Sydney Smith before him in England, for Swift's style is wholly different. To begin with, Sydney had a strong prejudice in favour of writing very short articles and a horror of reading long ones--the latter being perhaps less peculiar to himself than the former. Then he never made the slightest pretence at systematic or dogmatic criticism of anything whatever. In literature proper he seems indeed to have had no particular principles, and I cannot say that he had very good taste. He commits the almost unpardonable sin of not merely blaspheming Madame de Sévigné, but preferring to her that second-rate leader-writer in petticoats, Madame de Staël. On the other hand, if he had no literary principles he had (except in rare cases where politics came in, and not often then) few literary prejudices, and his happily incorrigible good sense and good humour were proof against the frequent bias of his associates. Though he could not have been very sensible, from what he himself says, of their highest qualities, he championed Scott's novels incessantly against the Whigs and prigs of Holland House. He gives a most well-timed warning to Jeffrey that the constant running-down of Wordsworth had very much the look of persecution, though with his usual frankness he avows that he has not read the particular article in question because the subject is "quite uninteresting to him." I think he would, if driven hard, have admitted with equal frankness that poetry merely as poetry was uninteresting. Still he had so many interests of various kinds that few books failed to appeal to one or the other, and he, in

his turn, has seldom failed to give a lively if not a very exact or critical account of his subject. But it is in his way of giving this account that the peculiarity, glanced at above as making a parallel between him and Voltaire, appears. It is, I have said, almost original, and what is more, endless as has been the periodical writing of the last eighty years and sedulously as later writers have imitated earlier, I do not know that it has ever been successfully copied. It consists in giving rapid and apparently business-like summaries packed, with apparent negligence and real art, full of the flashes of wit so often noticed and to be noticed. Such are, in the article on "The Island of Ceylon," the honey bird, "into whose body the soul of a common informer seems to have migrated," and "the chaplain of the garrison, all in black, the Rev. Mr. Somebody or other whose name we have forgotten," the discovery of whose body in a serpent his ruthless clerical brother pronounces to be "the best history of the kind he remembers." Very likely there may be people who can read this, even the "all in black," without laughing, and among them I should suppose must be the somebody or other, whose name we too have forgotten, who is said to have imagined that he had more than parried Sydney's unforgiven jest about the joke and the surgical operation by retorting "Yes! an *English* joke." I have always wept to think that Sydney did not live to hear this retort. The classical places for this kind of summary work are the article just named on Ceylon, and that on Waterton. But the most inimitable single example, if it is not too shocking to this very proper age, is the argument of Mat Lewis's tragedy: "Ottilia becomes quite furious from the conviction that Cæsar has been sleeping with a second lady called Estella; whereas he has really been sleeping with a third lady called Amelrosa."

Among the most important of these

essays are the two famous ones on Methodism and on Indian missions, which gave far more offence to the religious public of evangelical persuasion than all Sydney's jokes on bishops, or his arguments for Catholic emancipation, and which (owing to the strong influence which then, as now, nonconformity possessed in the counsels of the Liberal party) probably had as much to do as anything else with the reluctance of the Whig leaders when they came into power to give their friend high ecclesiastical preferment. These subjects are rather difficult to treat in a general literary essay, and it may perhaps be admitted that here, as in dealing with poetry and other subjects of the more transcendental kind, Sydney showed a touch of Philistinism and a distinct inability to comprehend exaltation of sentiment and thought. But the general sense is admirably sound and perfectly orthodox; and the way in which so apparently light and careless a writer has laboriously supported every one of his charges and almost every one of his flings with chapter and verse from the writings of the incriminated societies, is very remarkable. Nor can it, I think, be doubted that the publication in so widely read a periodical of the nauseous follies of speech in which well-meaning persons indulged, had something to do with the gradual disuse of a style than which nothing could be more prejudicial to religion, for the simple reason that nothing else could make religion ridiculous. The medicine did not of course operate at once, and silly people still write silly things. But I hardly think that the Wesleyan body or the Church Missionary Society would now officially publish such stuff as the passage about Brother Carey, who, while in the actual paroxysm of sea-sickness, was "wonderfully comforted by the contemplation of the goodness of God," or that about Brother Ward "in design clasping to his bosom" the magnanimous Captain Wickes, who subse-

quently "seemed very low," when a French privateer was in sight. Jeffrey was, it seems, a little afraid of these well-deserved exposures, which, from the necessity of abundant quotation, are an exception to the general shortness of Sydney's articles. Sydney's interest in certain subjects led him constantly to take up fresh books on them; and thus a series of series might be made out of his papers, with some advantage to the reader perhaps, if a new edition of his works were undertaken. The chief of such subjects is America, in dealing with which he pleased the Americans by descanting on their gradual emancipation from English prejudices and abuses, but infuriated them by constant denunciations of slavery and by laughing at their lack of literature and cultivation. With India he also dealt often, his brothers' connection with it giving him an interest therein. Prisons were another favourite subject, though in his zeal for making them uncomfortable he committed himself to one really atrocious suggestion—that of dark cells for long periods of time. It is odd that the same person should make such a truly diabolical proposal, and yet be in a perpetual state of humanitarian rage about man-traps and spring-guns, which were certainly milder engines of torture. It is odd, too, that Sydney, who was never tired of arguing that prisons ought to be made uncomfortable, because nobody need go there unless he chose, should have been furiously wroth with poor Mr. Justice Best for suggesting much the same thing of spring-guns. The greatest political triumph of his manner is to be found no doubt in the article "Bentham on Fallacies," in which the unreadable diatribes of the apostle of utilitarianism are somehow spirited and crisped up into a series of brilliant arguments, and the whole is crowned by the famous "Noodle's Oration," the summary and storehouse of all that ever has been or can be said on the Liberal

side in the lighter manner. It has not lost its point even from the fact that Noodle has now for a long time been for the most part on the other side, and has elaborated for himself after his manner a similar stock of platitudes and absurdities in favour of the very things for which Sydney was fighting.

The qualities of these articles appear equally in the miscellaneous essays, in the speeches, and even in the sermons, though Sydney Smith, unlike Sterne, never condescended to buffoonery or theatrical tricks in the pulpit. In "Peter Plymley's Letters" they appear concentrated and acidulated: in the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," in the "Repudiation Letters," and the "Letters on Railways" which date from his very last days, concentrated and mellowed. More than one good judge has been of the opinion that Sydney's powers increased to the very end of his life, and it is not surprising that this should have been the case. Although he did plenty of work in his time, the literary part of it was never of an exhausting nature. Though one of the most original of commentators he was a commentator pure and simple, and found, but did not supply, his matter. Thus there was no danger of running dry, and as his happiest style was not indignation but good-natured railery, his increasing prosperity, not chequered till quite the close of his life by any serious bodily ailment, put him more and more in the right atmosphere and temper for showing his faculty. "Plymley," though very amusing, and except in the Canning matter above referred to not glaringly unfair for a political lampoon, is distinctly acrimonious, and almost (as "almost" as Sydney could be) ill-tempered. It is possible to read between the lines that the writer is furious at his party being out of office, and is much more angry with Mr. Perceval for having the ear of the country than for being a respectable nonentity. The main argument more-

over is bad in itself and was refuted by facts. Sydney pretends to be, as his friend Jeffrey really was, in mortal terror lest the French should invade England, and, joined by rebellious Irishmen and wrathful Catholics generally, produce an English revolution. The Tories replied, "We will take good care that the French shall *not* land and that Irishmen shall *not* rise," and they did take the said good care, and they beat the Frenchmen through and through while Sydney and his friends were pointing their epigrams. Therefore, though much of the contention is unanswerable enough, the thing is doubtfully successful as a whole. In the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton" the tone is almost uniformly good-humoured, and the argument, whether quite consistent or not in the particular speaker's mouth, is absolutely sound, and has been practically admitted since by almost all the best friends of the Church. Here occurs that inimitable passage before referred to.

"I met the other day, in an old Dutch chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that, though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation: 'And there was great store of Bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the State were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merse, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my Lords the Bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a Bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the Monk, and many texts of Scripture were banded to and fro; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my Lords the Bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things—and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail the arms and banners of the Archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favoured the Church—and then the Archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man;

but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the windows, cried out *Bread! bread!* for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the *sheich*; and when they had done crying *Bread! bread!* they called out *No Bishops!* and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my Lords the Bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then you might have seen my Lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the Monk, stood up among them and said, *Good my Lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the Church than you do should feast and fruster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below!* And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the Bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the Bishops, brought them the dinner of the Deans and Canons; and so the Deans and Canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the windows like the Bishops; and when the Count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, and that the Bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the Canons well."

Even in the Singleton Letters, however, there are some little lapses of the same kind (worse, indeed because these letters were signed) as the attack on Canning in the Plymley Letters. Sydney Smith exclaiming against "derision and persiflage, the great principle by which the world is now governed," is again edifying. But in truth Sydney never had the weakness (for I have known it called a weakness) of looking too carefully to see what the enemy's advocate is going to say. Take even the famous, the immortal apologue of Mrs. Partington. It covered, we are usually told, the Upper House with ridicule, and did as much as anything else to carry the Reform Bill. And yet, though it is a watery apologue, it will not hold water for a moment. The implied conclusion is, that the Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. Did it? It made no doubt a great mess in her

house, it put her to flight, it put her to shame. But when I was last at Sidmouth the line of high water mark was, I believe, much what it was before the great storm of 1824, and though the particular Mrs. Partington had no doubt been gathered to her fathers the Mrs. Partington of the day was, equally without doubt, living very comfortably in the house which the Atlantic had threatened to swallow up.

It was, however, perhaps part of Sydney's strength that he never cared to consider too curiously, or on too many sides. Besides his inimitable felicity of expression (the Singleton Letters are simply crammed with epigram) he had the sturdiest possible common sense and the liveliest possible humour. I have known his claim to the title of "humourist" called in question by precisians: nobody could deny him the title of good-humourist. Except that the sentimental side of Toryism would never have appealed to him, it was chiefly an accident of time that he was a polemical Liberal. He would always and naturally have been on the side opposite to that on which most of the fools were. When he came into the world, as the straitest Tory will admit, there were in that world a great many abuses as they are called, that is to say, a great many things which, once useful and excellent, had either decayed into positive nuisances, or dried up into neutral and harmless but obstructive rubbish. There were also many silly and some mischievous people, as well as some wise and useful ones, who defended the abuses. Sydney Smith was an ideal soldier of reform for his time, and in his way. He was not extraordinarily long-sighted—indeed (as his famous and constantly repeated advice to "take short views of life," shows) he had a distinct distrust of taking too practical thought for political or any other morrows. But he had a most keen and in many cases a most just scent and sight for the immediate inconveniences and injustices

of the day, and for the shortest and most effective ways of mending them. He was perhaps more destitute of romance and of reverence, though he had too much good taste to be positively irreverent, than any man who ever lived. He never could have imitated, he never could have even understood, Scott's feelings about the Regalia, or that ever famous incident of Sir Walter's life, when returning with Jeffrey and other Whig friends from some public meeting, he protested against the innovations which, harmless or even beneficial individually and in themselves, would by degrees destroy everything that made Scotland Scotland. I am afraid that his warmest admirers, even those of his own political complexion, must admit that he was, as has been said, more than a little of a Philistine; that he expressed, and expressed capitally in one way, that curious middle-class sentiment, or denial of sentiment, which won its first triumph in the first Reform Bill and its last in the Exhibition of twenty years later, which destroyed no doubt much that was absurd and some things that were noxious, but which induced in England a reign of shoddy in politics, in philosophy, in art, in literature, and when its own reign was over left England weak and divided, instead of, as it had been under the reign of abuses, united and strong. The bombardment of Copenhagen may or may not have been a dreadful thing: it was at any rate better than the abandonment of Khartoum. Nor can Sydney any more than his friends be acquitted of having held the extraordinary notion that you can "rest and be thankful" in politics, that you can set Demos at bishops, but stave and tail him off when he comes to canons; that you can level beautifully down to a certain point and then stop levelling for ever afterwards; that because you can laugh Brother Ringletub out of court laughter will be equally effective with Cardinal Newman; and that though it is the height of "anility" (a favourite

word of his) to believe in a country gentleman, it is the height of rational religion to believe in a ten-pound householder.

But however open to exception his principles may be, and that not merely from the point of view of highflying Toryism, his carrying out of them in life and in literature had the two abiding justifications of being infinitely amusing, and of being amusing always in thoroughly good temper. It is, as I have said, impossible to read Sydney Smith's Life, and still more impossible to read his letters, without liking him warmly and personally, without seeing that he was not only a man who liked to be comfortable (that is not very rare), that he was not only one who liked others to be comfortable (that is rarer), but one who in every situation in which he was thrown did his utmost to make others as well as himself comfortable, which is rarest of all. If the references in "Peter Plymley" to Canning were unjustifiable from him, there is little or no reason to think that they were prompted by personal jealousy; and though, as has been said, he was undoubtedly sore, and unreasonably sore, at not receiving the preferment which he thought he had deserved, he does not seem to have been personally jealous of any man who had received it. The parson of Foston and Combe Florey may not have been (his latest biographer admiring though he be, pathetically laments that he was not) a spiritually minded man. But happy beyond almost all other parishioners of the time were the parishioners of Combe Florey and Foston, though one of them did once throw a pair of scissors at his provoking pastor. He was a fast and affectionate friend; and though he was rather given to haunting rich men, he did it not only without servility, but without that alternative of bearishness and freaks which has sometimes been adopted. As a prince of talkers he might have been a bore to a generation which (I own I think in

that perhaps single point), wiser than its fathers, is not so ambitious as they were to sit as a bucket and be pumped into. But in that infinitely happier system of conversation by books, which any one can enjoy as he likes and interrupt as he likes at his own fire-side, Sydney is still a prince. There may be living somewhere some one who does not think so very badly of slavery, who is most emphatically of opinion that "the fools were right" in the matters of Catholic emancipation and Reform, who thinks well of public schools and universities, who even, though he may not like spring guns much, thinks that John Jones had only himself to blame if, after ample warning and with no business except the business of supplying a

London poulterer with his landlord's game, he trespassed and came to the worst. Yet even this monster, if he happens to be possessed of a sense of fun and literature (which is perhaps impossible), could not read even the most acrid of Sydney's political diatribes without shrieking with laughter, if in his ogreish way he were given to such violent demonstrations; could certainly not read the *Life* and the letters without admitting, in a moment of unwonted humanity, that here was a man who for goodness as well as for cleverness, for sound practical wisdom as well as for fantastic verbal wit, has had hardly a superior and very few equals.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS.

THE fortunes and the prospects of the Gentleman Emigrant form a topic of such vital moment in so many British households as fairly to claim place among the social questions of the day. The cry, "What shall we do with our boys," so far from getting fainter, grows louder in the ranks of society for which political strife has at any rate provided us with the comprehensive term so long needed for general purposes of definition. The Gentleman Emigrant is the product of "the classes"; whether he is the son of a peer or a parson, of a soldier, a merchant, or a lawyer matters nothing for our present purpose, nor does the rank that his friends occupy in society matter more. The young men will all be practically alike so far as education and habits of life go; and their various aptitudes for facing the toils and temptations of a new country will be a question of individual character and not of previous training. In glancing briefly at this particular kind of emigration we propose to confine our remarks entirely to the continent of North America, and for two excellent reasons. The first of these is that personal experience permits us to speak of it only as seen in British North America and the United States; the second is that these two countries have of late years absorbed more emigrants of this special class than all the rest of the world put together. In any case the exodus to North America has been so great as to make it by far the best field for the general observation of the movement.

The reasons for this popularity are obvious: the comparative proximity of the American continent to England, and the great variety of climate and products that are to be found between the wheat-belt of Manitoba and the

orange-groves of Florida. Nor has this westward flow of emigration been nearly so much influenced by the sentiment of the British flag as might have been supposed. The conditions of life, of rural life particularly, in Canada differ only from those, let us say, in Northern Pennsylvania to a degree that is scarcely noticeable by people going from this side of the Atlantic. The contrast between a Canadian and a Pennsylvanian or New York farmer is, in reality, rather a local than a national one, however broad it may appear to the individuals themselves. To all three an Englishman is in an almost equal degree a foreigner and a stranger, while he on his part would find it no easier to assimilate himself to country life upon one side of the international boundary line than upon the other. Politics in both cases consist chiefly in a struggle for office and its emoluments between two contending factions, and present as little attraction and as few opportunities to the general British settler in her Majesty's American dominions as in those of Uncle Sam. Lastly, whatever may be the points of contrast between a Canadian and a citizen of the adjoining States, nobody who is in a position to make the comparison will for a moment deny that between these there is far more in common than exists between a Yankee farmer and a Southern planter. Upon the whole it is not surprising that independent emigration of late years has shown singular indifference to the international boundary line. To those of us who may happen to labour under the conviction that Canada will sooner or later be absorbed by her great neighbour this fact of course appears of small importance.

To any one whom circumstances

have kept in touch, say for the last fifteen or twenty years, with the kind of emigration of which this paper treats, the retrospect is a strange one. It recalls a long series of manias more or less evanescent for this or that portion of North America. Sometimes these movements, like other social whims, flowed at least in a logical direction; sometimes they had very little sense or soundness about them; but they had one feature common to all. Society (the word is used in its most liberal sense), with each new paradise that seemed to reveal itself under Western skies, imagined that a panacea for unemployed or unemployable sons and brothers had at length been found. Exaggerated pictures of rural bliss and future wealth, and life made easy, generally, for the good cricketer with a few hundred pounds, went the round of London drawing-rooms and country vicarages. The spot that was in favour for the moment became a sort of catchword, and for the time emblematical of the American continent generally, somewhat to the bewilderment of travelling Americans.

In time, however, one of the indirect and lesser results of these successive movements was the tardy recognition in English society that America had a geography as well as Europe.

The Southern negro in the slavery-times had no reason to be conscious of the existence of any particular nation beyond the seas. So, after the war, when an English element appeared among the purchasers of deserted plantations, he was sorely puzzled by the "white folk who warn't like our folk." He knew of course that they were called "English," and had frequently heard that expression in former days applied to superior merchandise of all kinds. Where the strangers came from, however, was a matter entirely beyond his powers of definition; so he settled the geographical problem simply, conclusively, and for good and all by the three words, "out dar sumwhar." So it was until quite recently with the majority of English people. When

the Gentleman Emigrant crossed the Atlantic it was sufficient for almost all his friends, except those who addressed his letters, that he was "out dar sumwhar." Hitherto English society had absolutely declined transatlantic geography, and had been most thoroughly in accord upon this point with the negro aforesaid. The transition from this chaos was brought about in great part by the impetus emigration of the better class received ten or twelve years ago, and it was often accompanied by a mental attitude towards America that may be fairly typified by the following incident.

A friend of ours, whom we will call T., was once dining at the table of a very learned professor indeed. T. was an old friend of the family, who had been absent for many years, living in one of the great Atlantic cities of America: he was, it may also be said, a man keenly appreciative of the comforts and niceties of life—a man of the town, in short, to the core. "And now, Mr. T., do tell us where have you been all these years?" said a female member of the family devoted to the higher education of women, whose culture was the admiration of all her friends. T. modestly replied that he had been in the United States. Knowledge, however, had advanced since his day, and he was urged in almost offended terms to further particulars. He then intimated that Baltimore had been his adopted home. "Oh, how charming," cried out this patroness of female culture; "and do you really hunt cattle all day?" It turned out that this good lady had two nephews in Wyoming whose pursuits and adventures had done duty so far as she was concerned, for the United States in general, and converted the remaining fifty millions of inhabitants into "cattle-hunters," whatever that may mean. T. to this day has two grievances about the story. The first is that people on this side of the Atlantic can see nothing strange in it at all, while those on the other side will not believe it at any price.

The great exodus of younger sons (to use a convenient term) which has continued in unabated volume to the present day may be said to have begun upon the present scale about the year 1877. This, it must be remembered, was also the beginning of a period of unprecedented activity in the development of the Prairie States, of a new era, it might almost be said, in American history. Hitherto Western development had been cramped and hindered by events antagonistic to progress, and the march of civilisation compared with its late gigantic strides till then had been slow. To the causes of this, though they are matters of history, we may here briefly allude. Before the Civil War the nation was divided against itself. A party for slavery struggled with a party against slavery for supremacy over each rich Western State as it became open to Eastern civilisation. Their representatives reviled one another in Congress, while political rowdiness with pistols and bowie knives made the lot of the peaceably inclined settler in the territories in dispute a doubtful one. The shadow of civil war, or of disruption, or of both, hung for years over the path of healthy national enterprise. Confidence was impossible, and the people of the North and South were immersed in politics and waiting for the coming struggle. Then came the long chaos of war, and after that inflated prices which kept Eastern lands in good demand and farmers disinclined to move lightly into remote regions where railroads were only just beginning to run, and that could not yet be regarded as falling within the reach of markets. After this followed the panic of 1873, the collapse of war-prices, and three or four years of depression so intense and widespread that the West, though it steadily absorbed population, in prosperity stood nearly still. With the revival of trade in 1877-78 at length ended the long period of internal strife with its after effects from which the country had practically never at any time been

free. Sectional hatred had cooled down under the pressure of hard times, and at the period just mentioned the United States found themselves for the first time in their history prepared to turn their whole attention to the development of those immense tracts of virgin soil whose producing capacities had as yet been scarcely realised. Hitherto, moreover, prosperity had been high in Great Britain; but now the clouds of depression which had so long hung over America crossed the Atlantic and enveloped the mother country with a gloom that, so far as agriculture is concerned, has been deepening ever since. It will be seen, therefore, how singularly ripe was the period from 1877 onward for the emigration of the Briton, and particularly of the Briton of the upper classes.

In comparatively early days, before, let us say, the American Civil War, Canada had taken most of this kind of immigration. Many of the now prosperous country towns in Ontario counted among their earliest settlers a large proportion of men of birth and education. There was also a strong military element in these connections. Retiring officers from the numerous garrisons, enamoured of bush-life, took unto themselves Canadian wives, and set up as pioneers, while concessions were liberally granted by the Government to soldiers of all ranks. They are dead now, most of that generation, and in many cases cheap whiskey. it is to be feared, anticipated the course of Nature. A little farming and a great deal of shooting was their motto. Few succeeded or kept abreast of the growth of the country. The bend of the river, where forty years ago they waited in their birch-bark canoes for the plunge of the driven deer, is now lined with factories and flour-mills. The forest clearing, in which they blistered their unaccustomed hand, is now smooth meadow or corn-land, where the reaper glides as regardless of stump or stone as if the surface were that of an English park. Neither the factories nor the flour-

mills nor the smooth high-priced acres belong to the descendants of these men. The hard-fisted Scotch labourer drove them surely but steadily to the wall, and the pioneer of this description generally died poorer than he started. His children may have kept their portion by their own wits and energies in the big cities, or, as is often the case, dropped out of the society and recognition of their equals and become rough workers on the soil or in the forests. Sometimes a country post-office or a lonely lake will pathetically recall by its name the ventures or the exploits of some rollicking son of Mars long since gone to dust with all his dreams of fortune and estate; and still in the backwoods linger dim traditions of the bottles he drank, the pranks he played, and the deer he shot. For mighty hunters were these Gentlemen Settlers, and reckless voyagers upon the treacherous rapids down which the path of the Canadian sportsman lies. But, "the rest is silence."

We are speaking now of a period that may be roughly described as the twenty years preceding the Crimean war. But Canada took the majority of Gentlemen Emigrants up till 1870 or thereabouts, a good many of the old sort continuing to settle there with a much larger number of quite young men who went out to make farming their career. These were rarely fitted by disposition or training for the life. The preparation in those days for the ultimate ownership of a Canadian farm of a hundred acres was remarkable. It consisted generally of two courses of training, heaven save the mark! First, the contemplation for a year or two of a highly cultivated farm in Yorkshire or the Lothians; secondly, a residence in Canada itself with some genial English officer or his equivalent, who in the near neighbourhood of some social town had a pleasant house with a farm attached. The hundred pounds a year paid to the jovial amateur by the agricultural student, especially if there were half a dozen of them, more than compensated for the loss on the hun-

dred acres. There was hunting and dancing and flirting galore, and, what was worse than all, cheap whiskey by the bucketful; of farming, it is needless to add, there was very little; of the hard, steady, continuous labour that successful American farming has always implied there was none at all. If a young man came out of such a school and made anything of his life he must have had stuff in him more than common. No doubt the proportion of ready-made black sheep was far greater among these young emigrants than is now the case. Still the whole system was different to the one now generally pursued. Canada itself moreover has changed, and both laws and ideas with regard to liquor have undergone considerable change in that country within the last twenty years. The dominion, whether it was Nova Scotia or Ontario, met a youth sent out under such conditions as were then the custom, a deal more than halfway upon the road to ruin. For the steady, hard-working, labouring farmer, however, there were high prices for his produce, and a still "unearned increment" in his acres. Neither of these conditions can be said now to exist in the older provinces of which we speak.

Colorado and Virginia may fairly be cited as the two first states of the American Union to come into favour with the British Gentleman Emigrant, after the Civil War had cleared the air. The former recommended itself to adventurous bachelors inclined to squatting, stock-riding, and a wild life; the latter to men of quieter tastes or family ties, who dreamt dreams of a country gentleman's life in the deserted manors of the South. The price for which these properties could be bought, when compared with the then inflated values of English land, seemed to Englishmen, and in deed to many others, ridiculously cheap. They were considered as among the most promising of transatlantic investments in 1870. Alas for vain hopes! It seems almost paradoxical

to say that even these were inflated in value, but they actually were so for various and subtle causes upon which there is no need to touch here, and are far lower to-day than they were eighteen years ago.

The great States of Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, though containing of course many educated English settlers, compared to the position they have since taken in this particular, may be said almost to have had no existence for the class in question. Florida, judged from the same standpoint, was still more unknown. California, like Texas, still reeked of the pistol-smoke of frontier rowdyism, while its advantages to the agricultural emigrant were then but partially realised. Prices, too, everywhere in those days were high. The older States still offered present inducements to the farmer, while the West, but scantily tapped by railroads, could only hold out, as it then appeared, future prosperity at the expense of a long interval of "dollarless" isolation.

Between 1877 and 1879, however, when the chains of war had really fallen from the limbs of the Republic, an era of prosperity and activity such as had never been known before set in. It was then that the great exodus from Great Britain across the Atlantic really commenced. The mania for emigration took hold of society, and, though many delusions have been overcome since that period of unreasonable expectations, the movement has been ever since upon a far larger scale than was known before this period. Enterprising Englishmen, with money and social influence and a fair share of shrewdness, bought up large tracts of land in various Western States, and peopled them at a handsome profit with emancipated school-boys. The latter generally started operations with a racecourse and a cricket-ground, as if they were in receipt of as many hundreds a year as they generally possessed for their entire capital. No previous experience seemed to be considered necessary by

the parental mind for these hordes of unsophisticated youths. Certain regions, neither better nor worse than others, but advocated by men influential in England, drew the greater part of this flood of emigrants. Parts of Kansas and Texas came into favour, while North-Western Iowa became far more familiar to the politest British ear than it ever had been to the American. Young men from our public schools flocked there literally by the hundred, and the comic papers of that time will bear ample witness to the craze. Then came the turn of the far North-West of Canada—that remote region which but a very few years previously had, as "the Great Lone Land," been shrouded in romance. We can well recall the uncertainty, the doubt, almost the horror, with which at the beginning of the last decade in Old Canada men spoke of the vast and lonely plains that lay beyond Fort Garry, and of the arctic winters that were supposed to congeal the cluster of shanties which hugged the walls of the old fort upon the Red River of the north. Men in numbers had been to Fort Garry, it is true, trading, prospecting, or in Lord Wolseley's army; but even as late as 1873 the traversing of those thousand miles of lake and rocky wilderness to settle permanently in the plains beyond was looked upon as a very doubtful experiment indeed. The Canadian Pacific Railway was of course a future possibility even then. It was the cry of a political party; but the first surveyors were bringing back tales from the great wilderness of Northern Ontario that might have daunted the stoutest heart, and its construction appeared no certainty either to the British emigrant or to the Ontario farmer. Neither felt inclined to isolate himself beyond the reach of permanent markets upon the faith of political aims that might never in his lifetime be fulfilled. Then the half-breeds were unfriendly, while the servants of the Hudson Bay Company decried the agricultural possi-

bilities of the country to the utmost of their power. There was a time, very little previous to the one we speak of, when intelligent men in Canada regarded what are now beyond dispute recognised as the most prolific wheat-lands in the world as a worthless desert. When Fort Garry blossomed into Winnipeg, the old clouds of ignorance had been pretty well blown away, and when the advancing wave struck the infant city the half-breed and the hunter knew that his days and the days of the buffalo were numbered. The French Roman Catholic Church, which had cherished fond hopes of monopolising the country, and made several spasmodic and stealthy efforts to establish the Gallic race there, gave up all hopes when the "brutal Saxon tide" burst out upon the plains. And of course with the "brutal Saxon" came the "Younger Son," and with him the astounding follies that always seem to accompany him when he goes in crowds. Club-houses of imposing structure sprang up in embryo prairie towns, while the tents of the pioneer settlers still whitened the muddy tracks that hoped to be the future street. Capital, that should have been invested in acres and ploughs, melted away in all kinds of riotous living, aggravated no doubt by the fevered state of the country. Pyramids of empty champagne-bottles for the first and probably the last time rose upon the prairie. Even tandems and four-in-hands plunged along the muddy ways, to the astonishment of the practical Ontario farmer's son who had taken up his quarter or half-section. The old generation of the Gentleman Settler seemed to have burst into life again with his freaks and his follies redoubled. It was hard upon the steady young emigrant who went out at such a time and with such a riotous crew; but fortunately this wild delirium of unwarrantable speculation lasted but a brief time in a country that contained elements of wealth that can only be developed by time and plodding industry.

In the meantime the profits of ranching in the Far Western States and territories had begun to attract attention among Englishmen with capital. Many had gone before this date, but for general purposes the year 1878 may be cited as the commencement of the wave of English men and money that swept towards the Rocky Mountains and reached from Montana in the North to New Mexico in the South. Cattle-ranching as a rule meant the employment of more capital than nine out of ten young emigrants could command. The measure of success, however, which attended those who were able to engage in it between 1878 and 1884 appears to have been distinctly greater than that which had hitherto fallen to the lot of the Gentleman Emigrant elsewhere in America. It is very probable that the constant saddle-work and the hard isolated life may be more suited to the athletic and inexperienced young Englishman of sense than the more cramping and elaborate work of a small farm. Men, again, who have means enough to maintain them at home, but who undertake a hard and isolated life abroad in the hope of making a fortune, have a spur to their zeal that the emigrant with small capital lacks. A few years later, when everything connected with cattle-ranching had reached its height, the British investor at home seemed to think a golden opportunity had arrived and rushed headlong into the business. Judicious owners with a good English social connection took the opportunity of turning their ranches into companies composed for the most part of their friends and relations. These transactions, however, were only items in the movement, for large syndicates were formed, numbering among their subscribers and promoters not only the guileless squire and the sanguine half-pay colonel but the canny and hard-headed Scot. Unsatisfactory results have followed most of these ventures, as everybody knows. The failure, due in great part

to the fall of plant and stock from the inflated prices at which they were purchased to figures abnormally low, has been aggravated in many cases by bad management. Nepotism was said to be rife in many of these corporations. It was by no means uncommon to see young Englishmen, whose sole qualification was a good seat on a horse, in charge of interests representing millions of dollars, whose success depended in an unusual degree upon good management and local knowledge.

In 1883 when the price of cattle in America was unprecedentedly high, a notion was prevalent in this country that the increase of population in the States was out-pacing the production of beef. The fact of the rural population of America being non-consumers of beef and mutton, and shewing no disposition to become so, was then, as now, ignored. At any rate the conviction that high prices were due to unprecedented causes and were more or less permanent seemed universal in this country. The present writer was responsible for an article that appeared in a London daily paper in 1883, pointing out the artificial state of the meat-markets, and prophesying a speedy fall to normal if not still lower prices. These views at the time were very generally scouted; but as a matter of fact cattle fell in two or three years, not merely to normal prices, but to figures almost unprecedented since the opening of the Western States. Common sense would seem to suggest that a period of depression like the present is the opportunity of the British investor. The latter, however, seems in this particular class of adventure to be attracted only by periods of unnatural excitement and artificial prices, and society talks no longer about the delights and the profits of Western ranching.

Florida came last into favour. Four or five years ago society began to twitter about Florida, just as it had twittered about Iowa or Manitoba. The Gentleman Emigrant again

went through a period of mania. Scores had gone to Manitoba who had very much better have taken their money to Florida, and now as many more went to Florida who had far better have gone to Manitoba. There were as usual the same want of judgment and the same abundance of folly. Men with ten thousand pounds, and men with nothing but a pair of stout but unaccustomed arms, seemed to think that the semi-tropical peninsula appealed equally to both. Not only the younger son, but the middle-aged and even the elderly, trooped off to the Land of Flowers. The same exaggerated hopes arose: the same idealised first impressions were sent home. When it was found that neither oranges nor lemons could be grown without money, labour and patience, the old senseless reaction set in. Orange-growing is to-day in quite as flourishing a state as when society took the Florida-madness: the prices of produce, though no one ever allowed or does allow for their remaining so, are about as high as ever: owners of bearing groves are prospering greatly. The catch-word has however gone round in England that orange-growing is "played out." The great rush of people with insufficient sense, means and industry to set out and bring into bearing an orange-grove has caused a glut in the market of half-developed properties at figures that would have been laughed at three years ago. Now is without doubt the best opportunity there has yet been for investors in the groves of Florida; but, as in cattle-ranching, it is just these very times that the English investor led by mistaken standards shrinks from.

Black sheep are nothing like so prominent as they used to be in the ranks of the Gentleman Emigrant. This is not because there are less of them to be got rid of, but because they are dwarfed in numbers by the great quantity of decent lads who are now crowded out of the country by the increase of polite population and of mental competition combined. In for-

mer days the young Gentleman Emigrant generally had the expectation of capital wherewith to purchase sooner or later a freehold beyond the seas. Now, however, a very large number of this class are leaving the country who have no such expectations. The future of the former is of course intelligible enough. His success depends only upon himself, if the necessities of life, complete independence and a modest home of his own may be called in these days by such a name. If farming abroad has nothing like the prizes it had in past times for the fortunate and industrious, the young aspirant as a rule enters the fight far better equipped than his predecessor. The hundreds that he used to pay both on this side of the Atlantic and the other are now more often than not saved; and the youth, before he has acquired the very undesirable characteristics that are apt to develop with the down on his chin, goes fresh, simple, uncontaminated, and often enthusiastic into the household of some decent practical settler. He may get a trifling wage, he may only get his keep, or he may even pay a small sum to begin with. It does not much matter. He is out of temptation, and he is living the life and learning the work, hard though it may be, that he will himself have to live and to perform when he has, sooner or later, blossomed into a farmer. Within the same time that the old-fashioned colonial agricultural student had acquired the art of drinking whiskey in large doses without water, or sliding on a toboggan, or steering a canoe, or carrying on a flirtation, his successor, though local society does not see so much of him, has learnt all the elementary details of his trade, and has the respect and not the ridicule of the plain folks who in that part of the world are its main followers. It must be borne in mind that the young American and Canadian of the more educated class thoroughly despises farming, and the sentiment is echoed among those sons of the soil who are, or think they are,

too "smart" to plough and sow. Land there has no prestige, no attraction of the kind it has in this country. This feeling against farming is partly genuine ambition and partly mere vulgar snobbishness, and the provincial press is continually noting and deploring its existence. The rural "buck" beyond the Atlantic would far sooner sell ribbons or saucepans across the counter than work upon his father's farm or even upon a good one of his own. Store-keeping, except in some parts of the South, is in the eyes of society in a country town a higher pursuit, a less vulgar, a more refined occupation than cultivating the broadest of acres. This is not, considering the conditions of transatlantic life, wholly unnatural, and is in some sort a reaction from the rough pioneering life of preceding generations. The stout-limbed young Briton, however, starts upon traditions exactly the reverse. He has as much contempt for towns, for high stools and shop-keeping as his American friends have for farming, and entirely fails, though he may be foolish, to agree with the latter that a position behind the counter of an ironmonger's or boot-maker's shop is a haven of bliss. It would be quite superfluous to discuss the comparative merits of these opposing points of view. And this for the excellent reason, that even supposing the young English-emigrant were less stiff-necked in the matter, the great rush of competent natives for inferior urban situations already exceeds the demand.

It is not at all surprising that Americans and Canadians are continually asking us why we bring up young men in luxury, educate them expensively, and then send them across the Atlantic to labour on the land, an occupation which may be carried on as well and even better by comparatively uneducated men. The question is natural enough to people who in the first place do not look at life with quite the same eyes that we use, and in the second, have little notion of the

interior social economy of this country and the hopeless competition that exists. If America had vacant desks to offer to the sons of our upper and upper-middle class, no doubt these would be sought with eagerness. But even the tolerably influential American or Canadian knows well that, if he had the deepest interest in securing the most humble posts of this kind for half a dozen English lads from Rugby or Haileybury, he would be at his wits' ends to accomplish the task. Nor again could the American by any possibility realise the singular aversion to indoor work and the actual pleasure in physical toil that by a strange law animates such a large proportion of our educated youth. The cry of "What shall we do with our boys?" is, as we have said, as rife as ever among the parents of the upper and middle classes who for years have been bringing into the world far more children than they could reasonably expect to float in their own class in life. Nor is it any good pushing downwards in this country, for there the well-bred seeker for work meets not only an army of small clerks hustling and jostling one another for a living, but in addition to them the inevitable, ubiquitous Teuton. Poor as are the prospects of the gentleman's son without brains, money, or interest, a high stool in such a sphere, even if it could be won, what is it? Fifty pounds a year, the disadvantages without the advantages of a great city, a constant struggle to keep the nap on the coat and the loaf in the cupboard, inferior companions, bad air, bad tobacco and music-halls.

The vicar of Bumbletown Magna has four hundred pounds a year, no private means, and eight children, four boys and four girls. The former must be educated up to a certain point to test their capacities for securing the prizes of life. The elder justifies the test and shows possibilities of exhibitions and fellowships. The second may have a special turn for mechanics, or the vicar may exhaust his interest

in getting him into a bank. For the other two, strong, healthy, well-brought up lads, there is no visible career whatever. It is not their fault. They are not dull, but, to use a common expression of the bewildered parent, "books are not their line." They are upon the whole as fine young fellows as you wish to come across, simple and manly, with nothing in common with the cover-coated, cigarette-sucking, bar-room-haunting style of youth they might become after a year or two of idleness in this country. They have practically no alternative but emigration. It is easy enough to talk of the hardship of sending gently-nurtured lads to work upon the lands of others without much hope of becoming landowners themselves. Granted, it is a pity; but facts must be faced. In the first place, those who exclaim against it have no alternative to offer, nor is there in such cases any alternative. In the second, the objects of such compassion in most cases would resent it, and would fairly lay claim to as much happiness as falls to the lot of the average clerk in this country. They may often grumble at their lot, it is true, but they will not upon the whole grumble more than the clerks at Messrs. Goldust and Co.'s Bank, who are regarded in the city as among the most fortunate of young men. Heaven forbid that we should idealise the career of the gentleman's son who goes out to America to "work his way", as it is called. At the same time, as it is the only one open to so many there is no harm in glancing at the brighter as well as the drearier side of it. So the vicar's two sons, at the ages say of seventeen and eighteen, emigrate. They have been at one of the many good but inexpensive large schools: they have not as yet rubbed shoulders with the young man of the period: the less in fact after this age that they see of their contemporaries, whether at private tutors, public schools, or universities, so much the better fitted will they be

for their future life abroad. Whether they go to Canada or Iowa or Kansas signifies comparatively little, but at such an age they should not of course be sent off to shift for themselves. Some responsible assistance in this matter can easily be secured, and the boys will find themselves in the household of some substantial and respectable but hardworking farmer, and practically members of his family. Here, with the goodman, they will learn the art of ploughing, of swinging an axe, of driving teams, of handling machinery, accomplishments which do not, as some people think, come by nature. It is really of little consequence whether during this period of apprenticeship they simply get their keep for their services, or whether the farmer pays them a trifle, or they pay the farmer. It is sufficient to say that at the end of a not very long period the boys will be qualified to ask and receive the pay of "hired men," that is to say their keep and from two to five pounds a month.

Lady Peppercorn, the squire's wife at Bumbletown, will shake her head and say, "What a dreadful thing it is, those two nice sons of our poor dear vicar working as common labourers." Her ladyship will see in fancy the objects of her compassion emerging from a humble cottage with a shambling gait, their dinners tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, and their employer mounted upon a sleek cob haughtily pointing out to them their allotted tasks. As a matter of fact Dick and Tom, as has been already hinted, would generally resent such compassion. Society in the town twenty miles away, it is true, divides itself into cliques and classes, but in the genuine farming community every respectable person is on an equality. It is quite as true that Dick and Tom work as hard or harder than agricultural labourers in this country, but then Farmer Cornstalk, who has a farm worth two thousand pounds and twice as much in the bank besides, works equally hard. English people

who look upon the cleaning out of pigstyes as a horrible degradation, but riding on a mowing-machine a performance not unworthy of a gentleman, would be regarded by an American farmer as showing signs of softening of the brain. The perfect republicanism of the farming community beyond the Atlantic, which so often irritates the English Gentleman Emigrant of capital who becomes a proprietor, stands in good stead those who have to work for others. The latter at any rate have no material anxieties. They may go within certain limits almost where they choose, and make certain of food and lodging and sufficient wage. If their lot is cast among a class socially lower than that in which they were born, it is proportionately kinder-hearted and less likely to leave them in the lurch in case of unforeseen misfortune. If the physical work is hard, there is a large proportion of English youth to whom physical toil is infinitely preferable to mental labour and deprivation from fresh air. Sometimes this is only fancy and a youthful excuse to be rid of books, but often it is perfectly genuine and will stand the test of years. Social sentiment is deeply adverse to such a line of life, but after all what a trifling thing is this when placed upon the scales with bread and butter and an average degree of happiness. If there are more gentlemen, to use an ambiguous phrase, brought into the world than can be maintained in a soft-handed and black-coated state, demand and supply must assert themselves. For the youth who has no intellectual hankerings and whose chief delight is in his physical powers, one can imagine many a worse fate than that he should be absorbed into that immense and industrious class who till the soil of the American continent. He will be none the worse for his gentle rearing if he have tact and sense. Even if he lose his superficial graces and become almost unrecognisable in the course of years from the ordinary working farmer of the

country of his adoption, what harm is it? Is there any special happiness in this life, or extra chance of it in the next, in possessing certain tricks of manner and speech that indicate neither virtue, industry, honesty, nor even education in its comforting sense? For what do young men of this kind, whose education has been to them simply a bore and its result a hatred of books, lose by such a life, if they are otherwise happy, healthy, and industrious?

After working for many years like this, "What then?" some people may say. The query is natural, and not easily answered. But we are not talking of men who might have risen to be Queen's Counsel, or Headmasters, or Canons, nor even of those who could have got small posts in banks or offices, though in such cases the "What then?" might with almost equal justice be asked. This discussion applies only to those who have

no alternative but emigration, and no choice but physical labour. The future in such cases it is true holds out nothing definite but a livelihood. If Dick or Tom eventually end in marrying some decent farmer's daughter and secure thereby, according to local custom, a permanent lodgment in the family homestead and a greater or less share in the family acres, the question is happily settled. Such a fate no doubt would be dreadful to Lady Peppercorn's notions and those of many other excellent people who estimate happiness by the rungs in the ladder of social competition. Striking this issue, however, out of our reckoning, a vast and new country holds out opportunities that the industrious, intelligent, and experienced young man sooner or later will be able to take hold of, and so raise himself into something more materially prosperous than a "hired man."

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY.

THE "Autobiography" of Sir Douglas Forsyth contains a dispiriting record of a lost opportunity. He describes the fruitless attempt made in Lord Mayo's time to obtain the demarcation of a boundary line which should be the recognized limit to Russian advance in the direction of India, and should oppose a barrier to encroachment before it became a peril and a menace. Some twenty years ago, shortly after the Ameer Shere Ali met Lord Mayo in *darbar* at Umballa, Sir Douglas (then Mr.) Forsyth, at that time Commissioner of an important division in the Punjab, was authorized by the Viceroy to proceed to Europe with the object of bringing about, if possible, a friendly understanding in regard to the relations of England and Russia respectively, with the Usbeg, Barakzai, and Kajar rulers, whose dominions lay between the frontiers of the two Powers in Asia. At this date, the Akhal Tekke Turcomans and the Turcomans of Merv,

"Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,"

were as yet unconquered. The Russian outposts were all to the northward of a wide belt of desert stretching from the head-waters of the Oxus to the shores of the Caspian Sea. Afghanistan was united under an Ameer who only needed moderate encouragement to continue our firm ally. It might have proved impossible to extract from our rivals in any binding form a full and complete repudiation of designs on Merv and the regions bordering on northern Persia; but we might unquestionably have so drawn the frontier of Afghanistan as to secure to Shere Ali and his successors all the territory lately ceded to Russia, as well as the states on the upper Oxus, the ownership of which is still disputed.

But as Sir Douglas Forsyth writes: "The Duke of Argyll was Secretary of State for India, and threw cold water on the proceedings of Lord Mayo. He would not allow any substantial promise of assistance to be given to Shere Ali, and altogether destroyed what might have been the good effect of the Umballa *darbar*. When I reached England, I found the Duke turned a deaf ear to all the proposals I put before him." Nevertheless Sir Douglas Forsyth persevered. Lord Clarendon helped him, and he went to St. Petersburg as the accredited agent of the English Foreign Office. In the negotiation that followed, Sir Douglas elicited from Russian statesmen admissions which only needed to be put into proper diplomatic form and to be supplemented by an agreement with the Afghan Ameer to give us all the security we could reasonably wish for. "But unfortunately," says Sir Douglas Forsyth, "when I went to the India Office, the Duke of Argyll would not take the slightest interest in the matter and no orders were passed."

The great events which intervened between the wretched sequel to this episode and the reopening of the Afghan boundary question are matters of general history. The interval was marked by Shere Ali's rejection of our friendship, by our campaigns in Afghanistan and the establishment of Abdul Rahman on the throne of Cabul; and lastly by the annexation of the Merv oasis to the empire of the Czar. That measure, long deferred but long foreseen as inevitable, marks a turning point also in our Central Asian policy. The Russian menace once more loomed too portentous to be viewed with serenity. Not that the English ministry of the day showed much alarm. On being informed

in February, 1884, that the Czar had resolved to accept the proffered allegiance of the Merv Turcomans, and to send an officer to organize the district, Earl Granville did little less than invite Russia to propose some way of averting such complications as might arise from her nearer approach towards Afghanistan. In reply M. de Giers suavely reminded us that he himself had not long before proposed that the boundary of Afghanistan should be agreed upon and laid down between the Oxus and the Heri Rud. He was still of opinion that such a measure was advisable. Towards the end of April, 1884, Earl Granville accepted the Russian proposal for a delimitation. The British Government, he went on to explain, considered that the main points should be laid down on the spot by a joint commission appointed for the purpose. After all these years, it would seem, we were unable or reluctant to say what the main points were, and almost provoked the Russians to presume on our ignorance and indecision. Nor were they slow to perceive the opportunity. They began at once to raise objections to the procedure recommended. They themselves, we presently found, had been carrying out an independent inquiry of their own; and fortified by the information thus acquired, they knew perfectly well what was wanted in Russia's interests. M. de Giers hinted plainly his hope that the Turcomans of Panjdeh would submit of their own free will to Russian authority. At the same time General Komaroff took steps to put the Turcomans in possession of the lands about old Serrakhs. Nor was Russia satisfied with thus indicating her pretensions. She wished them acknowledged and admitted before the Commission began its work. In his despatch of June 18th, 1884, M. de Giers propounded for the first time the theory that the main points of the boundary should be settled not by political officers on the spot but by negotiation between the two govern-

ments. While agreeing that the joint Commissioners should meet at Serrakhs, in the beginning of October, "the Imperial Government," he wrote, "think it would be advisable that previous to the sending of the Commission, the two Governments should exchange views on the general basis of the future delimitation." At first Earl Granville seems to have paid no heed to the suggestion beyond saying that, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Ministers, "any points on which the Commission were unable to agree should be referred for the decision of the Governments." Meanwhile Sir Peter Lumsden was appointed British Commissioner. On July 27th M. de Giers expressed his disappointment that Earl Granville had not laid down some principles on which the instructions to the Commissioners should be framed; and a few days afterwards, he ostentatiously waived his objection to the commencement of the delimitation at the western instead of the eastern extremity of the line, on condition that an agreement should be come to concerning the principles which were to form the basis of instructions. For a long time this idea of a preliminary arrangement was steadfastly rejected by Earl Granville. He would only admit that no boundary line ought to be drawn imposing on the Ameer obligations which His Highness would be unwilling to assume or would not in practice fulfil. This admission was at once fastened upon by M. de Giers, who saw in it an argument in favour of a preliminary arrangement. The Russian Minister also suggested that in such an arrangement it should be explicitly stated that the Sarik Turcomans were to be under Russian control, and that the Ameer Abdul Rahman should be required to give up all designs of aggrandizement at their expense; in other words that His Highness should then and there renounce all claims to Panjdeh. Unfortunately the English Government were unwilling either to reject this notion at once or to accept it. General Zelenoi was now ap-

pointed Russian Commissioner and he, with M. Zinovief, the Chief of the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office, called on our Ambassador at St. Petersburg and had a long conversation with him on the matter. A day or so afterwards M. de Giers entreated Earl Granville to take General Zelenoi's advice into consideration. In a memorandum dated October 9th, 1884, he again called the English Ambassador's attention to the necessity of previously defining the duties of the Boundary Commissioners and of settling on the area of the zone which was to be the field of their investigations. Some weeks later M. de Giers went a step further and formally proposed a zone, submitting a long argument in favour of its adoption. Every other method of procedure, he declared, must inevitably exercise an unfavourable influence upon the course of subsequent negotiations. After a long period of wavering, Earl Granville gave in. He told the Russian Ambassador that being desirous of meeting the wishes of Russia as far as possible, we would agree to limiting the inquiry by some preliminary arrangement.

The next thing was to settle the details of this preliminary arrangement. At first Earl Granville was unwilling to imply even the possibility of doubt as to the Ameer's rights so far south as the southern limit proposed by Russia. In reply M. de Giers quoted the Emperor's opinion that unless a definite zone was decided on, the meeting of the Commissioners would be futile. All this time General Zelenoi was at St. Petersburg. The next Russian move was to send M. Lessar to London with instructions to put forward not a zone but a definite line as a basis for negotiations. This was in the beginning of 1885. The line suggested gave both Zulficar and Panjdeh to Russia. Meanwhile the Russians had pushed forward advanced posts to the Zulficar Pass and to a position threatening Panjdeh, from which they declined to withdraw. Earl Granville, having consulted Sir

Peter Lumsden, now entered into a long argument, the gist being that we would take the Russian line as the southern limit of a zone, the northern limit to be a little to the south of the northern limit at first proposed by Russia in November, 1884. This may be remembered as the English zone of March, 1885. In reply M. de Giers pointed out that the English zone was incompatible with the circumstances of the moment. The Russian Government would either agree to its original zone, or to its tentative line, preferring the latter. This was interpreted by Earl Granville as objecting to the English proposal, and on the other hand offering no counter proposal. He entertained the hope that the Russian Government had not yet communicated its final decision. Three days afterwards Earl Granville received news of General Komaroff's attack on Panjdeh. The Indian Government had already been informed of the line proposed by Russia, and had sounded the Ameer as to its acceptance. It thus fell out that before the news of the fight reached either England or India, the Ameer declared himself indifferent as to the retention of Panjdeh. But on April 7th, 1885, also before receiving news of the collision, M. de Giers instructed the Russian ambassador to propose yet another zone. This, however, needs only a passing reference, for a week later Earl Granville suggested that it might be possible to adopt some modified line which would be fairly acceptable to both parties. We even hinted that a concession as to Panjdeh was not impossible, were the rest of the line settled according to our wishes. After this the negotiation made rapid progress. M. de Giers saw no objection to allowing the exchange of Panjdeh for Zulficar. The Panjdeh episode was made the subject of a separate compact, and was finally condoned; and Sir Peter Lumsden was ordered home. On May 8th a draft convention was agreed upon, by which the proceedings of the Boundary Com-

missioners were to be confined within certain definite limits. The superior diplomacy of the Russians thus secured them their first triumph. The Afghan boundary was practically settled not by commissioners on the spot, after our officers had surveyed and examined the country, but by diplomatists in London on the basis of information mainly furnished by Russia. Further controversies followed, and it is possible that Earl Granville might have made further concessions.

But a Conservative ministry came into power, and Lord Salisbury put things plainly. We had promised, he said, that the boundary line should go to the north of the Zulficar Pass. We had made that promise in reliance on the consent of Russia that when Panjdeh was given up by England the Zulficar Pass would be surrendered by Russia. From that engagement it was not open to us to recede. The Russians made several attempts to shake our determination; but when the Russian ambassador proposed that this particular matter should be left pending, while the discussion could be continued regarding the rest of the line, Lord Salisbury returned a decided negative. Later on he declared that it was impossible to recede from the promise which, on the faith of the promise of the Russian Government, we had given to the Ameer. Advised however by experts, and with the Ameer's full consent, Lord Salisbury made a slight concession, and the Protocol was finally signed on September 10th, 1885. No good purpose would be served by speculating as to the measure of success that might have attended our diplomacy had a firm tone been maintained from the beginning. Had we insisted on it, Russia might possibly have consented in the end to a demarcation of the frontier in accordance with the method laid down at first and afterwards waived by Earl Granville. This, however, is doubtful. On the other hand there is every reason to believe that had we known from the

beginning how much we meant to yield, and how much it was absolutely necessary to retain, a far better bargain might have been struck; and that, too, without furnishing the humiliating spectacle of a Government which is either ignorant of its interests or unable to protect them.

Such was the process, dilatory and detrimental, by which the agreement embodied in the Protocol was reached. We have now to see how the terms of the Protocol have been carried out. The frontier as shown on the map may be separated into four portions. The first runs from the Heri Rud to the Kushk river: the second from the Kushk to the Murghab: the third from the Murghab to the latitude of Daulatabad; and the fourth from thence to the Oxus. The first portion of the line presented no difficulty. It runs from a point two versts below the fort of Zulficar to Chaman-i-Bid, "the meadow of willows." In the Protocol the line was laid down thus far in strict accordance with the geographical features of the country, no room being left for local disputes. In his letter to Lord Salisbury, dated February 11th, 1886, Sir West (then Colonel) Ridgeway says: "The language of the Protocol was sufficiently clear; and the land in question was barren, uninhabited and mostly waterless. The survey of the country to the north and south of the frontier had been completed in detail by the English and Russian surveyors, respectively, before the Commission met; and sufficient triangular points had been fixed by Major Holdich and Captain Gore in the vicinity of the frontier, to render computable the absolute position of the pillars in latitude and longitude." Nor was this all. The activity of the Russians had not only made the actual work of erecting the boundary pillars an easy task: it had also enabled those who drew up the Protocol to define as far as the Kushk, a line about which there could be no possible dispute after-

wards. After Panjdeh was taken, the Russians at once put their surveyors into the field, and mapped the whole country as far as the Kushk. Thus it happened that the Commissioners encountered on this section of the line no difficulties worth mentioning. Owing to the strict definitions of the Protocol, it was impossible to go wrong.

But beyond the Kushk, to the east, it was otherwise. No mapping was ready when the Protocol was drafted. Merely an arbitrary line had been traced, described without reference to natural, geographical, or ethnological features; and the uncertainty landed the Commissioners in never-ending disputes. At first the pillars on the second section were erected in strict accordance with the Protocol. That is to say, the valleys of the Kushk and Kashan, though cultivated by the Sarik Turcomans, were given to Afghanistan. Sir West Ridgeway perceived the injustice and inconvenience of this arrangement, but he thought it better to dissemble. "The Russian contention," he says, "was true, but I resisted the claim." He fancied that compliance would be more profitable at a later period. To some extent his calculating reluctance paid. When he conceded these valleys in the end, it was in return, according to his own theory, for concessions on the Oxus. From an impartial point of view the final arrangement affords a much better boundary; though we may regret it was not reached in a more dignified way.

We may here note that Maruchak has been practically abandoned to the Russians. The fort is now within musket-shot of the boundary. The negotiations regarding Maruchak are not without interest. In May, 1885, Lord Kimberley informed M. Lessar that Maruchak had always been considered by Her Majesty's Government as a place which must be left to the Afghans. When the Commissioners proceeded to lay down the frontier, the following point arose: Did Maru-

chak mean the fort, or the district of that name? The Russians said it only meant the fort: Sir West Ridgeway maintained the contrary, using for argument the concessions he had made in the neighbourhood of Chaman-i-Bid. "I wished," he says, "to admit to a certain extent the Russian argument that the Chaman-i-Bid of the Protocol did not merely mean the fort, but the lands surrounding it, for the argument applied equally to the more important case of Maruchak." But this ingenious device was thrown away. Lord Salisbury decided that the mischief had been done, and was irreparable.

We have now to consider the line that has been laid down beyond Maruchak. In the Protocol the boundary between the Murghab near Maruchak and the Oxus near Khoja Saleh, was defined as running to the north of the valley of the Kaisor, or Ab-i-Wali, and west of the Sangdalak, so as to leave to Turcomans and Afghans respectively their due proportion of pasture. This question of pasturage, about which so much has been said, is less momentous perhaps than some of the authorities try to make out. There is in these regions an unlimited growth of grass at certain seasons of the year, and none at all at other times. The Russians, however, lost no time in demanding under the Protocol that the Afghans should only get the pastures of which they were actually in possession at the time of the Russian occupation of Merv. This claim seems to have been admitted without due consideration, and to have been finally construed, in connection with other circumstances, as giving the Afghans a belt of pasturage not more than sixteen miles wide. Otherwise, no doubt, the line would have been pushed forward to the edge of the Kara Bil plateau. This would have made an admirable natural boundary. Forming the water-shed between the Murghab and Oxus drainage, it has an altitude of about two thousand, five hundred feet; and consists of open, undulating downs covered with short grass and

affording excellent pasturage. In a report dated February 18th, 1886, Colonel Peacocke wrote: "In this belt of ground no natural frontier presents itself short of the southern edge of the Kara Bil plateau; and if the rights of the former Usbeg proprietorship were to be respected, it would appear that it should even secure to the Usbegs the heads of all the valleys draining down from the plateau to the Kaisar and Karawul Khana streams." Whether it was the terms of the London Protocol, or some arrangement of his own which precluded Sir West Ridgeway from insisting on the adoption of the natural frontier, it is difficult to say. But in some way or other, he decided that the boundary must be drawn within a zone lying south of the Kara Bil plateau, and we may see what kind of country it was. To begin with, it is a terribly difficult region to traverse from east to west; though there are many routes running from north to south, and connecting what is now Russian territory with the Kila Wali Valley. "Lateral communication," wrote Colonel Peacocke, "from east to west is so difficult that there is said to be no road across it, though numerous tracks lead from south to north by which the Kara Bil plateau is reached." Nothing but the most arduous exertions enabled Colonel Holdich to carry his triangulation right through this ominous tract. It is fortunate that he succeeded in fixing the exact geographical position of each pillar, for otherwise it would have been impossible to identify the pillars, or to replace them should they be removed. Even as it is, it proved impossible to construct anything like a good artificial boundary within the limits of the zone. Sir West Ridgeway deprecates the phrase, "a paper boundary"; but this is just what it is. The Russians, unluckily for us, got on the ground first, mapped it out, and then persuaded our Commissioner to accept the result of their surveys as the basis of the settlement, without waiting for the English surveyors to

go over the ground. In July, 1886, M. de Giers told our Ambassador that the last instructions he remembered sending were, "to explore, and thoroughly to explore, and again to explore." The one thing which had been made manifest, he went on to say, was that the facts as they were now cropping up did not tally with the maps; and that until perfectly sure topographical information was within reach, no decision could be reached. If only we on our side had insisted on the same cautious investigation some serious mistakes might have been avoided. Most unfortunately our Commission was weak in survey-officers. We had only three, to fourteen with the Russians. The facts are referred to by Sir West Ridgeway in his despatch of February, 1886. He speaks of the superior strength of the Russian survey-staff, Colonel Kuhlberg having at his disposal some eight or nine trained topographers. The case is put still more forcibly by Colonel Holdich. "On the meeting of the joint Commissioners at Zulficar," he writes, "on November 10th, 1885, there were only present Captain Gore and myself, with Atta Mahomed. . . . The weakness of a party without professional topographers was now apparent. Geographical surveyors are quite apart from topographers in the ordinary sense of the word. Captain Gore was our only topographer. On the other hand, the Russian Commission consisted chiefly of a strong topographical party, with Colonel Kuhlberg at the head."

The story of Khwaja Govirdak affords a good example of what we lost through our hurry to get the business finished. Some trouble is required to extricate it from the Blue Book, but the main facts seem to be as follows. The importance of this place is evident. In a report dated February 4th, 1886, Colonel Peacocke wrote: "In the western portion of the *Chol*, there is said to be sweet water only at Khwaja Govirdak, which is a marsh with springs."

Elsewhere he speaks of Khwaja Govirdak as the only place in the western portion of this belt of ground with a water supply of any sort. Khwaja Govirdak, it may be added, is by far the best position anywhere near this section of the line, and would make an excellent site for an advanced frontier post. A force holding Khwaja Govirdak would command the Kila Wali line of communication, which could thus be cut in two at any moment. The Kila Wali valley, I ought to have said before, is an important trade-route, being practically the only line of communication between Afghan - Turkestan, and Badgheis. It can be commanded, as we see, from Khwaja Govirdak. Yet this is one of the points which we have given up to Russia. Sir West Ridgeway describes the negotiation in a despatch to Lord Rosebery. The mischief was done, it would seem, at the sixth meeting of the Commissioners, held at Maruchak on March 19th. At this meeting they traced the frontier between Maruchak and the meridian of Charshamba on the basis of surveys executed by the Russian topographical officers. The discussion was a trying one; and Sir West Ridgeway speaks of his fruitless protest, and of the persistent struggle which lasted some two or three hours, and ended, as he imagined, in his getting Khwaja Govirdak for the Afghans. "The line was traced on a Russian map, for the survey of the country in question had been confided to Russian surveyors, and this important water source was certainly named on the map." But with what seemed unaccountable obstinacy Colonel Kuhlberg insisted on the frontier making a curve to the south, instead of running from pillar to pillar. At last Sir West Ridgeway conceded the point, but it was not till he reached Karawul Khana that he learnt what the Russians had been driving at. "By making this curve, the frontier included within Russian territory the water source of Khwaja Govirdak

which, according to the Russian map, had been given to Afghanistan." At the meeting of the Commissioners on April 17th, Sir West Ridgeway pointed out that the line traced by the Commissioners at their previous meeting gave Khwaja Govirdak to the Afghans; but that on arrival at the spot the surveyors who were to erect the boundary pillars found that the inflexion of the frontier line towards the south left Khwaja Govirdak outside Afghan territory. To this Colonel Kuhlberg rejoined that, on the contrary, the line traced on the map had left the spring at a distance of two versts outside the Afghan frontier. On the Russian survey, he went on to say, it was indicated by the conventional sign "P" (*Podnukr*). Sir West Ridgeway could only answer that when he consented to the deviation of the line to the south he had no idea that a spring would thus be excluded from Afghan territory, still less that the unknown mark "P" indicated Khwaja Govirdak. But at last he yielded, solacing himself with the reflection that the place would have been of little use to the Afghans by reason of its inaccessibility. This is inconsistent with what Colonel Holdich says: "A path leading from Khwaja Govirdak passes just below the hill, to the west of it, to Kila Wali." Afterwards Sir West Ridgeway himself wrote: "In order to keep the important spring of Khwaja Govirdak within the Russian frontier, the boundary was advanced to within eight or nine miles of the limits of the cultivated lands of Afghanistan."

The fourth section of the boundary, from the latitude of Daulutabad to the Oxus, need not occupy much of our attention. As already noticed, Sir West Ridgeway was only able to obtain what he regarded as essential to the proper maintenance of Afghan interests by making a concession at the other end. He has already enlarged on the relative value of the concessions made by either party to the agreement, though his calculation

is not received without question by Russian writers. We are mainly concerned, however, with the value of the line as a boundary; and have only to note that, once the stretch of open, flat country north of Daulutabad is reached, the boundary does not so much matter. Well-known old landmarks have been followed right up to the river Oxus; and it is not on this section of the boundary-line that any trouble need be anticipated.

Having traced the diplomatic measures that led to the boundary delimitation, and seen in what manner it was finally executed, we may pass on to consider for a moment the present state of the question. A member of Parliament who is credited with a special knowledge of all things appertaining to Indian matters, remarked the other day that "we have disposed once and for all of the Russian bugbear, hitherto a very real danger." Yet so far as the boundary demarcation goes, all that has been done is merely this: England has repeated her pledge, under certain conditions, to protect Afghanistan from foreign aggression; and by more precisely defining our obligations, we have added to our responsibility instead of diminishing it. Should Russia violate the boundary now that it is delimited, there will be no possible excuse for indifference short of double dealing on the part of an ally. That contingency it would be most uncivil even to hint at; and we must make up our minds that the least encroachment on the Afghan boundary should be resisted at whatever cost. The difficulty is that the line, as we have

seen, is so drawn in certain to provoke rather than resist; and one might easily case in which it would be difficult to prove the offence which side was to blame. all the elements of more episodes all along the line; whereas Russian officers can will and are stationed well reach of the boundary, we depend on the testimony and Afghan officials. It is very say that the Russians can inducement to encroach, a trusted to show the utmost the line now laid down. remember that the boundary means gives them all they get; while the boundary from stan to the north-east is a dispute. Has not our past Russia to believe that for of maintaining our interest extremity, we might be yield at the other?

We cannot shut our eyes going on in Central Asia. sians are steadily but not surely consolidating their country. In this way the paring for an attack on with a view, probably, to at any rate in the first instance in order to prevent us from in their designs on China. This is the great danger to guard against; and the boundary pillars from the to the Oxus does not altogether protect us from it.

STEPHEN W

IN THE DALES SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

It was my first cure, and I, a young curate of three-and-twenty, was put in charge of two solitary chapelries on the high moors, one of them twelve miles to the north and the other four to the south of the central village where I was to live. In fine weather nothing could be more delicious than the brisk bright air as I rode across the tracks among the heather, for roads there were none, putting up blackcock and grouse as I passed, and the little mountain sheep which could scramble anywhere and live on anything, even on the scanty grass among the big boulders. The moors were seamed with dales wherever a stream found its way, and here the ground was better, and little green closes and even patches of oats were to be seen. A small corn-mill stood on the tumbling rushing cataract at the head of the glen among the promontories of rock, and little low stone farmhouses were perched in the most solitary places. There was an honest warm-hearted ring about the real moorsmen, who were extremely pleasant to live with, and they soon became very friendly to the "young priest," as was the usual phrase in those days. I was Yorkshire born and Yorkshire bred, which helped us to an understanding.

The farthest of the little chapelries lay high up near the head of one of the dales, with a splendid view down a broader glen, where the brook widened into a river falling among rocks. The chapel was a long, low, old stone building with a tiny bell-tower and a porch. I heard of an inscription on a similar one showing it was built by Earl Tosti, brother of Harold, but there was nothing to mark the date of ours. It had belonged to a great religious house down in the low-

lands, now in ruins, and had probably been served by a resident monk, living in some sort of stone cell near by, or by a curate like myself, riding up for the day's service.

I started always soon after six, for the journey was a difficult one. In winter I have known the melting snow swell one of the streams till it reached half way to my knee as I stemmed the torrent on horseback, and my gray mare and I had much ado to get through it safely at all. Another time the way to reach the upper ground had been cut through an enormous snow-drift, the walls of which were higher than my head on horseback. One Sunday, blinded by the sleet and thick-falling snow, I missed the way and was wandering off on the wild moor no one knows where, when the congregation, not seeing me arrive, set the bell tolling and turned out with shouts which brought me safely in.

The little church was almost always full, with the farmers, "statesmen" (the small owners) and their "hinds" (labourers). We had a trifle of Sunday-school to begin with, the only direct instruction the children could ever receive, and then came the service. Every woman as she stepped over the threshold made a low curtsy, every man a reverent bow. If their seats lay near the "priest," the salutation was repeated to him on passing the pulpit. Sometimes I was wet through and had to borrow the clerk's coat to appear in, while mine was being dried at his fire. After church was over I dined in the solitary dwelling near the chapel, where lived the widow of the late clerk. She used to put my piece of mutton and potatoes into a flat iron-covered vessel, which was then heaped all around with great

turnes of hot peat a foot or two deep before we went to church, in order to bake slowly during the service, the result being excellent, for all the juices of the meat were preserved as in the pre-historic fashion of cookery.

One day I was summoned to the funeral of an old woman, and being a little late I found the company sitting on the wall of the churchyard comfortably chatting, with the coffin put down cheerfully in the midst of its friends. Nobody was ever ill, nobody died except from old age, so that I had no attendance on the sick added to my labours. "Does nobody ever die here?" said I, when I first came to the place. "Nobody as I ever heerd on, without it be an old ooman, whiles," was the laughing answer. Sometimes a farmer would send to beg that I would come and christen a newborn baby, as it was often impossible to take it across the moors to church: after the performance there was a little feast, where I was bound to eat of the "parket," a sort of great gingerbread cake, and taste the gin provided for the occasion, but there was no drinking in the district. The dalesmen were sober fellows, except perhaps on great market-days when they went down to the nearest market-town to meet their kind and have a bout of jollification. The women visited the land of shops about once a year to get such luxuries as tea and materials for cakes, with an occasional ribbon and silk handkerchief; but almost all their clothing was home-made, and the spinning of wool and flax went on during the whole year, while an itinerant weaver collected the yarn and wove it in his hand-loom, as described in "Silas Marner." Their food consisted of oatcake and oat or barley bannocks, bacon, fitches of which hung from the rafters of the old kitchens, cranberries, cloudberry made into jam, milk (but cows were not common), and vegetables. Butchers' meat was unknown, yet stronger men I have never seen. Great teas were the festivities, where you were

pressed to eat as much as you were furnished two stout men. The low, old stone farmhouses were away among the purple, heath almost worthy the name of moor in whose glens and crannies I find great orchises and many flowers, such as gentians of three Bilberries, cranberries, and cloudberry grew among the heather, and plants in the peat-bogs of the land which were brilliant with shag brown and red, bright green, and low. Peat was generally cut: in the outlying farms and where the hinds lived: coal was for no cart or wheeled thing come up or down the tremendous pit the hill-sides, and the only power for goods was by strings of mules and donkeys. The utter isolation was greater than we can conceive, and there was scarcely communication even between different farms. But the delicious, life-giving, to those could stand these high regions: nothing could be more healthy the result upon both men and women.

It never occurred to me alarmed on my solitary rides, early: the people were as honest the day, and perfectly trustworthy. Moreover I was, as it were, "d among mine own people." I know however how my nerves have stood it if I had heard happened in a parish not far little later. I tell the tale as told to me. There had been a of great distress among the men, the oats had failed, the had been drowned by the weather a floods, the cattle had had scarce thing to eat, and there was something like starvation in the dales. The curate had collected a subscription the lower country, and was taking the money about to the distant farms, but the distances were so that he was sometimes kept till late at night. One evening on outward journey he suddenly

aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother who had died some time before. He was too awe-struck for any words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the silent figure disappeared. He noted down the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it. Some years after he had taken the duty at a jail in another part of the county, and one of the prisoners, being under sentence, desired to make a confession to him. He told of a number of crimes and ended with, "I was very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that bad year, and I heerd as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big boulders on the brown moor, I seen you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, *but that night you were not alone*!"

There were plenty of superstitions in the district about "boggats" and "bogies" and hairy goblins who threshed the corn and eat the cream, but these were not terrible.

One evening I was taking my ease after a hard day's work, looking for a rare gentian in a Gerard's "Herbal," of 1618, which a friend had picked up at a cheap bookstall for me. It had struck nine, and as we kept early hours in the dales I was beginning to think of bed, when my landlady opened the door with, "Here's a little maid as be wanting of you, sir," and a shock-headed little girl about twelve years old, neatly dressed but with bare feet, came in under her arm. "My missis, she says as how you are to come off sudden with me, for life and death, says she, what waits for no man." "'Tis from the Lathkill Dale," put in my landlady, "and that's five miles off if it is an inch." "What, are the old Clouddales ill?" I asked the little messenger, who only shook her head. "Then what is wrong with them?" "Won't morning do? It is too late to-night," suggested Mrs. Dixon. "Missis says

ye maun come, foul nor fair, sick nor well." "But what is it for?" I pleaded. "She said as how I was to doddle none, nor chatter none, or she'd cut my tongue out;" (we were very outspoken in the dales) "and I maun come and go like the wind!"

There was no help for it; so I went out to saddle my tired mare, begging that the child might have a basin of bread and milk, which she finished in great haste as soon as she saw I was ready, and we started. Lathkill Dale was the most distant and secluded of the outlying farms in the parish, and the way was very difficult; but it was a bright moonlight night in autumn, almost as light as day. As we came out of the silent village on the wild moor I would have taken the child up before me, but she was far too independent and preferred her own little active bare feet, as she showed me the devious way among the green sheep-paths, twisting and turning, never straightforward, through the deep heather. I can see the little figure before me now, turning in the bright moonlight. Road of course there was none, not even a track; up one steep hill and down another our course lay, through a peat moss, where my little guide led me, forgetting that while she could hop from patch to patch of solid grass roots, I and the mare must flounder through at the risk of sticking fast in the bog.

"There's lots of cranberries here," said Elsie, watching us composedly as we scrambled out at last, the horse mired up to the chest. "Bonnie lady giv me this," added she, pulling a ribbon out of her pocket, "for doing for her, but I donna dare show it to missis; she'd down upon me like the day o' judgment."

I knew the place and the Clouddales well, but there was certainly no "bonnie lady" there then. The old statesman had sent for me some six months before, believing himself to be on his death-bed, but life was slow to part in this stout hard race. He was a tall wiry old man, with great

grizzled eyebrows that moved ominously when he was angry. He was lying in a cold, comfortless, dark, stone-flagged room next to the kitchen, on a heavy oak bedstead without sheets, which were considered generally for the dales as too great a luxury. Mrs. Cloudesdale was now trying to put them on for the great occasion of death, very much to his annoyance. After a little talk I found that he cherished a deadly feud with his nearest neighbour, a farmer, living some miles over the hill, about a right of sheep-walk, worth probably not sixpence-halfpenny: the quarrel had descended to them from their fathers, and neither of them would yield an inch for his life. I talked in vain, of "forgive as ye should hope to be forgiven"—bringing down the terrors of the next world in a way that I should perhaps hardly do at present, but without the least effect; when at last the old woman rose suddenly, shouting aloud, "Mun I see ye go down i' th' pit yonder to be burnt eternally before my very eyes, ye dour man?" and he surlily gave consent to have his enemy summoned to his side. A messenger was sent over the moor to fetch him. I would have prayed and read with the old man, but he closed his eyes and seemed determined to sleep. It was bitterly cold, and I went into the kitchen and sat within the huge chimney-corner. Mrs. Cloudesdale was lifting a long coil of her own homespun linen from a great carved old chest, and tearing it into lengths. "It's for the auld man's shroud, ye ken, he'll be wanting of it soon," said she gravely when I asked what she was about. When the hereditary foe, a rather younger man of the same build, arrived, we went straight to the old man's bed. Cloudesdale looked at him fiercely, "Jock, the' say ah's goin' to dee. Wag hands!" He reached out his own, and the ceremony of reconciliation was solemnly accomplished. I was rejoicing over the success of my efforts, when the penitent, falling back

upon his pillow, ejaculated sternly, "but if iver a' get oup agen, mind yersen!" He did not "get oup" again and in a few days I was summoned to lay him in the grave—the bearers having carried him over seven or eight miles of the rough mountain moorland in the bitter spring weather. I had heard nothing of the Cloudesdales since that time, except that the widow had taken a nephew to live with her in order to mind the farm.

Elsie and I had now reached our last descent to the farm, which lay for shelter under the lee of the hill, near a tumbling brook,—boiling, rushing, foaming between low piles of rock and over great masses of moss-covered stone, which had fallen from above and barred its way. Opposite the house, however, it spread into a shallow ford which shone now brightly in the moonlight. "You must get up here at least, child, and let me carry you through," said I; but before I had finished speaking she had kilted her short petticoat and I could see the little white feet splashing through the water to the other side. The farmhouse and steadings, the pig-styes and cow-byre, all of cold gray stone, stood on a brow with a little patch of oats in the hollow, a strip of bright green meadow by the beck, a kail-yard, but nothing like a garden in that bare wilderness of heath—and not a tree in sight. There was a sort of desolate grandeur in the stern outlines of the hills and the tumbling rushing beck; nothing, however, could exceed the savage seclusion of such a place in those days, the utter loneliness of it lost in the desert of great heathery seas of moorland stretching to the border.

Mrs. Cloudesdale was standing at the door waiting for me, in her striped woollen jacket and linen cap. "What is it? Elsie won't tell me a single word," said I. She was climbing the steep stair before me and did not turn. "It's one as is come to us from the lowland pearts, to have her child up here private—the babe's come, and

I misdoubt as she's going fast. She is just wild for you to christen him afore she dies," said she, as she opened the door of the room at the stairhead. It was perfectly bare, nothing but the bed, the table, a great carved old chest with an apology for a basin upon it, and a couple of chairs. The moonlight was pouring into the room and on the bed, where lay a young woman with her long black hair streaming over the pillow. She was perfectly still, her eyes were closed and her beautiful features looked like marble in the cold light. "'Tis the young priest," said Mrs. Cloudesdale. She opened her great dark eyes as I came up, and looked at me intently. "You have been a long time coming, sir," observed she at last gravely. "I made as much haste as I could," I replied gently. "Death may make more haste for me," answered she, in a tone so low that it could scarcely be heard. She put her hand on the little bundle that lay beside her. "There is no time to lose; you must baptize this before I am gone," she went on, in the same stern unmoved tone. I knelt down by her side and prayed: her black eyes gleamed and her mouth moved, but it did not seem to me that it was in following my words, but in her impatience to get on. "Take him," she said, when I had finished, imperiously to Mrs. Cloudesdale standing at the foot of the bed, who took the child in her arms. "You must be godmother," said the patient. "Godparents are not needful here," said I. "But I choose her, and you, sir, to be like its godfather." "And what name must I give it?" I asked. "Lancelot," answered she after a long pause, and I proceeded to christen the little atom, who began to wail and scream at his entrance into this troublesome world, and the infliction of cold water. After the concluding prayer he was put back into the bed beside his mother. "You have not given me the surname," said I, "and he must be registered. What am I to write?" "Lancelot," repeated she. "Yes, but what is his

other name?" There was another pause, and I caught only a low whisper. "He made me swear I would not tell!" Her hand lay outside the bed: I looked at it, there was no ring there, "but it is hanging round my neck," she said, instantly detecting my glance and making an effort to show me the chain where it hung. "For your child's sake you must give me the name," said I soothingly; "I will promise not to reveal it if you choose, unless it be necessary." There was no answer. "When you are gone surely the babe should not be left nameless and fatherless," I added as the child began to wail. "Hush," said she almost angrily to it, "I *must* think," then, turning imperiously to me, added, "Pray for me." I knelt down once more beside her and uttered the collect for the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, the first thing that occurred to me,—"*Forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid*,"—when two large tears came rolling down her cheeks, but she did not speak. Again I prayed that God would strengthen her heart at having thus to leave her child alone in this cold world, and again the two bitter tears overflowed.

There was a pause. I could hear the wind whistling in the casement. Her strength was evidently ebbing fast. "I *will* tell it," she said at last resolutely. "Stoop down—closer—nearer." I did so but no word came: there was a deep gasp, I looked again, and all was over: she was dead.

It was very awful to me: there had not been a word or a thought, apparently, of that place to which she was going, or of that God whom she must so soon meet; and then I remembered the two silent tears and her order to me to pray, and I thought of the loving Father who pitieth His children and of the Saviour with whom there was no "too late," even for the penitent thief on the cross; and as I buried my head in my hands I rejoiced to think that God was not as man, and would not judge according to our shortened vision.

I was roused by a cry from the child and by Mrs. Cloudesdale, who had just returned from down stairs; "And what maun I do wi' the little 'un?" said she gloomily. "A canna just be fashed like this with a mitherless bairn—you be like his godfather, sir, take him yersen." I jumped with horror. "What! a baby to feed and care for? You know I cannot do it."

A child's cry always appeals to a woman's heart however stern, and by this time Mrs. Cloudesdale had lifted the living babe from the dead mother's side, and was looking at it more mercifully. "I'll tak tent to it, till so be as we can hear more from's frins and a'," said she, "for a while."

It seemed cruel to examine into secrets which had been kept so jealously, but I was obliged to inquire into the circumstances of the poor lady's arrival in that strange place. "Was she a lady?" inquired I. "Nay, I think none, she were too free ordering folk about, and none too civil; quality has their whims I've heard, but they has their manners too," answered the shrewd old woman. She then told me all she knew, and I honestly believe that there was nothing behind. Her husband had had a letter not long before his death from a cousin, a tradesman in a great town south of the county, asking her to receive a lady who wished to be private up in the dales during her confinement. Fifty pounds would be paid down and ten pounds a month for the time of her stay, which would probably not be long. Mrs. Cloudesdale had been much "put about" at the idea, but times were bad and their mortgage heavy; it was a deal of money, and she had ended by giving her consent. The cousin had brought his charge by coach to a small moorland inn, where he had arranged for a riding-horse and a guide on to the Lathkill Farm, while he himself went back, probably to avoid all inconvenient questions. Nothing of any kind had since been heard, she said,

and she now brought the poor woman's little treasures out of a carved chest, seeming to know so accurately what they were and where they were to be found, that I felt sure it was not the first time they had been examined. There was nothing however amongst them which threw any light on the story—a torn letter with some directions as to her journey, a locket with some black and auburn hair twisted in it and the letter L and M on the back, with some little trinkets, were all that I found, with money enough for a couple more months.

I got up to go with a lingering look and prayer for the dead who had passed so suddenly out of her troubles and her wrongs, and for the little spark of life she had left behind. Down stairs the "parket" and gin were laid out on a clean cloth of Mrs. Cloudesdale's own spinning. She would omit no one of the observances proper for a birth, but I had small heart for a feast. The moon was down, however, and it was pouring with rain: my mare was tired, it was between two and three in the morning and I remained the rest of the night, half lying on the hard wooden settle by the fire with a couple of pillows. The next morning I was roused by Mrs. Cloudesdale coming in with a packet in her hand. "It's come as soon as the breath is out of her body! How she were wearying and worrying arter it to be sure! and now when 'tis too late 'tis here. Boy as brought it, said 'thad been waiting days at the 'Leathern Bottle.'" I felt as if it was a breach of confidence to look into it. "Let us bury it with her," said I. "If ye wonna open it I'll call in Andrew," (Mrs. Cloudesdale herself could not read). "The bairn shall know its own father, if I can compass it."

There was nothing in the letter, however, to help our search: it was very short and evidently a reply to the poor woman's passionate complaints and threats to return. The writer en-

treated her not to imperil the welfare of all in order to be sooner acknowledged: he would bring her back as soon as possible, but everything was going wrong with him at that moment: he was in all sorts of troubles, and all for her sake. I thought it a selfish letter, almost hard in the circumstances. Some more money was, however, inclosed, so the care of the child was made easier; but the cousin, who wrote also, told the Cloudesdales that he was going to live in London and gave no fresh address. Still, I took the chance, and sent a note by the little messenger to him, saying that the mother was dead and asking what was to be done with the child, signing it as the curate of the parish. No answer came back and nothing more was ever heard from without, but the old woman took so fondly to the child that before he was two years old he had become the tyrant of the whole house. As he grew older he was more spoiled by every one, by Mrs. Cloudesdale whom he called Granny, by her nephew whom he dignified as "Uncle" when he was good and as "Andrew" when he was naughty, by Elsie, now a tall stout lass, and the hind. He was, in spite of it all, a charming little imp, very handsome, strong, broad-shouldered, with curly auburn hair and dark blue eyes. He was a masterful young urchin, and before he was six years old would call upon me from afar to "light down and let him have a ride on my mare." I am afraid I obeyed his commands like the rest of his friends, but on one point I stood firm. I have not that idolatrous respect for the alphabet which considers it as the parent of all virtue and all wisdom. I have known many clever men and women, ay and wise ones too, particularly in those days, who could neither read nor write; and an infinite number of fools who could do both. An old French *émigré* (there were still some in England at that time) once told me that his aunt, the Marquise de —, had only learning enough to follow her Book of Hours,

"but she had read life and had read men, and she was the wisest and wittiest woman and the best company I ever met with." Nevertheless, as I knew there was a superstition in the world to which I believed Lancelot belonged and by which I felt sure he would one day be claimed, as to mastering the art of reading, even if it was seldom practised, I did my best to inculcate his letters, but without the smallest success. Lancelot was as sharp as a little needle: he knew almost as much about the birds, beasts and flowers of the district as I did myself: his perception of the character of the people with whom he lived, and of the best method of getting his way out of each of them, was of the shrewdest; but no puppy dog or little pig was more stupid and obstinate when it came to that wretched alphabet.

I had come one day at great inconvenience to myself to look after the child. Mrs. Cloudesdale always welcomed me warmly, and often asked me to look over papers for her. She was busy about her great open fireplace, which stretched almost along one side of the room. On the low hearth were heaped great turves of peat round pots and pans of every size and sort, in which she baked (there was no oven), and boiled, and steamed potatoes. To-day the flat girdle-plate was on as soon as she saw me, and she was preparing fresh oat-cakes in my favour, as big as a large washing-basin and about the thickness and consistency of leather; but I was to the manner born and liked the taste of the fresh oatmeal, and did not despise the barley bannocks done upon the gridiron, especially now that Mrs. Cloudesdale (since the poor lady's advent,) had taken to the unheard of luxury of a little butter. But Lancelot could be persuaded to do absolutely nothing at his lessons. He lay on his back with his feet in the air, and when I transferred him bodily to the corner, matters did not improve. Mrs. Cloudesdale, however, I believe chiefly in order to screen the criminal, here thrust a

roll of papers into my hand and begged me to help her in some trouble with a mortgage. Almost all these little ownerships are mortgaged up to the hilt. A few bad seasons bring something like starvation among them. A landlord relaxes his rent in such a case—a money-lender never: he is always looking out for a chance of foreclosing. Mrs. Cloudesdale was trying to pay off part of hers with the money received for the child, but had been met by a demand for an increase of interest. The little bundle of title deeds she gave me was very curious. I am not clever in such matters, but I could read the kings' names in them, and the earliest was to a Cloudesdale in the reign of Henry the Seventh. I mention it here only as a proof how these statesmen went on, neither waxing nor waning for hundreds of years, neither learning nor gaining anything from the lapse of time. The Cloudesdale whom I had known was probably an exact counterpart of his ancestor three hundred years before.

I went back to the delinquent in the corner, but he had escaped to Elsie and her spinning-wheel, and was more impervious to the alphabet than ever. At last I rose up in wrath: "You are a bad boy, Lance, I don't love you, go away, I sha'n't speak to you again." Then hardening my heart against Granny's earnest excuses and promises, and Elsie's apologies for crimes she had not committed, I went out and walked up the glen in search of an ivy-leaved campanula which I thought might grow there. Presently I heard a running footfall behind me, and felt a little hand steal into mine, but I was obdurate and took no notice. In a few minutes came a burst of tears like the bellow of a young bull-calf: "*I will be good! I will learn my round O's!*" Perhaps it will be thought that I capitulated too soon; but I am not a man of war, I loved the child, and was glad to make peace at any price. He was good company, too, though he would not learn to read. We found the bell-flower and many other trea-

asures together, particularly the late nest of a mountain-chat in the rocks over the beautiful little waterfall at the head of the dale. "There is only one egg in it, there will be two to-morrow," whispered Lance eagerly, creeping closer while I held him tightly over the hanging bank. "You mustn't come here by yourself," said I, "it is very dangerous. I shall be back on Wednesday: mind you don't go near the place."

Wednesday was very stormy but I would not give up my visit: I don't like breaking a promise even to a child, and I fancied he might have got into mischief. The storm was near: a deep black cloud hung low over our heads; then came down the lightning and the loud thunder rolled among the great hills—"The voice of God," as the old Hebrew psalm calls it—mighty and awe-compelling in its reiterated peals. The rain was falling in torrents as I rode up at my mare's best speed through the torrent to the farm. Mrs. Cloudesdale was standing out careless of the rain, wringing her hands, and Elsie in a flood of tears behind her. "He's gone home!" "What! Lance?" cried I. "He maun ha' o'erbalanced himself reaching arter that wretched nest and the bank giv way and fell wi him. He maun ha' hit his head agin the rock; anyhow he were quite dead when we fun him lying as smiling and quiet as in his bed," said she with a burst of grief. I was so thunder-struck that I could say nothing but, "My little Lance—my little Lance!"

The nest had clearly been too much for poor Lance's new-born virtue!

She led me up stairs with a sob that shook her stern old frame. The beautiful little body lay like a waxen image on the bed where I had seen his mother die. All that wealth of power and cleverness and heart, still in the bud, had passed away like the wind, and "the place thereof knew it no more." Had he passed away also from the temptations and the dangers which would have beset that tender, wayward nature? God fulfils Himself

in many ways. As I rode away the storm had ceased: all was still and the sweet scents of the mountain-flowers were rising in the quiet of the evening. The storm had come and gone seeming almost purposeless.

Little Lancelot's mystery died with him. In a few months I had left the dales, but I know that nothing more was ever heard there about it. Years after I fancied that I had perhaps lighted on a clue, but it may have been only my own imagining. I was waiting for a coach in the smoking-room of an inn in our own county; the time for its arrival had long since passed and there were rumours of an upset. "Coach-accidents are nasty things; I was in a bad one myself ten years ago," said a gentleman who was waiting as I was. I showed my interest, "a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," and he went on. "It was not far from —. The coach was going full gallop to keep ahead of a rival known to be not far behind, and the 'box seat' was encouraging the coachman to drive yet faster to my great annoyance. Presently, as we were swaying along full tilt, a sheep leapt over the stone wall into the highway, the four horses swerved all across the road, over went the coach, and the passengers were scattered in every direction. I was little hurt and tried to do my best among the wounded; the poor 'box seat' was taken from under the coach quite dead. There was nothing, either in his pockets or in the saddle-bags, which were his only luggage, to show who he was: he was tall, good-looking and unmistakably a gentleman; but there was no card or paper

about him except a part of a letter, with the direction torn off, in a woman's hand to Dearest L. complaining, conjuring, remonstrating, threatening to leave this detestable place, intermingled with passionate phrases of affection, but almost fierce in its tone." As he spoke, I felt as if I had once read an answer to a very similar letter ten years back at the dales. Was L. with his saddle-bags, on his way up to the dales to right poor Mary's wrongs, or soothe her sufferings at least? The passenger went on. "There was some sad story here, but none will ever know what it was. I went on by the next coach, but I heard afterwards that the body had been carried to the neighbouring town: the news soon spread, and in due time a whole retinue of servants arrived from old Lord — to identify and bring it away. The dead man was his sister's son, whom he intended to have made his heir. There had been some fierce quarrel, however, between them about a foolish marriage, which the old man either tried to stop or would not acknowledge, no one knew which; whether they had ever been reconciled, or whether either had given way, no man ever knew or will know."

No indeed! The woman, the child, and most probably the man were all dead! And so ended my glimpse.

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, enfolds both heaven and
earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up."

F. P. VERNEY.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

VIII.

WHEN, on coming home the evening after his father had made the acquaintance of the Dossons, Gaston went into the room in which the old man habitually sat, Mr. Probert said, laying down his book and keeping on his glasses, "Of course you will go on living with me. You must understand that I don't consent to your going away. You will have to occupy the rooms that Susan and Alphonse had."

Gaston observed with pleasure the transition from the conditional to the future, and also the circumstance that his father was quietly reading, according to his custom when he sat at home of an evening. This proved he was not too much off the hinge. He read a great deal, and very serious books; works about the origin of things—of man, of institutions, of speech, of religion. This habit he had taken up more particularly since the circle of his social life had grown so much smaller. He sat there alone, turning his pages softly, contentedly, with the lamp-light shining on his refined old head and embroidered dressing-gown. Formerly he was out every night in the week—Gaston was perfectly aware that to many dull people he must even have appeared a little frivolous. He was essentially a social animal, and indeed—except perhaps poor Jane, in her damp old castle in Brittany—they were all social animals. That was doubtless part of the reason why the family had acclimatized itself in France. They had affinities with a society of conversation; they liked general talk and old high *salons*, slightly tarnished and dim, containing

precious relics, where there was a circle round the fire and winged words flew about and there was always some clever person before the chimney-piece, holding or challenging the rest. That figure, Gaston knew, especially in the days before he could see for himself, had very often been his father, the lightest and most amiable specimen of the type that liked to take possession of the hearthrug. People left it to him; he was so transparent, like a glass screen, and he never triumphed in argument. His word on most subjects was not felt to be the last (it was usually not more conclusive than a shrugging, inarticulate resignation, an "Ah, you know, what will you have?"); but he had been none the less a part of the essence of some dozen good houses, most of them over the river, in the conservative *faubourg*, and several to-day emptied receptacles, extinguished fires. They made up Mr. Probert's world—a world not too small for him and yet not too large, though some of them supposed themselves to be very great institutions. Gaston knew the succession of events that had helped to make a difference, the most salient of which were the death of his brother, the death of his mother, and above all perhaps the extinction of Mme. de Marignac, to whom the old gentleman used still to go three or four evenings out of the seven and sometimes even in the morning besides. Gaston was well aware what a place she had held in his father's life and affection, how they had grown up together (her people had been friends of his grandfather when that fine old Southern worthy came, a widower with a young son and several negroes, to take his pleasure in Paris in the time of Louis Philippe), and how much she had had to do with marrying

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his sisters. He was not ignorant that her friendship and all its exertions were often mentioned as explaining their position, so remarkable in a society in which they had begun after all as outsiders. But he would have guessed, even if he had not been told, what his father said to that. To offer the Proberts a position was to carry water to the fountain: they had not left their own behind them in Carolina; it had been large enough to stretch across the sea. As to what it was in Carolina there was no need of being explicit. This adoptive Parisian was by nature presupposing but he was admirably gentle (that was why they let him talk to them before the fire—he was such a sympathizing oracle), and after the death of his wife and of Mme. de Marignac, who had been *her* friend too, he was gentler than before. Gaston had been able to see that it made him care less for everything (except indeed the true faith, to which he drew still closer), and this increase of indifference doubtless helped to explain his collapse in relation to common Americans.

"We shall be thankful for any rooms you will give us," the young man said. "We shall fill out the house a little, and won't that be rather an improvement, shrunken as you and I have become?"

"You will fill it out a good deal, I suppose, with Mr. Dosson and the other girl."

"Ah, Francie won't give up her father and sister, certainly; and what should you think of her if she did? But they are not intrusive; they are essentially modest people; they won't put themselves upon us. They have great natural discretion."

"Do you answer for that? Susan does; she is always assuring one of it," Mr. Probert said. "The father has so much that he wouldn't even speak to me."

"He didn't know what to say to you."

"How then shall I know what to say to him?"

"Ah, you always know!" Gaston exclaimed.

"How will that help us if he doesn't know what to answer?"

"You will draw him out—he is full of *bonhomie*."

"Well, I won't quarrel with your *bonhomme* (if he's silent—there are much worse faults), nor even with the fat young lady, though she is evidently vulgar. It is not for ourselves I am afraid: it's for them. They will be very unhappy."

"Never, never!" said Gaston. "They are too simple. They are not morbid. And don't you like Francie? You haven't told me so," he added in a moment.

"She says 'Parus,' my dear boy."

"Ah, to Susan too that seemed the principal obstacle. But she has got over it. I mean Susan has got over the obstacle. We shall make her speak French; she has a capital disposition for it; her French is already almost as good as her English."

"That oughtn't to be difficult. What will you have? Of course she is very pretty, and I'm sure she is good. But I won't tell you she is a marvel, because you must remember (you young fellows think your own point of view and your own experience everything,) that I have seen beauties without number. I have known the most charming women of our time—women of an order to which Miss Francie, *con rispetto parlando*, will never belong. I'm difficult about women—how can I help it? Therefore when you pick up a little American girl at an inn and bring her to us as a miracle, I feel how standards alter. *J'ai vu mieux que ça*. However, I accept everything to-day, as you know; when once one has lost one's enthusiasm everything is the same, and one might as well perish by the sword as by famine."

"I hoped she would fascinate you on the spot," Gaston remarked, rather ruefully.

"'Fascinate'—the language you fellows use!"

"Well, she will yet."

"She will never know at least that she doesn't: I will promise you that," said Mr. Probert.

"Ah, be sincere with her, father—she's worth it!" his son broke out.

When the old gentleman took that tone, the tone of vast experience and a fastidiousness justified by ineffable recollections, Gaston was more provoked than he could say, though he was also considerably amused, for he had a good while since made up his mind that there was an element of stupidity in it. It was fatuous to square one's self so serenely in the absence of a sense: so far from being fine it was gross not to *feel* Francie Dosson. He thanked God *he* did. He didn't know what old frumps his father might have frequented (the style of 1830, with long curls in front, a vapid simper, a Scotch plaid dress and a body, in a point suggestive of twenty whalebones, coming down to the knees), but he could remember Mme. de Marignac's Tuesdays and Thursdays and Fridays, with Sundays and other days thrown in, and the taste that prevailed in that *milieu*: the books they admired, the verses they read and recited, the pictures, great heaven! they thought good, and the three busts of the lady of the house, in different corners (as a Diana, a Druidess and a Muse: her shoulders were supposed to make up for her head), effigies which to day—even the least bad, Canova's—would draw down a public castigation upon their authors.

"And what else is she worth?" Mr. Probert asked, after a momentary hesitation.

"How do you mean, what else?"

"Her immense prospects, that's what Susan has been putting forward. Susan's insistence on them was mainly what brought over Jane. Do you mind my speaking of them?"

Gaston was obliged to recognize, privately, the importance of Jane's having been brought over, but he hated to hear it spoken of as if he

were under an obligation to it. "To whom, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, only to you."

"You can't do less than Mr. Dosson. As I told you, he waived the question of money and he was superb. We can't be more mercenary than he."

"He waived the question of his own, you mean?" said Mr. Probert.

"Yes, and of yours. But it will be all right." The young man flattered himself that that was as far as he was willing to go, in the way of bribery.

"Well, it's your affair—or your sisters'," his father returned. "It's their idea that it will be all right."

"I should think they would be weary of chattering!" Gaston exclaimed, impatiently.

Mr. Probert looked at him a moment with a vague surprise, but he only said, "I think they are. But the period of discussion is over. We have taken the jump." He added, in a moment, as if from the desire to say something more conciliatory: "Alphonse and Maxime are quite of your opinion."

"Of my opinion?"

"That she is charming."

"Confound them, then, I'm not of theirs!" The form of this rejoinder was childishly perverse, and it made Mr. Probert stare again; but it belonged to one of the reasons for which his children regarded him as an old darling that Gaston could feel after an instant that he comprehended it. The old man said nothing, but took up his book, and his son, who had been standing before the fire, went out of the room. His abstention from protest at Gaston's petulance was the more commendable as he was capable, for his part, of thinking it important that *ces messieurs* should like the little girl at the hotel. Gaston was not, and it would have seemed to him a proof that he was in servitude indeed if he had accepted such an assurance as that as if it mattered. This was especially the case as his father's mention of the approval of two of his brothers-in-law appeared to point to a possible dis-

approval on the part of the third. Francie's lover cared as little whether she displeased M. de Brécourt as he cared whether she pleased Maxime and Raoul. The old gentleman continued to read, and in a few moments Gaston came back. He had expressed surprise, just before, that his sisters should have found so much to discuss in the idea of his marriage, but he looked at his father now with an air of having more to say—an intimation that the subject must not be considered as exhausted. "It seems rather odd to me that you should all appear to accept the step I am about to take as a sort of disagreeable necessity, when I myself hold that I have been so exceedingly fortunate."

Mr. Probert lowered his book accommodatingly and rested his eyes upon the fire. "You won't be content till we are enthusiastic. She seems a good girl certainly, and in that you are fortunate."

"I don't think you can tell me what would be better—what you would have preferred," said the young man.

"What I would have preferred? In the first place you must remember that I wasn't madly impatient to see you married."

"I can imagine that, and yet I can't imagine that, as things have turned out, you shouldn't be struck with the felicity. To get something so charming, and to get it of our own species."

"Of our own species? *Tudieu!*" said Mr. Probert, looking up.

"Surely it is infinitely fresher and more amusing for me to marry an American. There's a dreariness in the way we have Gallicised."

"Against Americans I have nothing to say: some of them are the best thing the world contains. That's precisely why one can choose. They are far from being all like that."

"Like what, dear father?"

"*Comme ces gens-là.* You know that if they were French, being otherwise what they are, one wouldn't look at them."

"Indeed one would; they would be such curiosities."

"Well, perhaps they are sufficiently so as it is," said Mr. Probert, with a little conclusive sigh.

"Yes, let them pass for that. They will surprise you."

"Not too much, I hope!" cried the old man, opening his volume again.

It will doubtless not startle the reader to learn that the complexity of things among the Proberts was such as to make it impossible for Gaston to proceed to the celebration of his nuptials, with all the needful circumstances of material preparation and social support, before some three months should have expired. He chafed however but moderately at the delay, for he reflected that it would give Francie time to endear herself to his whole circle. It would also have advantages for the Dossons; it would enable them to establish, by simple but effective arts, the *modus vivendi* with that rigid body. It would in short help every one to get used to everything. Mr. Dosson's designs, and Delia's, took no articulate form: what was mainly clear to Gaston was that his future wife's relatives had, as yet, no sense of disconnection. He knew that Mr. Dosson would do whatever Delia liked and that Delia would like to "start" her sister. Whether or no she expected to be present at the finish, she had a definite purpose of seeing the beginning of the race. Mr. Probert notified Mr. Dosson of what he proposed to "do" for his son, and Mr. Dosson appeared more amused than anything else at the news. He announced, in return, no intentions in regard to Francie, and his queer silence was the cause of another convocation of the house of Probert. Here Mme. de Brécourt's brilliant spirit won another victory; she maintained, as she informed her brother, that there was no possible policy but a policy of confidence. "Lord help us, is that what they call confidence?" the young man exclaimed, guessing

the way they all looked at each other ; and he wondered how they would look next at poor Mr. Dosson. Fortunately he could always fall back, for reassurance, upon that revelation of their perfect manners, though indeed he thoroughly knew that on the day they should really attempt interference—make a row which might render him helpless and culminate in a rupture—their courtesy would show its finest flower.

Mr. Probert's property was altogether in the United States : he resembled various other persons to whom American impressions are mainly acceptable in the form of dividends. The manner in which he desired to benefit his son on the occasion of the latter's marriage rendered certain visitations and re-investments necessary in that country. It had long been his conviction that his affairs needed looking into ; they had gone on for years and years without an overhauling. He had thought of going back to see, but now he was too old and too tired, and the effort was impossible. There was nothing for it but for Gaston to go, and go quickly, though the moment was rather awkward. The idea was communicated to him and the necessity accepted ; then the plan was relinquished : it seemed such a pity he shouldn't wait till after his marriage, when he would be able to take Francie with him. Francie would be such an introducer. This postponement would have taken effect had it not suddenly come out that Mr. Dosson himself wanted to go for a few weeks, in consequence of some news (it was a matter of business), that he had unexpectedly received. It was further revealed that that course presented difficulties, for he couldn't leave his daughters alone, especially in such a situation. Not only would such a proceeding have given scandal to the Proberts, but Gaston learned, with a good deal of surprise and not a little amusement, that Delia, in consequence of peculiar changes now wrought in her view of things, would

have felt herself obliged to protest on the score of propriety. He called her attention to the fact that nothing would be more simple than, in the interval, for Francie to go and stay with Susan or Margaret : Delia herself in that case would be free to accompany her father. But this young lady declared that nothing would induce her to quit the European continent until she had seen her sister through, and Gaston shrank from proposing that she too should spend five weeks in the Place Beauvau or the Rue de Lille. Moreover he was startled, he was a good deal mystified, by the perverse, unsociable way in which Francie asserted that, as yet, she wouldn't lend herself to any staying. *After*, if he liked, but not till then. And she wouldn't at the moment give the reasons of her refusal ; it was only very positive, and even quite passionate.

All this left her intended no alternative but to say to Mr. Dosson, "I am not such a fool as I look. If you will coach me properly, and trust me, I will rush across and transact your business as well as my father's." Strange as it appeared, Francie could resign herself to this separation from her lover—it would last six or seven weeks—rather than accept the hospitality of his sisters. Mr. Dosson trusted him ; he said to him, "Well, sir, you've got a big brain," at the end of a morning they spent with their heads together, with papers and pencils ; upon which Gaston made his preparations to sail. Before he left Paris Francie, to do her justice, confided to him that her objection to going in such an intimate way even to Mme. de Brécourt's had been founded on a fear that in close quarters she would do something that would make them all despise her. Gaston replied, in the first place, that this was gammon, and in the second he wanted to know if she expected never to be in close quarters with her new kinsfolk. "Ah, yes, but then it will be safer—we shall

be married!" she returned. This little incident occurred three days before the young man started; but what happened just the evening previous was that, stopping for a last word at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham, on his way to take the night express to London (he was to sail from Liverpool), he found Mr. George Flack sitting in the red satin saloon. The correspondent of the *Reverberator* had come back.

IX.

MR. FLACK's relations with his old friends did not, after his appearance in Paris, take on that familiarity and frequency which had marked their intercourse a year before: he let them know frankly that he could easily see the situation was quite different. They had got into the high set and they didn't care about the past: he alluded to the past as if it had been rich in mutual vows, in pledges now repudiated. "What's the matter? Won't you come round there with us some day?" Mr. Dosson asked; not having perceived, for himself, any reason why the young journalist should not be a welcome and congruous figure in the *Cours la Reine*.

Delia wanted to know what Mr. Flack was talking about: didn't he know a lot of people that they didn't know, and wasn't it natural they should have their own society? The young man's treatment of the question was humorous, and it was with Delia that the discussion mainly went forward. When he maintained that the Dossons had "shed" him, Mr. Dosson exclaimed, "Well, I guess you'll grow again!" And Francie observed that it was no use for him to pose as a martyr, inasmuch as he knew perfectly well that, with all the celebrated people he saw and the way he flew round, he had the most enchanting time. She was aware she was a good deal less accessible than she had been the previous spring, for *Mesdames de Brécourt* and *de Cliché* (the former much more

than the latter) took a considerable number of her hours. In spite of her protest, to Gaston, against a premature intimacy with his sisters she spent whole days in their company (they had so much to tell her about what her new life would be, and it was generally very pleasant), and she thought it would be nice if in these intervals he should give himself to her father, and even to Delia, as he used to do.

But the flaw of a certain insincerity in Mr. Flack's nature seemed to be established by his present tendency to rare visits. He evidently didn't care for her father for himself, and though Mr. Dosson was the least querulous of men she divined that he suspected their old companion had fallen away. There were no more wanderings in public places, no more tryings of new cafés. Mr. Dosson used to look sometimes as he had looked of old when George Flack "located" them somewhere: as if he expected to see their sharp cicerone rushing back to them, with his drab overcoat flying in the wind; but this expectation usually died away. He missed Gaston, because Gaston this winter had so often ordered his dinner for him, and his society was not sought by the count and the marquis, whose mastery of English was small and their other distractions great. Mr. Probert, it was true, had shown something of a fraternizing spirit; he had come twice to the hotel, since his son's departure, and he had said, smiling and reproachful, "You neglect us, you neglect us!" Mr. Dosson had not understood what he meant by this, till Delia explained after the visitor withdrew. And even then the remedy for the neglect, administered two or three days later, had not borne any particular fruit. Mr. Dosson called alone, instructed by his daughter, in the *Cours la Reine*, but Mr. Probert was not at home. He only left a card, on which Delia had superscribed in advance the words "So sorry!" Her father had told her he would give the card if she wanted, but he would have nothing to do

with the writing. There was a discussion as to whether Mr. Probert's remark was an allusion to a deficiency of politeness on the article of his sons-in-law. Ought not Mr. Dosson perhaps to call personally, and not simply through the medium of the visits paid by his daughters to their wives, on Messieurs de Brécourt and de Cliché? Once, when this subject came up in George Flack's presence, the old man said he would go round if Mr. Flack would accompany him. "All right!" said Mr. Flack; and this conception became a reality, with the accidental abatement that the objects of the demonstration were absent. "Suppose they get in?" Delia had said, lugubriously, to her sister.

"Well, what if they do?" Francie asked.

"Why, the count and the marquis won't be interested in Mr. Flack."

"Well then, perhaps he will be interested in them. He can write something about them. They will like that."

"Do you think they would?" Delia demanded, in solemn dubiousness.

"Why, yes, if he should say fine things."

"They do like fine things," said Delia. "They get off so many themselves. Only the way Mr. Flack does it—it's a different style."

"Well, people like to be praised, in any style."

"That's so," Delia rejoined, musingly.

One afternoon, coming in about three o'clock, Mr. Flack found Francie alone. She had expressed a wish, after luncheon, for a couple of hours of independence: she intended to write to Gaston, and having accidentally missed a post promised herself that her letter should be of double its usual length. Her companions respected her desire for solitude, Mr. Dosson taking himself off to his daily session in the reading-room of the American bank, and Delia (the girls had now a luxurious coach at their command) driving away to the dressmaker's, a frequent

errand, to consider and urge forward the progress of her sister's wedding-clothes. Francie was not skilled in composition; she wrote slowly and in addressing her lover had a painful sense of literary responsibility. Her father and Delia had a theory that when she shut herself up that way she poured forth wonderful pages—it was part of her high cultivation. At any rate, when George Flack was ushered in she was still bending over her blotting-book on one of the gilded tables, and there was an ink-stain on her pointed forefinger. It was no disloyalty to Gaston, but only at the most a sense of weariness in regard to the epistolary form, that made her glad to see her visitor. She didn't know how to finish her letter; but Mr. Flack seemed in a manner to terminate it.

"I wouldn't have ventured to propose this, but I guess I can do with it, now it's come," the young man announced.

"What can you do with?" she asked, wiping her pen.

"Well, this happy chance. Join you and me together."

"I don't know what it's a chance for."

"Well, for me to be a little miserable for a quarter of an hour. It makes me so to see you so happy."

"It makes you miserable?"

"You ought to understand, say something magnanimous settling himself on the sofa. Mr. Flack continued, "Well, how get on without Mr. Probert?"

"Very well indeed, thank you."

The tone in which the girl spoke was not an encouragement to further conversation so that if Mr. Flack continued his inquiries it was in a guarded and respectful manner. He was not capable of reflecting that the count was in his interest to strike him as being and profane; he only was friendly, worthy of the same time he was not the idea that she should give him a certain sense of

could be indicated only by a touch of bitterness here and there. The injury, the bitterness, might make her pity him. "Well, you are in the *grand monde*, I suppose," he resumed at last, not with an air of derision but resignedly, sympathetically."

"Oh, I'm not in anything; I'm just where I've always been."

"I'm sorry, I hoped you would tell me about it," said Mr. Flack, gravely.

"You think too much of that. What do you want to know about it for?"

"Dear Miss Francie, a poor devil of a journalist who has to get his living by studying up things, he has to think too much, sometimes, in order to think, or at any rate to do, enough. We find out what we can—as we can."

Francie listened to this as if it had had the note of pathos. "What do you want to study up?"

"Everything! I take in everything. It all depends on my opportunity. I try and learn—I try and improve. Every one has something to tell, and I listen, and watch, and make my profit of it. I hoped *you* would have something to tell. I don't believe but what you've seen a good deal of new life. You won't pretend they haven't all roped you in, charming as you are."

"Do you mean if they've been kind to me? They've been very kind," Francie said. "They want to do even more than I'll let them."

"Ah, why won't you let them?" George Flack asked, almost coaxingly.

"Well, I do," the girl went on. "You can't resist them, really; they have such lovely ways."

"I should like to hear you talk about their ways," her companion observed, after a silence.

"Oh, I could talk enough if once I were to begin. But I don't see why it should interest you."

"Don't I care immensely for everything that concerns you? Didn't I tell you that once?"

"You're foolish if you do, and you
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would be foolish to say it
Francie replied.

"Oh, I don't want to say as I've had my lesson. But I could to you all day." Francie gave a clamation of impatience and in a moment Mr. Flack pursued: "Do remember what you told me that we had that talk at St. Germain the terrace? You said I might see your friend."

"Well that's all right," said the girl.

"Then aren't we interested in the development of our friends' impressions, their transfer of their adventures? Especially like me, who has got to know who has got to know the world?"

"Do you mean to say I could tell you about life?" Francie demanded.

"About some kinds, certainly. I know a lot of people whom it's not to get at unless one takes some ordinary measures, as you have."

"What do you mean? What have I taken?"

"Well, they have—to get you—and it's the same thing. I'm going on you, to secure you; I'm energetic, and don't you think you can tell me to know?" asked Mr. Flack. "I thought I was energetic, but I've got ahead of me. They're a long way apart, and they must be very careful."

"Yes, they're curious," Francie admitted, with a little sigh. "I inquired: 'Do you want to put anything in the paper?'"

George Flack hesitated a moment, the air of the question was so suggested so complete an exposure from prejudice. "Oh, I'm very anxious about what I put in the paper."

"I told you: do remember the sketch I gave you of ideals? But I want it in a particular way. If I can't get it in that shape I like it I don't want it at all; genuine, first-hand information straight from the tap, is what I want. I don't want to hear what some other thinks that some one else was told that some one or other

peated; and above all I don't want to print it. There's plenty of that flowing in, and the best part of the job is to keep it out. People just yearn to come in; they're dying to, all over the place; there's the biggest crowd at the door. But I say to them: 'You've got to do something first, then I'll see; or at any rate you've got to be something!'

"We sometimes see the Reverberator; you have some fine pieces," Francie replied.

"Sometimes, only? Don't they send it to your father? the weekly edition? I thought I had fixed that," said George Flack.

"I don't know, it's usually lying round. But Delia reads it more than I, she reads pieces aloud. I like to read books; I read as many as I can."

"Well, it's all literature," said Mr. Flack; "it's all the press, the great institution of our time. Some of the finest books have come out first in the papers. It's the history of the age."

"I see you've got the same aspirations," Francie remarked, kindly.

"The same aspirations?"

"Those you told me about that day at St. Germain?"

"Oh, I keep forgetting that I ever broke out to you that way; everything is so changed."

"Are you the proprietor of the paper now?" the girl went on, determined not to notice this sentimental allusion.

"What do you care? It wouldn't even be delicate in me to tell you; for I do remember the way you said you would try and get your father to help me. Don't say you've forgotten it, because you almost made me cry. Anyway, that isn't the sort of help I want now, and it wasn't the sort of help I meant to ask you for then. I want sympathy and interest; I want some one to whisper, once in a while—'Courage, courage; you'll come out all right.' You see I'm a working man, and I don't pretend to be anything else," Mr. Flack went on. "I don't live on the accumulations of my ancestors.

What I have I earn—what I am I've fought for: I'm a *travailleur*, as they say here. I rejoice in it; but there is one dark spot in it, all the same."

"And what is that?" asked Francie.

"That it makes you ashamed of me."

"Oh, how can you say that?" And she got up, as if a sense of oppression, of vague discomfort, had come over her. Her visitor made her fidgety.

"You wouldn't be ashamed to go round with me?"

"Round where?"

"Well, anywhere: just to have one more walk. The very last." George Flack had got up too and he stood there looking at her with his bright eyes, with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat. As she hesitated, he continued, "Then I'm not such a friend after all."

Francie rested her eyes for a moment on the carpet; then, raising them—"Where would you like to go?"

"You could render me a service—a real service—without any inconvenience, probably, to yourself. Isn't your portrait finished?"

"Yes, but he won't give it up."

"Who won't give it up?"

"Why, Mr. Waterlow. He wants to keep it near him, to look at, in case he should take a fancy to change it. But I hope he won't change it—it's so pretty as it is!" Francie declared, smiling.

"I hear it's magnificent, and I want to see it," said George Flack.

"Then why don't you go?"

"I'll go if you'll take me; that's the service you can render me."

"Why I thought you went everywhere—into the palaces of kings!" Francie cried.

"I go where I'm welcome, not where I'm not. I don't want to push into that studio alone; he doesn't like me. Oh, you needn't protest," the young man went on; "if one is sensitive one is sensitive. I feel those things in the shade of a tone of voice. He doesn't like newspaper-men. Some people

don't, you know. I ought to tell you that frankly."

Francie considered again, but looking this time at her visitor. "Why, if it hadn't been for you"—I am afraid she said "hadn't have been"—"I never would have sat to him."

Mr. Flack smiled at her in silence for an instant. "If it hadn't been for me I think you never would have met your future husband."

"Perhaps not," said Francie; and suddenly she blushed red, rather to her companion's surprise.

"I only say that to remind you that after all I have a right to ask you to show me this one little favour. Let me drive with you to-morrow, or next day, or any day, to the Avenue de Villiers, and I shall regard myself as amply repaid. With you I sha'n't be afraid to go in, for you have a right to take any one you like to see your picture. It's always done."

"Oh, the day you're afraid, Mr. Flack—!" Francie exclaimed, laughing. She had been much struck by his reminder of what they all owed him; for he truly had been their initiator, the instrument, under providence, that had opened a great new interest to them, and it shocked her generosity, the intimation that he saw himself cast off or disavowed, after the prize was gained. Her mind had not lingered on her personal indebtedness to him, for it was not in the nature of her mind to linger; but at present she was glad to spring quickly, at the first word, into the attitude of acknowledgment. It had the effect that simplification always has, it raised her spirits, made her merry.

"Of course I must be quite square with you," the young man said. "If I want to see the picture it's because I want to write about it. The whole thing will go bang into the Reverberator. You must understand that, in advance. I wouldn't write about it without seeing it."

"*J'espère bien!*" said Francie, who was getting on famously with her

French. "Of course if you praise him Mr. Waterlow will like it."

"I don't know that he cares for my praise, and I don't care much whether *he* likes it or not. If you like it, that's the principal thing."

"Oh, I shall be awfully proud."

"I shall speak of you personally—I shall say you are the prettiest girl that has ever come over."

"You may say what you like," Francie rejoined. "It will be immense fun to be in the newspapers. Come for me at this hour day after to-morrow."

"You're too kind," said George Flack, taking up his hat. He smoothed it down a moment, with his glove; then he said—"I wonder if you will mind our going alone?"

"Alone?"

"I mean just you and me."

"Oh, don't you be afraid! Father and Delia have seen it about thirty times."

"That will be delightful, then. And it will help me to feel, more than anything else could make me do, that we are still old friends. I'll come at 3.15," Mr. Flack went on, but without even yet taking his departure. He asked two or three questions about the hotel, whether it were as good as last year, and there were many people in it, and they could keep their rooms warm; then, suddenly, in a different order and scarcely waiting for the girl's answer, he said: "And now, for instance, are they very bigoted? That's one of the things I should like to know."

"Very bigoted!"

"Aren't they tremendous Catholics—always talking about the Holy Father, and that sort of thing? I mean Mr. Probert, the old gentleman," Mr. Flack added. "And those ladies, and all the rest of them."

"They are very religious," said Francie. "They are the most religious people I ever saw. They just adore the Holy Father. They know him personally quite well. They are always going down to Rome."

"And do they mean to introduce you to him?"

"How do you mean, to introduce me?"

"Why, to make you a Catholic, to take you also down to Rome."

"Oh, we are going to Rome for our *voyage de nocces*!" said Francie, gaily.

"And won't you have to have a Catholic marriage? They won't consent to a Protestant one."

"We are going to have a lovely one, just like one that Mme. de Brécourt took me to see at the Madeleine."

"And will it be at the Madeleine too?"

"Yes, unless we have it at Notre Dame."

"And how will your father and sister like that?"

"Our having it at Notre Dame?"

"Yes, or at the Madeleine. Your not having it at the American church."

"Oh, Delia wants it at the best place," said Francie, simply. Then she added: "And you know father ain't much on religion."

"Well now, that's what I call a genuine fact, the sort I was talking about," Mr. Flack replied. Whereupon he at last took himself off, repeating that he would come in two days later, at 3.15 sharp.

Francie gave an account of his visit to her sister, on the return of the latter young lady, and mentioned the agreement they had come to in relation to the drive. Delia, at this, looked grave, asseverating that she didn't know that it was right ("as" it was right, Delia usually said,) that Francie should be so intimate with other gentlemen after she was engaged.

"Intimate? You wouldn't think it's very intimate if you were to see me!" cried Francie, laughing.

"I'm sure I don't want to see you!" Delia declared; and her sister, becoming strenuous, authoritative, went on: "Delia Dossou, do you realise that if it hadn't been for Mr. Flack we would never have had that picture, and that if it hadn't been for that

picture I should never have got engaged?"

"It would have been better if you hadn't, if that's the way you are going to behave. Nothing would induce me to go with you."

This was what suited Francie; but she was nevertheless struck by Delia's rigidity. "I'm only going to take him to see Mr. Waterlow," she explained.

"Has he become all of a sudden too shy to go alone?"

"Well, you know Mr. Waterlow doesn't like him—and he has made him feel it. You know Gaston told us so."

"He told us *he* couldn't bear him: that's what he told us," said Delia.

"All the more reason I should be kind to him. Why Delia, do realise," Francie went on.

"That's just what I do," returned the elder girl; "but things that are very different from those you want me to. You have queer reasons."

"I have others too that you may like better. He wants to put a piece in the paper about it."

"About your picture?"

"Yes, and about me. All about the whole thing."

Delia stared a moment. "Well, I hope it will be a good one!" she said, with a little sigh of resignation, as if she were accepting the burden of a still larger fate.

X.

WHEN Francie, two days later, passed with Mr. Flack into Charles Waterlow's studio she found Mme. de Cliché before the great canvas. She was pleased by every sign that the Proberts took an interest in her, and this was a considerable symptom, Gaston's second sister's coming all that way (she lived over by the Invalides,) to look at the portrait once more. Francie knew she had seen it at an earlier stage; the work had excited curiosity and discussion among the Proberts from the first of their

making her acquaintance, and they went into considerations about it which had not occurred to the original and her companions—frequently (as we know) as these good people had conversed on the subject. Gaston had told her that opinions differed much in the family as to the merit of the work and that Margaret, precisely, had gone so far as to say that it might be a masterpiece of tone but it didn't make her look like a lady. His father, on the other hand, had no objection to offer to the character in which it represented her, but he didn't think it well painted. "*Regardez-moi ça, et ça, et ça, je vous demande!*" he had exclaimed, making little dashes at the canvas, at spots that appeared to him eccentric, with his glove, at moments when the artist was not at hand. The Proberts always fell into French when they spoke on a question of art. "Poor dear papa, he only understands *le vieux jeu!*" Gaston had explained, and he had still further to expound what he meant by the old game. The novelty of Charles Waterlow's game had already been a mystification to Mr. Probert.

Francie remembered now (she had forgotten it) that Margaret de Cliché had told her she meant to come again. She hoped the marquise thought by this time that, on canvas at least, she looked a little more like a lady. Mme. de Cliché smiled at her, at any rate, and kissed her, as if in fact there could be no mistake. She smiled also at Mr. Flack, on Francie's introducing him, and only looked grave when, after she had asked where the others were—the papa and the *grande sœur*—the girl replied that she hadn't the least idea: her party consisted only of herself and Mr. Flack. Then Mme. de Cliché became very stern indeed—assumed an aspect that brought back Francie's sense that she was the individual, among all Gaston's belongings, who had pleased her least from the first. Mme. de Douves was superficially more formidable, but with her the second impression was most com-

forting. It was just this second impression of the marquise that was not. There were perhaps others behind it, but the girl had not yet arrived at them. Mr. Waterlow might not have been very fond of Mr. Flack, but he was none the less perfectly civil to him, and took much trouble to show him all the work that he had in hand, dragging out canvases, changing lights, taking him off to see things at the other end of the great room. While the two gentlemen were at a distance Mme. de Cliché expressed to Francie the confidence that she would allow her to see her home: on which Francie replied that she was not going home, she was going somewhere else with Mr. Flack. And she explained, as if it simplified the matter, that this gentleman was an editor.

Her interlocutress echoed the term, and Francie developed her explanation. He was not the only editor, but one of the many editors, of a great American paper. He was going to publish an article about her picture. Gaston knew him perfectly; it was Mr. Flack who had been the cause of Gaston's being presented to her. Mme. de Cliché looked across at him, as if the inadequacy of the cause projected an unfavourable light upon the effect: she inquired whether Francie thought Gaston would like her to drive about Paris alone with an editor. "I'm sure I don't know. I never asked him!" said Francie. "He ought to want me to be polite to a person who did so much for us." Soon after this Mme. de Cliché withdrew, without looking afresh at Mr. Flack, though he stood in her path as she approached the door. She didn't kiss our young lady again, and the girl observed that her leave-taking consisted of the simple words, "*Adieu, mademoiselle.*" She had already perceived that in proportion as the Proberts became majestic they had recourse to French.

She and Mr. Flack remained in the studio but a short time longer; and when they were seated in the carriage again, at the door (they had come in

Mr. Dosson's open landau), her companion said, "And now where shall we go?" He spoke as if on their way from the hotel he had not touched upon the pleasant vision of a little turn in the Bois. He had insisted then that the day was made on purpose, the air full of spring. At present he seemed to wish to give himself the pleasure of making his companion choose that particular alternative. But she only answered, rather impatiently:

"Wherever you like, wherever you like." And she sat there, swaying her parasol, looking about her, giving no order.

"Au Bois," said George Flack to the coachman, leaning back on the soft cushions. For a few moments after the carriage had taken its easy elastic start they were silent; but presently he went on, "Was that lady one of your relations?"

"Do you mean one of Mr. Probert's? She is his sister."

"Is there any particular reason in that why she shouldn't say good-morning to me?"

"She didn't want you to remain with me. She wanted to carry me off."

"What has she got against me?" asked Mr. Flack.

Francie seemed to consider a little. "Oh, it's these French ideas."

"Some of them are very base," said her companion.

The girl made no rejoinder; she only turned her eyes to right and left, admiring the splendid day, the shining city. The great architectural vista was fair: the tall houses, with their polished shop-fronts, their balconies, their signs with accented letters, seemed to make a glitter of gilt and crystal as they rose into the sunny air. The colour of everything was cool and pretty, and the sound of everything gay; the sense of a costly spectacle was everywhere. "Well, I like Paris, anyway!" Francie exclaimed at last.

"It's lucky for you, since you've got to live here."

"I haven't got to, there's no ob-

ligation. We haven't settled anything about that."

"Hasn't that lady settled it for you?"

"Yes, very likely she has," said Francie, placidly. "I don't like her so well as the others."

"You like the others very much?"

"Of course I do. So would you if they had made so much of you."

"That one at the studio didn't make much of me, certainly!"

"Yes, she's the most haughty," said Francie.

"Well, what is it all about?" Mr. Flack inquired. "Who are they, anyway?"

"Oh, it would take me three hours to tell you," the girl replied, laughing.

"They go back a thousand years."

"Well, we've got a thousand years—I mean three hours." And George Flack settled himself more on his cushions and inhaled the pleasant air. "I do enjoy this drive, Miss Francie," he went on. "It's many a day since I've been to the Bois. I don't fool round much among the trees."

Francie replied, candidly, that for her too the occasion was very agreeable, and Mr. Flack pursued, looking round him with a smile, irrelevantly and cheerfully: "Yes, these French ideas! I don't see how you can stand them. Those they have about young ladies are horrid."

"Well, they tell me you like them better after you are married."

"Why, after they are married they're worse—I mean the ideas. Every one knows that."

"Well, they can make you like anything, the way they talk," Francie said.

"And do they talk a great deal?"

"Well, I should think so. They don't do much else, and they talk about the queerest things—things I never heard of."

"Ah, that I'll engage!" George Flack exclaimed.

"Of course I have had most conversation with Mr. Probert."

"The old gentleman?"

"No, very little with him. I mean with Gaston. But it's not he that has told me most—it's Mme. de Brécourt. She relates and relates—it's very interesting. She has told me all their histories, all their troubles and complications."

"Complications?"

"That's what she calls them. It seems very different from America. It's just like a story—they have such strange feelings. But there are things you can see—without being told."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, like Mme. de Cliché's—"
But Francie paused, as if for a word.

"Do you mean her complications?"

"Yes, and her husband's. She has terrible ones. That's why one must forgive her if she is rather peculiar. She is very unhappy."

"Do you mean through her husband?"

"Yes, he likes other ladies better. He flirts with Mme. de Brives."

"Mme. de Brives?"

"Yes, she's lovely," said Francie. "She isn't very young, but she's fearfully attractive. And he used to go every day to have tea with Mme. de Villepreux. Mme. de Cliché can't bear Mme. de Villepreux."

"Lord, what a low-character he must be!" George Flack exclaimed.

"Oh, his mother was very bad. That was one thing they had against the marriage."

"Who had?—against what marriage?"

"When Maggie Probert became engaged."

"Is that what they call her—Maggie?"

"Her brother does; but every one else calls her Margot. Old Mme. de Cliché had a horrid reputation. Every one hated her."

"Except those, I suppose, who liked her too much. And who is Mme. de Villepreux?"

"She's the daughter of Mme. de Marignac."

"And who is Mme. de Marignac?"

"Oh, she's dead," said Francie. "She used to be a great friend of Mr. Probert—of Gaston's father."

"He used to go to tea with her?"

"Almost every day. Susan says he has never been the same since her death."

"Ah, poor man! And who is Susan?"

"Why, Mme. de Brécourt. Mr. Probert just loved Mme. de Marignac. Mme. de Villepreux isn't as nice as her mother. She was brought up with the Proberts, like a sister, and now she carries on with Maxime."

"With Maxime?"

"That's M. de Cliché."

"Oh, I see—I see!" murmured George Flack, responsively. They had reached the top of the Champs Elysées and were passing below the wondrous arch to which that gentle eminence forms a pedestal and which looks down even on splendid Paris from its immensity, and across at the vain mask of the Tuileries and the river-moated Louvre and the twin towers of Notre Dame, painted blue by the distance. The confluence of carriages—a sounding stream, in which our friends became engaged—rolled into the large avenue leading to the Bois de Boulogne. Mr. Flack evidently enjoyed the scene; he gazed about him at their neighbours, at the villas and gardens on either hand; he took in the prospect of the far-stretching brown boskages and smooth alleys of the wood, of the hour that they had yet to spend there, of the rest of Francie's artless prattle, of the place near the lake where they could alight and walk a little; even of the bench where they might sit down. "I see, I see," he repeated with appreciation. "You make me feel quite as if I were in the *grand monde*."

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)

PURITANISM.

MR. GARDINER opens the first chapter of his new volume¹ with some suggestive observations on the respective characteristics of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads. These observations appear to suggest, among other things, that the contempt which the genuine Puritan showed for art, literature and science was an indispensable element of his strength, and that if he had not despised the knowledge and culture in which Milton and Hutchinson so much delighted and so eagerly applied themselves to, he would have been weak as other men. "Then as ever," are Mr. Gardiner's words,

"It was not in the lap of ease and luxury that fortitude and endurance were most readily fostered, nor was it by culture and intelligence that the strongest natures were hardened. The spiritual and mental struggle through which the Puritan entered on his career of divine service was more likely to be real with those who were already inured to a hard struggle with the physical conditions of the world and whose minds were not distracted by too comprehensive knowledge of many-sided nature. The flame which flickered upwards burnt all the purer where the literature of the world, with its wisdom and its folly, found no entrance. It is not in the measured cadences of Milton, but in the homely allegory of the tinker of Elstow, that the Puritan Gospel is most clearly revealed."

Such words almost compel the reader to ask again the question, "What, after all, is Puritanism?" Perhaps it may not be altogether useless even in these late days to make yet another attempt to reach a more satisfactory answer to that question than has yet been found. And in our endeavour to find such an answer we shall not, I think, be far from the truth if we say, that Puritanism represents a type of mind which, when

the mind becomes Christian, determines the view it will inevitably take of God and of the world and of human nature and of the Church. Openness of mind is not a characteristic of this type. Puritanism believes in law rather than in life; in finality rather than in development. The truth which it thinks it has reached, it regards as final, as a truth which it has got once for all, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away; a system of truth absolutely complete. Such a notion is hardly consistent with openness of mind. Puritanism refuses to entertain the idea of development beyond the point itself has reached.

Not that (regarding revelation as completed in Jesus Christ) truth develops; for truth in itself is always the same. But life develops; and as spiritual life grows by a wise use of the truth to which it owes its origin and by which it lives, it becomes a wider life and obtains larger views of truth. In other words, truth is gradually disclosed to the spiritually living mind as that mind widens by the growth of its life.

And what is true of the individual Christian mind is true also of the collective mind of the Church. As the Church's life expands, the Church's way of stating the truth she believes is modified so as to come into a more perfect agreement with her widening apprehension of it. But Puritanism seems to be founded on a denial of this. The truth, as formulated by it, it holds to as something rigidly final which cannot be modified except by the sacrifice of the truth. I am speaking of full-grown Puritanism as we now know it, either as a thing of present experience, or as a phenomenon that has appeared in the

¹ "The History of the Great Civil War. 1642-1649." Vol. I.

course of the Church's history. And if it is true that it represents a type of mind, we may be sure that it will be found appearing very early in the history of the Church. And so it does. It is a type of mind that by the very nature of it tends to separatism. It is something that within the Church separates itself from the main current of the Church's life and sympathies. It early appeared as a revolt against Catholicism. And when I speak of Catholicism I do not mean Catholicism in any narrow and technical sense, but rather what I would simply call *wholeness*, or that spirit of Christian comprehensiveness which recognizes and earnestly desires to foster the infinite variety of Christian life, and to allow its own place in the Church of Christ to every type of that life that is derived from Christ Himself.

Now Puritanism is itself only one of these types; but it is a strong one, and strives to become dominant and exclusive. When it first made its appearance in England it did so as a spirit of nonconformity; and it continued to be so simply because it failed to reduce to conformity with its own type what it refused itself to conform to. And when it appeared first of all in the history of the Church, it appeared as a spirit of intolerance, as a revolt against the gentler spirit of wholeness or Christian comprehensiveness, and sought to become a dominant type in the Church, to impress its own type exclusively on the Church, and to refuse any place in the Church to those who did not accept its views of the character of God and His requirements, and of what the Church should be. Its conception of the law of God was, that it was a commandment forbidding evil rather than a principle of life, or law of love, that worked in the direction of producing an inner harmony among the infinitely varying types of the Christian life and the Christian mind and character within the Church; and it sternly called on all men simply to conform themselves to that com-

mandment of prohibitions, as if such conformity were a fulfilment by man of all righteousness.

This type of mind began in an aggressive and formidable way to assert itself in the Church as early as the first half of the third century, when what may be called the rigid party took up an extreme position on the subject of Church penance in opposition to the milder party which represented the general Christian mind of the Church, and which maintained that the Church was bound to receive every fallen member, whatever might have been the sins into which he had fallen, who sincerely and penitently desired to be restored; and to declare to all who truly repented the forgiveness of sins. The rigid party, on the other hand, sternly refused restoration to communion with the Church to all who had violated the baptismal vow by the commission of what began in those times to be distinguished as "mortal" sins. Novatus, Novatian, and Donatus were in succession prominent among the leaders of this party in those early days of the Church's history. The mistake of this party (which unchurched all who did not belong to it) was that it demanded of the visible Church what can be realized only in the Invisible Church.

Later on, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we meet with such sects as the Bogomiles and Catharists who were the proper successors of the earlier separatists, since like them they exercised a very stringent discipline and aimed at a perfectly true communion according to their own point of view. The Bogomiles were opposed to all scientific culture, and would have nothing to do with the grammarians because they looked on them as the representatives of the scribes of the New Testament. The views of the Bogomiles and the Catharists on the conduct of life and some other points were a remarkable anticipation of those of the Quakers of later times. The morality taught by the Catharists was pretty much a system of absti-

ence and prohibition. Men were told what they were to avoid doing rather than what they were to do; a mode of teaching which always suggests a very elementary and dreary idea of what is meant by morality, and is singularly devoid of any inspiring element.

But Puritanism, though no stranger in the Church from the earliest times, struck its roots most deeply in the Anglo-Saxon race and found there its congenial and most abiding home. It sprang into sudden vigour in England in the reign of Edward the Sixth soon after the establishment there of the Reformed Church. It came first into prominence, and into unpleasant collision with the ruling powers in the Reformed Church, in connection with the dispute about vestments. In that dispute Bishop Hooper was a prominent figure. In view of the religious condition of England at the time the dispute was a petty one. Bucer, at that time lecturing at Cambridge, refused to give Hooper the encouragement he sought from him in the stand he was making against the surplice. Bucer took a larger view than Hooper. He thought that in view of the religious condition of the country, of which he gave a deplorable account in his correspondence with Calvin, other things should be first attended to; and when those other and weightier matters had been sufficiently and effectively dealt with, the wearing of apparel would in all likelihood admit of settlement afterwards. And so he wrote to Hooper.

Bucer having failed him, Hooper turned to Peter Martyr, who was then at Oxford. But he got as little encouragement from the one as from the other. Peter Martyr frankly told him that he thought the matter was of no consequence at all, and that it was foolish and wrong to quarrel about it, and a great deal more to the like effect. Hooper was surprised at these views of the foreign Reformers, but was in no wise influenced by them and continued to fight his battle alone.

Such was the earliest manifestation

of Puritanism in England. It was an opposition to ceremonies and vestments because these savoured of the Church of Rome, which the Puritans affirmed to be no true Church, and being no true Church it followed, in the Puritan judgment, that all her ministrations were superstitious and idolatrous. Here once more was the spirit of the followers of Novatian and Donatus. The Puritans insisted on a uniformity of absolute simplicity in public worship and would have enforced it, if they had had the power, with as much earnestness as the bishops enforced a uniformity of a different kind. And many of them in later times separated from the Church of England on the ground that she also was no true Church of Christ because she would not conform herself to the Puritan model.

As yet there was no doctrinal difference between the Puritans and Conformists. The dispute at first was concerned mainly with the form of public worship and the question of ceremonies. The Puritans objected to cap and vestments, to music and organs and cathedrals. Long afterwards Richard Baxter, Presbyterian though he was, in tracing the rise of Puritanism in England confessed that he was unable to account for this strong feeling against such things which serious religious people in England usually displayed. "There is," he says in his narrative of his life and times, "I know not perfectly whence, among the most of the religious serious people of these countries, a suspicion of all that is ceremonious in God's service, and of all which they find not warrant for in Scripture, and a greater inclination to a rational, convincing, earnest way of preaching and prayers than to the written forms of words which are to be read in churches." And again in the same "narrative," when writing of the Puritan movement in his own day, Baxter says:

"The remnant of the old Separatists and Anabaptists in London was then" [that is

when the breach between the King and the Parliament began to be serious] "very small and scarce considerable ; but they were enough to stir up the younger and inexperienced sort of religious people, to speak too vehemently and intemperately against the bishops and the Church and ceremonies ; and to jeer and deride at the Book of Common Prayer, and all that was against their minds : (for the young and raw sort of Christians are usually prone to this kind of sin : to be self-conceited, petulant, wilful, censorious and injudicious in all their management of their differences in religion, and in all their attempts of reformation :) scorning and clamouring at that which they think evil, they usually judge a warrantable cause ; and it is hard finding any sort of people in the world where many of the more inexperienced are not indiscreet and proud and passionate."

The contention against vestments and ceremonies in 1550 developed into a contention against the Prayer Book and the hierarchy and the royal supremacy. In 1572 many leading Puritan clergymen set up within the Church of England a Presbyterian platform without seceding from the Church. These Presbyterian Puritans argued for Presbytery on the ground that it was essential, and against Episcopacy on the ground that it was sinful. They maintained the divine right of Presbytery. Had they conducted themselves with moderation and wisdom who can tell what they might have accomplished in the way of modifying the polity of the Church of England, and of sweetening and broadening the religious life and spirit of England? But men are always tempted to insist that all the members of the religious community to which they themselves belong, shall think and feel in the same way and look at all things from precisely the same point of view, as if a dull uniformity of mental type and colour were the only safe and agreeable condition where the life of the Church is concerned, and as if anything like variety which may threaten some conflict of opinion were to be rigorously suppressed as a deadly evil.

But what we may call Church Puritanism developed into what has been called State Puritanism. Those

who stood by the laws of the land in opposition to the arbitrary government of James the First were called Puritans in the State though they might be the staunchest of churchmen. It was from the King's point of view only that such men were Puritans.

Then there were what are called the Doctrinal Puritans. These were the men who in the Church of England adhered to the doctrines of Calvinism in opposition to those in the same communion who became the followers of Arminius. It was in the reign of James the First that Puritanism began to be divided and distinguished in this way. But it will be understood that by Puritanism properly so called I do not mean adherence either to a particular system of theology or to a particular party in the State, but rather a certain type of mind which when it becomes Christian acts in a certain way with results of a very serious nature for the Church.

Puritanism struggled on in England, in the face of the most powerful opposition in Church and State, and of the most unjust and cruel oppression, until it triumphed in the overthrow both of the throne and the hierarchy ; and it was during the few years of its supremacy that it showed what manner of spirit it was and what was the value of its work. It was during the struggle between the Parliament and the King, and afterwards during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate (which was in many respects the grandest period of the history of the English people) that England and the world came to know what Puritanism was. And it was after the Restoration that England and the world came to know also what was the value of the work of Puritanism.

The achievements of Puritanism during its struggles with Charles the First, and especially afterwards during the period of its supreme reign in England, were very remarkable. After it had got fairly into fighting trim it

seemed to be unconquerable ; and when it took up the reins of government it made all the nations of Europe not only respect England, but fear her. The very frown of Cromwell made the greatest of European potentates of those days tremble. We are justly proud of those stout-hearted but stern Puritans of the seventeenth century. But we must distinguish.

What the Long Parliament in its earliest and best years, and afterwards the Protector, represented, was State Puritanism ; in other words, the spirit of English Constitutional freedom. The best part of the nation, that part which held by the best traditions of their country's history, rose against the King because he was disloyal to those traditions and grasped at arbitrary power. And they rose also, both Churchman and Puritan alike, against the hierarchy because it did not stand by the sacred cause of freedom, but allied itself with the King and became, in the representative person of Archbishop Laud, the King's right hand, or rather his evil genius, who prompted all the evil measures he adopted, and encouraged him to stand firm against all the just demands of Parliament. But this combined movement against the King and hierarchy was inspired by the spirit of State Puritanism, with which I am not specially concerned in this paper.

It may be said, however, that the men who won the victories in the field were Puritans. So they were in a sense. But they were not Puritans after the heart of the genuine Puritans of the later years of the Long Parliament—the Presbyterians of "the Divine Right" whom Cromwell had ultimately to disperse. Cromwell's soldiers, who fought his battles and won his victories formed a very curious medley so far as their religious opinions were concerned. Baxter, who was army chaplain for a while, gives an interesting account of them. Forms of belief were represented among them that were so far from being puritanic that all the true Puritans of the time re-

garded them with simple horror. Among those soldiers were Antinomians, mystical Millenaries and Seekers: there were also Arminians, Anti-Sabbatarians, Anti-Scripturists, Familists, and Sceptics. And these men were far from keeping their opinions to themselves. They were all stout advocates of toleration of religious differences ; and in this Cromwell heartily sympathized with them. But to the strictly Puritan mind toleration was a foreign idea which it vehemently and consistently struggled against from first to last. Neither the Parliament nor the Westminster Assembly could ever be brought to give any countenance to the notion. They aimed at uniformity according to the Puritan model ; and they had at their back the intense Puritanism of Scotland keeping them up to the mark.

When Cromwell came to be chief magistrate he firmly adhered to his clear and decided conviction that religious differences should be tolerated, and in the face of much opposition from the genuine Puritans did what he could to give effect to his conviction. His Church establishment was distinguished by its freedom and comprehensiveness. His motto was, "Live and let live." His State Church had room for Presbyterians, Independents, and even the rectors and vicars of the old Church of England. And all who could not join the Established Church were tolerated outside it. Indeed his toleration was almost universal : he aimed at a toleration both of Roman Catholics and Jews.

Cromwell, then, was no Puritan in the true sense of the word, but was possessed by the large and mild spirit of true Catholicism. His mind was magnificently comprehensive ; and his religious comprehensiveness was all the more beautiful that he was himself so earnest a man and so clear and decided in his own religious beliefs. And Milton was as little a Puritan in the proper sense of the word as Cromwell. He had indeed all the fortitude, tranquillity and inflexible

resolution that distinguished the Puritans, but none of their spirit of exclusiveness; and he delighted with all his soul in all the arts and sciences and all those tastes and accomplishments that tend to refine and adorn human life, but which the Puritan regarded with severe disapproval.

And what is true of Cromwell and Milton is no less true of Colonel Hutchinson. This brings us back to those words of Mr. Gardiner's which I quoted at the beginning of this paper. "The flame," he says, "which flickered upwards burnt all the purer where the literature of the world, with its wisdom and its folly found no entrance. It is not in the measured cadences of Milton, but in the homely allegory of the tinker of Elstow, that the Puritan Gospel is most clearly revealed." But the tinker of Elstow was a man of genius, whose genius made up for much that was otherwise lacking; and I am not aware that there is any evidence to show that Bunyan would not have followed after knowledge and every good gift of God as eagerly as Milton, if he had had the opportunities that Milton had. Nor is there any evidence that I am aware of to show that Bunyan had a theoretical contempt for knowledge and art. On the contrary, he tried his best to write poetry; and his "homely allegory" is itself a work of art. If Bunyan was ignorant, he was so through stress of circumstances not from deliberate choice. And it can hardly be true to say that in the religious man who remains ignorant by choice when he has the opportunity of obtaining a wider knowledge of God and man and nature, the flame of religious life will burn all the purer for want of that wider knowledge. It may burn warmly enough, but surely there will be mingled with it much of the smoke of prejudice and other undesirable things that are rarely absent from wilfully ignorant and narrow minds.

Yet we can never fully estimate how much we owe to English Puritan-

ism. It was an element of great strength in the life of this nation, and prepared the way for freedom of thought, and for something far higher and better in the future than Puritanism. For Puritanism is not finality, but only a step, it may be the first step, in the process of a nation's mental and spiritual development. It means the subjugation of the animal nature under the power of a resolute will that seeks conformity to moral law. To maintain strictness of conscience was with the Puritan the first of all duties; and therein lay the strength of Puritanism. Before men who thus strove to live always in the eye of God, the easy, pleasure-loving triflers who were opposed to them, the men who put no restraint on their natural inclinations, were as chaff before the wind. The Puritan subjected the whole of his nature to the control of moral law. He looked up to the supreme will of God and strove to make that his law, while he put all his trust in Him to aid him while he endeavoured to do what he believed to be His will.

This was noble. It was not however all that was needed. It was not the highest possible. Strictness of conscience may become a dark and fierce fanaticism, if the conscience is not bathed in all the light of truth that is attainable. The single ray of light may really become darkness within us and be misleading, if we are not careful to stand in doubt of our attainments, and to keep our minds open and always turned towards that *Fontal Light* whence this ray, which we may be regarding as the whole truth, has come.

Puritanism seems never to have apprehended clearly and fully what is meant by "the will of God." The Puritan's conception of righteousness though high was not the highest. It was rather the conception of the Old than of the New Testament. It was the righteousness John the Baptist required of those who came to his baptism. But Jesus requires more.

The Puritan's idea of righteousness sets a certain stamp of severity and sternness on the man who cherishes it, while the New Testament's idea of it makes the man, who has accepted it and who tries to work it out, gracious and attractive and mild. When we consult the list of the fruits of the Spirit of Christ which St. Paul gives us, and which according to his teaching makes up the sum of righteousness, we do not find among them anything that calls up before the mind the hard features of Puritanism.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Every man who is possessed by the Spirit that works out such results as these in the heart and life of him is like a beam of bright warm sunshine among men. The Puritan, however, never was such a beam of sunshine among men. He was simply a moral force. That was something: it was much; but it was not the ideal of human life. The man who is possessed and ruled by the Spirit of Christ is also a moral force—not less, but even more so than the Puritan. But he is also something greater. He is a mediator and a reconciler who brings sweetness and light wherever he comes.

The Puritan held firmly by the light he had. But he held by it as if it were all the light that was attainable. Yet it was not the clearest light, and it was always possible for him to attain to more light. The sin of the Puritan was that he refused to open his mind to that idea. He did not believe that any further light on Divine things beyond what he had was attainable in this world. But God is surely something more than the Puritan apprehended Him to be. And something else surely lies behind "the will of God" than mere absolute sovereignty and a spirit of arbitrariness. The Puritan's notion of God had a reflex influence on his morality and on his spirit. It moulded his character. With all his stern morality and

self-conquest, and self-restraint, his morality was not of the highest type; nor was his self-conquest, self-conquest in the highest sense. He had not got rid of his natural self. For at the root of Puritanism there is a certain pride and self-confidence and a spirit of exclusiveness and domination; and these are qualities that betray the presence of that natural self that keeps humanity back from the shining peaks of a many-sided and complete development.

But if we examine the qualities produced in a man by the spirit of Jesus we search in vain among them for any trace of the natural self. It has entirely disappeared; and the new self, the higher self, the true self, the redeemed self, the "New man in Christ" stands there disclosed to our view. The man in whom such fruits of the mind of Christ appear—or let us say, the man who desires, and prays and endeavours that such fruits of Christ's mind may appear in him, because he sees in these the lineaments of the ideal character, is not a man who will be found insisting upon a dull uniformity in Church life or in any life. He will not be found insisting on an universal conformity to one created type of mind, to one particular mode of apprehending Divine Truth, nor will he ever think of unchurching others because they dissent from him, or because they thrust him out from communion with them.

The Puritan insisted exclusively on morality, or strictness of conscience, as if that covered all the interests of human life. But it does not. Man has many sides to his nature that Puritanism makes no account of. And if Puritanism does think of any other side but the one, it thinks of it only as something that must be discouraged. Man's love of beauty, for example, his love of art, the Puritan regarded as a thing of the flesh and the devil, a thing connected only with the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. Puritanism impoverishes human life just as it impoverishes Church life. In

the most arbitrary manner it associates spirituality with formlessness, and pronounces eternal divorce in this world between what is spiritual and pleasing to God and external beauty of form and expression. Surely there never was a more hideous absurdity propounded in this world. And yet it is one that still rules many religious minds among us. But God's own creation, that is full of beauty, is a standing rebuke of such foolishness.

Since morality then, as understood by the Puritan, does not cover all the interests of human life, it may be said that his morality was, on that ground alone, defective; or rather, that this apprehension of what morality is, was defective. For true morality, if it is an essential part of true religion (as we believe it to be) pervades every part of the ideally perfect human life, which is the kind of life every man should endeavour after. You cannot shut out true morality (any more than religion) from any department of human life or from any human interest. If love to God and man lies at the bottom of all true morality, as Christ teaches us it does, then that love will enable us to enter into and make pure not only every department of human activity which it does not forbid to us, but also into everything that God has, by the very constitution of our human nature, made a subject of undying interest to man. God has constituted man so that there is an impulse in him to seek beauty. But the Puritan, misapprehending the nature and will of God, formally forbids what God virtually enjoins, and frowns on what God lights up with the brightness, and beautifies with the beauty of His own smile of Divine delight. It is related of some noted Puritan that when he was reproached for being a precisian, he replied that he had to do with a precise God. Now there is only one way of understanding that account of God. It means that the highest conception of God, according to Puritanism, is that of a God who

marks iniquity and makes man's life painful and burdensome to him by subjecting him to an ascetic rule of life, and making him fearful always of taking pleasure in anything God has made and given to man for his use and enjoyment. Where is there room in such a conception of human life for that human freedom by the truth which Christ promised to us through the knowledge of the truth?

The Puritanism of the seventeenth century produced a frightful recoil. And when there is such a recoil as took place in England after the reign of Puritanism was over, we conclude that the previous strain was an unnatural one in the sense of being contrary to the constitution of human nature, and therefore contrary also to the will of God.

Canon Westcott in his dissertation on "The Relation of Christianity to Art," remarks that "the history of Christianity shows that nothing that is human lies beyond its range." That is true. But Puritanism has never understood that. It has its long and arbitrary *Index Expurgatorius* of things as Romanism has of books. A large domain of true human interest, which God intended men to occupy and cultivate and serve Him in, the Puritan made forbidden ground, and did not himself get, or help others to get nearer to God in consequence. But we look beyond Puritanism to a time, and surely we are getting nearer to such a time, when Christianity will be better understood, and humanity will have fair play, and men will cease to try to impose their own opinions as bonds upon the mind and life of humanity, and to create a dull sameness in the Church of Christ that is wholly unlike the variety and beauty and diverse interest that are to be found wherever the hand of the Divine Creator has been at work. Puritanism, with all its worth and all its great achievements, is marked both by exaggeration and defect. The human nature that emerges from its hands is an incomplete thing, and must remain

so until it escapes from the influences of a one-sided culture and comes under the better influences of larger and truer ideas of God and of man's life and nature and destiny than Puritanism seems able to furnish us with. At least we ought always to try to see things as they are, to apprehend God truly, and to refuse to be perfectly satisfied with that view of Him that is presented by our favourite system of theology, and not to be unwilling to compare our apprehension with that which other believing men have of Him, as well as with all the scattered hints that are given of Him in all those manifold things and divers modes by which He has revealed, and still reveals himself, to men ; as, for example, in nature and history and in our own deepest, truest, and most human instincts and feelings, and above all in Jesus Christ. We should feel it our duty to try again and again the very ground on which we stand, and to be ready, whenever we discover it is not the highest, to move forward to the higher ground which is shown to us where we are sure to get a wider and truer view of things, a view that will be more nearly a view of them as they are, and not as we have supposed them to be. And this, I think, is what the Spirit of Christ is always trying to lead us to, if we accept Him as our only Guide. And as He leads us He will help us to escape from our natural self, and (as we begin to see things more truly under His guidance and teaching), to exercise a spirit of true toleration and forbearance towards all others who

along with ourselves are earnestly and faithfully seeking the higher point of view. The Reverend John Robinson of Leyden, the father of the Independents, uttered, in 1620, when bidding farewell to certain members of his congregation who were about to depart for America, words which should never be forgotten by the Church of Christ. They were a protest against the finality which Puritanism believed in—a protest which even now is not wholly uncalled for.

“ . . . I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period in Religion and will go at present no further than the instruments of their Reformation. The Lutherans can't be drawn to go beyond what Luther said ; whatever part of His will our God has revealed to Calvin they will rather die than embrace it ; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were Burning and Shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole Counsel of God, but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received.”

This man was surely something of a forerunner of Bishop Butler, for he held the same point of view which in after years the Bishop was to occupy ; and indeed the words I have quoted above are but a prelude to those more famous words of the “ *Analogy of Religion*,” “ that the Bible contains many truths as yet undiscovered.”

J. FRASER.

NOTE.—The name of the author of “ *Dr. Faustus and his Contemporaries* ” in the last number should have been printed E. BELFORD BAX.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1888.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

XI.

ONE day, at noon, shortly before the time for which Gaston had announced his return, a note was brought to Francie from Mme. de Brécourt. It caused her some agitation, though it contained a clause intended to guard her against vain fears. "Please come to me the moment you have received this—I have sent the carriage. I will explain when you get here what I want to see you about. Nothing has happened to Gaston. We are all here." The coupé from the Place Beauvau was waiting at the door of the hotel and the girl had but a hurried conference with her father and sister: if conference it could be called in which vagueness on one side encountered blankness on the other. "It's for something bad—something bad," Francie said, while she tied her bonnet; though she was unable to think what it could be. Delia, who looked a good deal scared, offered to accompany her; upon which Mr. Dosson made the first remark of a practical character in which he had indulged in relation to his daughter's alliance.

"No you won't—no you won't, my dear. They may whistle for Francie, but let them see that they can't whistle for all of us." It was the first sign he had given of being jealous

of the dignity of the Dossons. That question had never troubled him.

"I know what it is," said Delia, while she arranged her sister's garments. "They want to talk about religion. They have got the priests; there's some bishop, or perhaps some cardinal. They want to baptize you."

"You'd better take a waterproof!" Francie's father called after her as she fitted away.

She wondered, rolling toward the Place Beauvau, what they were all there for; that announcement balanced against the reassurance conveyed in the phrase about Gaston. She liked them individually but in their collective form they made her uneasy. In their family parties there was always something of the tribunal. Mme. de Brécourt came out to meet her in the vestibule, drawing her quickly into a small room (not the salon—Francie knew it as her hostess's "own room," a lovely boudoir), in which, considerably to the girl's relief, the rest of the family were not assembled. Yet she guessed in a moment that they were near at hand—they were waiting. Susan looked flushed and strange; she had a queer smile; she kissed her as if she didn't know that she was doing it. She laughed as she greeted her, but her laugh was nervous; she was different every way from anything Francie had hitherto seen. By the time our young lady had perceived these

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things she was sitting beside her on a sofa and Mme. de Brécourt had her hand, which she held so tight that it almost hurt her. Susan's eyes were in their nature salient, but on this occasion they seemed to have started out of her head.

"We are upside down—terribly agitated. A bomb has fallen into the house."

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" Francie asked, pale, with parted lips. She had a sudden wild idea that Gaston might have found out in America that her father had no money, had lost it all; that it had been stolen during their long absence. But would he cast her off for that?

"You must understand the closeness of our union with you from our sending for you this way—the first, the only person—in a crisis. Our joys are your joys, and our indignations are yours."

"What *is* the matter, *please*?" the girl repeated. Their "indignations" opened up a gulf; it flashed upon her, with a shock of mortification that the idea had not come sooner, that something would have come out: a piece in the paper, from Mr. Flack, about her portrait and even (a little) about herself. But that was only more mystifying; for certainly Mr. Flack could only have published something pleasant—something to be proud of. Had he by some incredible perversity or treachery stated that the picture was bad, or even that *she* was? She grew dizzy, remembering how she had refused him and how little he had liked it, that day at St. Germain. But they had made that up over and over, especially when they sat so long on a bench together (the time they drove) in the Bois de Boulogne.

"Oh, the most awful thing; a newspaper sent this morning from America to my father—containing two horrible columns of vulgar lies and scandal about our family, about all of us, about you, about your picture, about poor Marguerite, calling her 'Margot,' about Maxime and Léonie de Ville-

preux, saying he's her lover, about all our affairs, about Gaston, about your marriage, about your sister and your dresses and your dimples, about our darling father, whose history it professes to relate, in the most ignoble, the most revolting terms. Papa's in the most awful state!" said Mme. de Brécourt, panting to take breath. She had spoken with the volubility of horror and passion. "You are outraged with us and you must suffer with us," she went on. "But who has done it? Who has done it? Who has done it?"

"Why, Mr. Flack—Mr. Flack!" Francie quickly replied. She was appalled, overwhelmed; but her foremost feeling was the wish not to appear to disavow her knowledge.

"Mr. Flack? do you mean that awful person—? He ought to be shot, he ought to be burnt alive. Maxime will kill him, Maxime is in an unspeakable rage. Everything is at end, we have been served up to the rabble, we shall have to leave Paris. How could he know such things? and they are all too infamously false!" The poor woman poured forth her trouble in questions and contradictions and groans; she knew not what to ask first, against what to protest. "Do you mean that person Marguerite saw you with at Mr. Waterlow's? Oh, Francie, what has happened? She had a feeling then, a dreadful foreboding. She saw you afterwards—walking with him—in the Bois."

"Well, I didn't see her," the girl said.

"You were talking with him—you were too absorbed: that's what Margot says. Oh, Francie, Francie!" cried Mme. de Brécourt, catching her breath.

"She tried to interfere at the studio, but I wouldn't let her. He's an old friend—a friend of my father's, and I like him very much. What my father allows, that's not for others to criticize!" Francie continued. She was frightened, extremely frightened, at

her companion's air of tragedy and at the dreadful consequences she alluded to, consequences of an act she herself did not know, could not comprehend nor measure yet. But there was an instinct of bravery in her which threw her into defence—defence even of George Flack, though it was a part of her consternation that on her too he should have practised a surprise, a sort of selfish deception.

"Oh, how can you bear with such wretches—how can your father—? What devil has he paid to tattle to him?"

"You scare me awfully—you terrify me," said the girl. "I don't know what you are talking about. I haven't seen it, I don't understand it. Of course I have talked to Mr. Flack."

"Oh, Francie, don't say it—don't say it! Dear child, you haven't talked to him in that fashion vulgar horrors: and such a language!" Mme. de Brécourt came nearer, took both her hands now, drew her closer, seemed to plead with her. "You shall see the paper; they have got it in the other room—the most disgusting sheet. Margot is reading it to her husband; he can't read English, if you can call it English: such a style! Papa tried to translate it to Maxime, but he couldn't, he was too sick. There is a quantity about Mme. de Marignac—imagine only! And a quantity about Jeanne and Raoul and their economies in the country. When they see it in Brittany—heaven preserve us!"

Francie had turned very white; she looked for a minute at the carpet. "And what does it say about me?"

"Some trash about your being the great American beauty, with the most odious details, and your having made a match among the 'rare old exclusives.' And the strangest stuff about your father and his having gone into a 'store' at the age of twelve. And something about your poor sister—heaven help us! And a sketch of our career in Paris, as they call it, and the way that we have got on and our great pretensions. And a passage about

Blanche de Douves, Raoul's sister, who had that disease—what do they call it?—that she used to steal things in shops: do you see them reading that? And how did he know such a thing? it's ages ago—it's dead and buried!"

"You told me, you told me yourself," said Francie, quickly. She turned red the instant she had spoken.

"Don't say it's you—don't, don't, my darling!" cried Mme. de Brécourt who had stared at her a moment. "That's what I want, that's what you must do, that's what I see you this way for, first, alone. I've answered for you, you know; you must repudiate every responsibility. Margot suspects you—she has got that idea—she has given it to the others. I have told them they ought to be ashamed, that it's an outrage to you. I have done everything, for the last hour, to protect you. I'm your godmother, you know, and you mustn't disappoint me. You're incapable, and you must say so, face to face, to my father. Think of Gaston, *chérie*; he will have seen it over there, alone, far from us all. Think of *his* horror and of *his* faith, of what *he* would expect of you." Mme. de Brécourt hurried on, and her companion's bewilderment deepened on seeing that the tears had risen to her eyes and were pouring down her cheeks. "You must say to my father, face to face, that you are incapable—you are stainless."

"Stainless?" Francie repeated. "Of course I knew he wanted to write a piece about the picture—and about my marriage."

"About your marriage—of course you knew. Then, wretched girl, you are at the bottom of *all*?" wailed Mme. de Brécourt, flinging herself away from her, falling back on the sofa, covering her face with her hands.

"He told me—he told me when I went with him to the studio!" Francie declared, passionately. "But he has printed more."

"More? I should think so!" And Mme. de Brécourt sprang up,

standing before her. "And you let him—about yourself? You gave him facts?"

"I told him—I told him—I don't know what. It was for his paper—he wants everything. It's a very fine paper."

"A very fine paper?" Mme. de Brécourt stared, with parted lips. "Have you *seen*, have you touched the hideous sheet? Ah my brother, my brother!" she wailed again, turning away.

"If your brother were here you wouldn't talk to me this way—he would protect me!" cried Francie, on her feet, seizing her little muff and moving to the door.

"Go away, go away or they'll kill you!" Mme. de Brécourt went on, excitedly. "After all I have done for you—after the way I have lied for you!" And she sobbed, trying to repress her sobs.

Francie, at this, broke out into a torrent of tears. "I'll go home. Father, father!" she almost shrieked, reaching the door.

"Oh, your father—he has been a nice father, bringing you up in such ideas!" These words followed her with infinite scorn, but almost as Mme. de Brécourt uttered them, struck by a sound, she sprang after the girl, seized her, drew her back and held her a moment, listening, before she could pass out. "Hush—hush—they are coming in here, they are too anxious! Deny—deny it—say you know nothing! Your sister must have said things—and such things: say it all comes from *her*!"

"Oh, you dreadful—is that what *you* do?" cried Francie, shaking herself free. The door opened as she spoke and Mme. de Brécourt walked quickly to the window, turning her back. Mme. de Cliché was there and Mr. Probert and M. de Brécourt and M. de Cliché. They entered in silence and M. de Brécourt, coming last, closed the door softly behind him. Francie had never been in a court of justice, but if she had had that experience

these four persons would have reminded her of the jury filing back into their box with their verdict. They all looked at her hard as she stood in the middle of the room; Mme. de Brécourt gazed out of the window, wiping her eyes; Mme. de Cliché grasped a newspaper, crumpled and partly folded. Francie got a quick impression, moving her eyes from one face to another, that old Mr. Probert was the worst; his mild, ravaged expression was terrible. He was the one who looked at her least; he went to the fireplace and leaned on the mantel, with his head in his hands. He seemed ten years older.

"Ah, mademoiselle, mademoiselle, mademoiselle!" said Maxime de Cliché slowly, impressively, in a tone of the most respectful but most poignant reproach.

"Have you seen it—have they sent it to you?" his wife asked, thrusting the paper towards her. "It's quite at your service!" But as Francie neither spoke nor took it she tossed it upon the sofa, where, as it opened, falling, the girl read the name of "The Reverberator." Mme. de Cliché carried her head very far back.

"She has nothing to do with it—it's just as I told you—she's overwhelmed," said Mme. de Brécourt, remaining at the window.

"You would do well to read it—it's worth the trouble," Alphonse de Brécourt remarked, going over to his wife. Francie saw him kiss her as he perceived her tears. She was angry at her own; she choked and swallowed them; they seemed somehow to put her in the wrong.

"Have you had no idea that any such monstrosity would be perpetrated?" Mme. de Cliché went on, coming nearer to her. She had a manner of forced calmness—as if she wished it to be understood that she was one of those who could be reasonable under any provocation, though she were trembling within—which made Francie draw back. "*C'est pourtant rempli de choses*—which we

know you to have been told of—by what folly, great heaven! It's right and left—no one is spared—it's all over the place. My sister perhaps will have told you of the apprehensions I had—I couldn't resist them, though I thought of nothing so awful as this, God knows, the day I met you 'at Mr. Waterlow's with your journalist."

"I have told her everything—don't you see she's *anéantie*? Let her go, let her go!" exclaimed Mme. de Brécourt, still at the window.

"Ah, your journalist, your journalist, mademoiselle!" said Maxime de Cliché. "I am very sorry to have to say anything in regard to any friend of yours that can give you so little pleasure; but I promise myself the satisfaction of administering to him, with these hands, a dressing he won't forget, if I may trouble you so far as to ask you to let him know it!"

M. de Cliché fingered the points of his moustache; he diffused some powerful scent; Francie did not like his eyes. She wished Mr. Probert would say something kind to her; but she had now determined to be strong. They were ever so many against one; Gaston was far away and she felt heroic. "If you mean Mr. Flack—I don't know what you mean," she said, as composedly as possible, to M. de Cliché. "Mr. Flack has gone to London."

At this M. de Brécourt gave a free laugh, and his brother-in-law replied, "Ah, it's easy to go to London."

"They like such things there; they do them more and more. It's as bad as America!" Mme. de Cliché declared.

"Why have you sent for me—what do you all want me to do? You might explain—I am only an American girl!" said Francie, whose being "only an American girl" did not prevent her pretty head from holding itself now as high as Mme. de Cliché's.

Mme. de Brécourt came back to her quickly, laying her hand on her arm. "You are very nervous—you had much better go home. I will explain

everything to them—I will make them understand. The carriage is there—it had orders to wait."

"I'm not in the least nervous, but I have made you all so," Francie replied, laughing.

"I defend you, my dear young lady—I insist that you are only a wretched victim, like ourselves," M. de Brécourt remarked, approaching her with a smile. "I see the hand of a woman in it, you know," he went on, to the others; "for there are touches of a vulgarity that a man doesn't sink to (he can't, his very organization prevents him) even if he be the greatest cad on earth. But please don't doubt that I have maintained that that woman is not you."

"The way you talk—I don't know how to write," said Francie.

"My poor child, when one knows you as I do!" murmured Mme. de Brécourt, with her arm around her.

"There's a lady who helps him—Mr. Flack has told me so," Francie continued. "She's a literary lady—here in Paris—she writes what he tells her. I think her name is Miss Topping, but she calls herself Florine—or Dorine," Francie added.

"Miss Dosson, you're too rare!" Marguerite de Cliché exclaimed, giving a long moan of pain which ended in an incongruous laugh. "Then you have been three to it," she went on; "that accounts for its perfection!"

Francie disengaged herself again from Mme. de Brécourt and went to Mr. Probert, who stood looking down at the fire, with his back to her. "Mr. Probert, I'm very sorry at what I've done to distress you; I had no idea you would all feel so badly. I didn't mean any harm. I thought you would like it."

The old man turned a little, bending his eyes on her, but without taking her hand as she had hoped. Usually when they met he kissed her. He did not look angry but he looked very ill. A strange inarticulate sound, a kind of exclamation of amazement and mirth, came from the others when

she said she thought they would like it; and indeed poor Francie was far from being able to judge of the droll effect of that speech. "Like it—*like it?*" said Mr. Probert, staring at her as if he were a little afraid of her.

"What do you mean? She admits—she admits!" cried Mme. de Cliché to her sister. "Did you arrange it all that day in the Bois—to punish me for having tried to separate you?" she pursued, to the girl, who stood gazing up piteously at the old man.

"I don't know what he has published—I haven't seen it—I don't understand. I thought it was only to be a piece about me."

"About me!" M. de Cliché repeated in English. "*Elle est divine!*" He turned away, raising his shoulders and hands and then letting them fall.

Mme. de Brécourt had picked up the newspaper; she rolled it together, saying to Francie that she must take it home, take it home immediately—then she would see. She only seemed to wish to get her out of the room. But Mr. Probert had fixed the girl with his sick stare. "You gave information for that? You desired it?"

"Why, I didn't desire it, but Mr. Flack did."

"Why do you know such ruffians? Where was your father?" the old man groaned.

"I thought he would just praise my picture and give pleasure to Mr. Waterlow," Francie went on. "I thought he would just speak about my being engaged and give a little account; so many people in America would be interested."

"So many people in America—that's just the dreadful thought, my dear," said Mme. de Brécourt, kindly. "*Voyons*, put it in your muff and tell us what you think of it." And she continued to thrust forward the scandalous journal.

But Francie took no notice of it; she looked round from Mr. Probert at the others. "I told Gaston I should do something you wouldn't like."

"Well, he'll believe it now!" cried Mme. de Cliché.

"My poor child, do you think he will like it any better?" asked Mme. de Brécourt.

Francie fastened her eyes on her a moment. "He'll see it over there—he has seen it now."

"Oh, my dear, you'll have news of him. Don't be afraid!" laughed Mme. de Cliché.

"Did he send you the paper?" the girl went on, to Mr. Probert.

"It was not directed in his hand," said M. de Brécourt. "There was some stamp on the band—it came from the office."

"Mr. Flack—is that his hideous name?—must have seen to that," Mme. de Brécourt suggested.

"Or perhaps Florine!" exclaimed M. de Cliché. "I should like to get hold of Florine."

"I did—I did tell him so!" Francie repeated, with her innocent face, alluding to her statement of a moment before and speaking as if she thought the circumstance detracted from the offence.

"So did I—so did we all!" said Mme. de Cliché.

"And will he suffer—as you suffer?" Francie continued, appealing to Mr. Probert.

"Suffer, suffer? He'll die!" cried the old man. "However, I won't answer for him; he'll tell you himself, when he returns."

"He'll die?" asked Francie, with expanded eyes.

"He'll never return—how can he show himself?" said Mme. de Cliché.

"That's not true—he'll come back to stand by me!" the girl flashed out.

"How could you not feel that we were the last—the very last?" asked Mr. Probert, very gently. "How could you not feel that my son was the very last—?"

"*C'est un sens qui lui manque!*" commented Mme. de Cliché.

"Let her go, papa—do let her go home," Mme. de Brécourt interposed.

"Surely. That's the only place for her to-day!" the elder sister continued.

"Yes, my child—you oughtn't to be here. It's your father—he ought to understand," said Mr. Probert.

"For God's sake don't send for him—let it all stop!" begged Mme. de Cliché.

Francie looked at her; then she said, "Good-bye, Mr. Probert—good-bye, Susan."

"Give her your arm—take her to the carriage," she heard Mme. de Brécourt say to her husband. She got to the door she hardly knew how—she was only conscious that Susan held her once more long enough to kiss her. Poor Susan wanted to comfort her: that showed how bad (feeling as she did) she believed the whole business would yet be. It would be bad because Gaston—Gaston—Francie did not complete that thought, yet only Gaston was in her mind as she hurried to the carriage. M. de Brécourt hurried beside her; she would not take his arm. But he opened the door for her, and as she got in she heard him murmur strangely, "You are charming, mademoiselle—charming, charming!"

XII.

HER absence had not been long, and when she re-entered the familiar salon at the hotel she found her father and sister sitting there together as if they were timing her—a prey to curiosity and suspense. Mr. Dosson however gave no sign of impatience; he only looked at her in silence through the smoke of his cigar (he profaned the red satin splendour with perpetual fumes,) as she burst into the room. No other word than the one I use expresses the tell-tale character of poor Francie's ingress. She rushed to one of the tables, flinging down her muff and gloves, and the next moment Delia, who had sprung up as she came in, had caught her in her

arms and was glaring into her face with a "Francie Dosson—what *have* you been through?" Francie said nothing at first, only closing her eyes and letting her sister do what she would with her. "She has been crying, father—she *has*," Delia went on, pulling her down upon a sofa and almost shaking her as she continued. "Will you please tell? I've been perfectly wild! Yes you have, you dreadful—!" the elder girl declared, kissing her on the eyes. They opened at this compassionate pressure and Francie rested them in their beautiful distress on her father, who had now risen to his feet and stood with his back to the fire.

"Why, daughter," said Mr. Dosson, "you look as if you had had quite a worry."

"I told you I should—I told you, I told you!" Francie broke out with a trembling voice. "And now it's come!"

"You don't mean to say you've *done* anything!" cried Delia, very white.

"It's all over—it's all over!" Francie pursued, turning her eyes to her sister.

"Are you crazy, Francie?" this young lady asked. "I'm sure you look as if you were."

"Ain't you going to be married, my child?" asked Mr. Dosson benevolently, coming nearer to her.

Francie sprang up, releasing herself from her sister, and threw her arms around him. "Will you take me away, father—will you take me right away?"

"Of course I will, my precious. I'll take you anywhere. I don't want anything—it wasn't *my* idea!" And Mr. Dosson and Delia looked at each other while the girl pressed her face upon his shoulder.

"I never heard such trash—you can't behave that way! Has he got engaged to some one else—in America?" Delia demanded.

"Why, if it's over it's over. I guess it's all right," said Mr. Dosson, kissing

his younger daughter. "I'll go back or I'll go on. I'll go anywhere you like!"

"You won't have your daughters insulted, I presume!" Delia cried. "If you don't tell me this moment what has happened I'll drive straight round there and find out."

"Have they insulted you, sweetie?" asked the old man, bending over the girl, who simply leaned upon him with her hidden face, with no sound of tears.

Francie raised her head, turning round upon her sister. "Did I ever tell you anything else—did I ever believe in it for an hour?"

"Oh well, if you've done it on purpose—to triumph over me—we might as well go home, certainly. But I think you had better wait till Gaston comes."

"It will be worse when he comes—if he thinks the same as they do."

"Have they insulted you—have they?" Mr. Dosson repeated; while the smoke of his cigar, curling round the question, gave him the air of asking it with placidity.

"They think I've insulted them—they're in an awful state—they're almost dead. Mr. Flack has put it into the paper—everything, I don't know what—and they think it's too fearful. They were all there together—all at me at once, groaning and carrying on. I never saw people so affected."

Delia listened in bewilderment, staring. "So affected?"

"Ah, yes, there's a good deal of that," said Mr. Dosson.

"It's too real—too terrible; you don't understand. It's all printed there—that they're immoral, and everything about them; everything that's private and dreadful."

"Immoral, is that so?" Mr. Dosson asked.

"And about me too, and about Gaston and my marriage, and all sorts of personalities, and all the names, and Mme. de Villepreux, and everything. It's all printed there and

they've read it. It says that one of them steals."

"Will you be so good as to tell me what you are talking about?" Delia inquired sternly. "Where is it printed and what have we got to do with it?"

"Some one sent it, and I told Mr. Flack."

"Do you mean *his* paper? Oh the horrid brute!" Delia cried, with passion.

"Do they mind so what they see in the papers?" asked Mr. Dosson. "I guess they haven't seen what I've seen. Why, there used to be things about me——!"

"Well, it *is* about us too, about every one. They think it's the same as if I wrote it."

"Well, you know what you *could* do," said Mr. Dosson, smiling at his daughter.

"Do you mean that piece about your picture—that you told me about when you went with him again to see it?" Delia asked.

"Oh, I don't know what piece it is; I haven't seen it."

"Haven't seen it? Didn't they show it to you?"

"Yes—but I couldn't read it. Mme. de Brécourt wanted me to take it—but I left it behind."

"Well, that's like you—like the Tauchnitzes littering up our track. I'll be bound I'd see it," said Delia. "Hasn't it come, doesn't it always come?"

"I guess we haven't had the last—unless it's somewhere round," said Mr. Dosson.

"Father, go out and get it—you can buy it on the boulevard!" Delia continued. "Francie, what *did* you want to tell him?"

"I didn't know; I was just conversing; he seemed to take so much interest."

"Oh, he's a deep one!" groaned Delia.

"Well, if folks are immoral you can't keep it out of the papers—and I don't know as you ought to want to,"

Mr. Dosson remarked. "If they are I'm glad to know it, lovey." And he gave his younger daughter a glance apparently intended to show that in this case he should know what to do.

But Francie was looking at her sister as if her attention had been arrested. "How do you mean—a deep one?"

"Why, he wanted to break it off, the wretch!"

Francie stared; then a deeper flush leapt to her face, in which already there was a look of fever. "To break off my engagement?"

"Yes, just that. But I'll be hanged if he shall. Father, will you allow that?"

"Allow what?"

"Why Mr. Flack's vile interference. You won't let him do as he likes with us, I suppose, will you?"

"It's all done—it's all done!" said Francie. The tears had suddenly started into her eyes again.

"Well, he's so smart that it is likely he's too smart," said Mr. Dosson. "But what did they want you to do about it?—that's what I want to know," he went on.

"They wanted me to say I knew nothing about it—but I couldn't."

"But you didn't, and you don't—if you haven't even read it!" Delia returned.

"Where *is* the d—d thing?" her father asked, looking helplessly about him.

"On the boulevard, at the very first of those kiosks you come to. That old woman has it—the one who speaks English—she always has it. Do go and get it—*do!*" And Delia pushed him, looked for his hat for him.

"I knew he wanted to print something, and I can't say I didn't!" Francie said. "I thought he would praise my portrait and that Mr. Waterlow would like that, and Gaston and every one. And he talked to me about the paper—he is always doing that and always was—and I didn't see the harm. But even just knowing him—they think that's vile."

"Well, I should hope we can know whom we like!" Delia declared, jumping in her mystification and alarm from one point of view to another.

Mr. Dosson had put on his hat—he was going out for the paper. "Why, he kept us alive last year," he said.

"Well, he seems to have killed us now!" Delia cried.

"Well, don't give up an old friend," said Mr. Dosson, with his hand on the door. "And don't back down on anything you've done."

"Lord, what a fuss about an old newspaper!" Delia went on, in her exasperation. "It must be about two weeks old, anyway. Didn't they ever see a society paper before!"

"They can't have seen much," said Mr. Dosson. He paused, still with his hand on the door. "Don't you worry—Gaston will make it all right."

"Gaston?—it will kill Gaston!"

"Is that what they say?" Delia demanded.

"Gaston will never look at me again."

"Well then, he'll have to look at *me*," said Mr. Dosson.

"Do you mean that he'll give you up—that he'll be so abject?" Delia went on.

"They say he's just the one who will feel it most. But I'm the one who does that," said Francie, with a strange smile.

"They're stuffing you with lies—because *they* don't like it. He'll be tender and true," answered Delia.

"When *they* hate me?—Never!" And Francie shook her head slowly, still with her touching smile. "That's what he cared for most—to make them like me."

"And isn't he a gentleman, I should like to know?" asked Delia.

"Yes, and that's why I won't marry him—if I've injured him."

"Pshaw! he has seen the papers over there. You wait till he comes," Mr. Dosson enjoined, passing out of the room.

The girls remained there together and after a moment Delia exclaimed—

"Well, he has got to fix it—that's one thing I can tell you!"

"Who has got to fix it?"

"Why, that villainous man. He has got to publish another piece, saying it's all false, or all a mistake."

"Yes, you had better make him," said Francie, with a weak laugh. "You had better go after him—down to Nice."

"You don't mean to say he has gone to Nice?"

"Didn't he say he was going there as soon as he came back from London—going right through, without stopping?"

"I don't know but he did," said Delia. Then she added—"The coward!"

"Why do you say that? He can't hide at Nice—they can find him there."

"Are they going after him?"

"They want to shoot him—to stab him, I don't know what—those men."

"Well, I wish they would," said Delia.

"They had better shoot me. I shall defend him—I shall protect him," Francie went on.

"How can you protect him? You shall never speak to him again."

Francie was silent a moment. "I can protect him without speaking to him. I can tell the simple truth—that he didn't print a word but what I told him."

"That can't be so. He fixed it up. They always do, in the papers. Well now, he has got to bring out a piece praising them up—praising them to the skies: that's what he has got to do!" Delia declared, with decision.

"Praising them up? They'll hate that worse," Francie returned, musingly.

Delia stared. "What on earth do they want then?"

Francie had sunk upon the sofa; her eyes were fixed on the carpet. She made no reply to her sister's question but presently she said, "We had better go to-morrow, the first hour that's possible."

"Go where? Do you mean to Nice?"

"I don't care where. Anywhere, to get away."

"Before Gaston comes—without seeing him?"

"I don't want to see him. When they were all ranting and raving at me just now I wished he was there—I told them so. But now I feel differently—I can never see him again."

"I don't suppose you're crazy, are you?" cried Delia.

"I can't tell him it wasn't me—I can't, I can't!" the younger girl went on.

Delia planted herself in front of her. "Francie Dosson, if you're going to tell him you've done anything wrong you might as well stop before you begin. Didn't you hear what father said?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Francie replied, listlessly.

"Don't give up an old friend—there's nothing on earth so mean.' Now isn't Gaston Probert an old friend?"

"It will be very simple—he will give me up."

"Then he'll be a low wretch."

"Not in the least—he'll give me up as he took me. He would never have asked me to marry him if he hadn't been able to get *them* to accept me: he thinks everything in life of *them*. If they cast me off now he'll do just the same. He'll have to choose between us, and when it comes to that he'll never choose me."

"He'll never choose Mr. Flack, if that's what you mean—if you are going to identify yourself so with *him*!"

"Oh, I wish he'd never been born!" Francie suddenly shivered. And then she added that she was sick—she was going to bed, and her sister took her off to her room.

Mr. Dosson, that afternoon, sitting by Francie's bedside, read out from the copy of "*The Reverberator*" which he had purchased on the boulevard the dreadful "piece" to his two daughters. It is a remarkable fact that as a family they were rather dis-

appointed in this composition, in which their curiosity found less to repay it than it had expected, their resentment against Mr. Flack less to stimulate it, their imaginative effort to take the point of view of the Proberts less to sustain it, and their acceptance of the promulgation of Francie's innocent remarks as a natural incident of the life of the day less to make them reconsider it. The letter from Paris appeared lively, "chatty," even brilliant, and so far as the personalities contained in it were concerned Mr. Dosson wanted to know if they weren't aware over here of the charges brought every day against the most prominent men in Boston. "If there was anything in that style they might talk," he said; and he scanned the effusion afresh with a certain surprise at not finding in it some imputation of pecuniary malversation. The effect of an acquaintance with the text was to depress Delia, who didn't exactly see what there was in it to take back or explain away. However, she was aware there were some points they didn't understand, and doubtless these were the scandalous places—the things that had thrown the Proberts into a state. But why should they be in a state if other people didn't understand the allusions—they were peculiar, but peculiarly incomprehensible—any better than she did? The whole thing struck Francie as infinitely less lurid than Mme. de Brécourt's account of it, and the part about herself and her portrait seemed to make even less of the subject than it easily might have done. It was scanty, it was "skimpy," and if Mr. Waterlow was offended it would not be because they had published too much about him. It was nevertheless clear to her that there were a lot of things that *she* hadn't told Mr. Flack, as well as a great many that she had: perhaps these were the things that that lady had put in—Florine or Dorine—the one she had mentioned at Mme. de Brécourt's.

All the same, if the communication in "*The Reverberator*" gave them at

the hotel less of a sensation than had been announced and bristled so much less than was to have been feared with explanations of the anguish of the Proberts, this did not diminish the girl's sense of responsibility nor make the case a whit less grave. It only showed how sensitive and fastidious the Proberts were and therefore with what difficulty they could forgive. Moreover Francie made another reflection as she lay there—for Delia kept her in bed nearly three days, feeling that for the moment at any rate that was an effectual reply to the wish she had signified that they should leave Paris. Perhaps they had got coarse and callous, Francie said to herself; perhaps they had read so many articles like that that they had lost their delicacy, the sense of certain differences and decencies. Then, very weak and vague and passive as she was now, in the bedimmed room, in the soft Parisian bed, and with Delia treating her as much as possible like a sick person, she thought of the lively and chatty letters that they had always seen in the papers and wondered whether they *all* meant a violation of sanctities, a convulsion of homes, a burning of smitten faces, a rupture of girls' engagements. It was present to her as an agreeable negative, I must add, that her father and sister took no strenuous view of her responsibility or of their own: they didn't bring the matter up to her as a crime or make her worse through her feeling that they hovered about in tacit disapproval. There was a pleasant, cheerful helplessness in her father in regard to this as in regard to everything else. There could be no more discussion among them on such a question than there had ever been, for none was needed to illustrate the fact that for these candid minds the newspapers and all they contained were a part of the general fatality of things, of the recurrent freshness of the universe, coming out like the sun in the morning or the stars at night. The thing that worried Francie most

while Delia kept her in bed was the apprehension of what her father might do; but this was not a fear of what he might do to Mr. Flack. He would go round perhaps to Mr. Probert's or to Mme. de Brécourt's to reprimand them for having made things so rough for his "chicken." It was true she had scarcely ever seen him reprimand any one for anything; but on the other hand nothing like that had ever happened before to her or to Delia. They had made each other cry once or twice but no one else had ever made them, and no one had ever broken out on them that way and frightened them half to death. Francie wanted her father not to go round; she had a sense that those other people had somehow stores of censure, of superiority in any discussion, which he could not command. She wanted nothing done, and no communication to pass—only a proud, unbickering silence on the part of the Dossons. If the Proberts made a noise and they made none it would be they who would have the best appearance. Moreover, now, with each elapsing day she felt that she *did* wish to see Gaston about it. Her desire was to wait, counting the hours, so that she might just explain, saying two or three things. Perhaps these things would not make it better—very likely they would not; but at any rate, nothing would have been done in the interval, at least on her part and her father's and Delia's, to make it worse. She told her father that she should not like him to go round, and she was in some degree relieved at perceiving that he did not seem very clear as to what it was open to him to say to the Proberts. He was not afraid but he was vague. His relation to almost everything that had happened to them as a family for a good while back was a sense of the absence of precedents, and precedents were particularly absent now, for he had never before seen a lot of people in a rage about a piece in the paper. Delia also reassured her; she said she would see to it that their

father didn't dash off. She communicated to her indeed that he had not the smallest doubt that Gaston, in a few days, would blow them all up much higher than they had blown her, and that he was very sorry he had let her go round on that sort of summons to Mme. de Brécourt's. It was for her and the rest to come to Francie and to him, and if they had anything practical to say they would arrive in a body yet. If Mr. Dosson had the sense of his daughter's having been roughly handled he derived some of the consolation of amusement from his persistent humorous view of the Proberts as a "body." If they were consistent with their character or with their complaint they would move *en masse* upon the hotel, and he stayed at home a good deal, as if he were waiting for them. Delia intimated to her sister that this vision cheered them up as they sat, they two, in the red salon while Francie was in bed. Of course it did not exhilarate this young lady, and she even looked for no brighter side now. She knew almost nothing but her sharp little ache of suspense, her presentiment of Gaston's horror, which grew all the while. Delia remarked to her once that he would have seen lots of society-papers over there, he would have become familiar; but this only suggested to the girl (she had strange new moments of quick reasoning at present,) that that really would only prepare him to be disgusted, not to be indifferent. His disgust would be colder than anything she had ever known and would complete her knowledge of him—make her understand him properly for the first time. She would just meet it as briefly as possible; it would finish the business, wind up the episode, and all would be over.

He did not write; that proved it in advance; there had now been two or three posts without a letter. He had seen the paper in Boston or in New York and it had struck him dumb. It was very well for Delia to say that of course he didn't write when he was

on the sea: how could they get his letters even if he did? There had been time before—before he sailed; though Delia represented that people never wrote then. They were ever so much too busy at the last and they were going to see their correspondents in a few days, anyway. The only missives that came to Francie were a copy of "The Reverberator," addressed in Mr. Flack's hand and with a great inkmark on the margin of the fatal letter, and a long note from Mme. de Brécourt, received forty-eight hours after the scene at her house. This lady expressed herself as follows:

"MY DEAR FRANCIE,—I felt very badly after you had gone yesterday morning, and I had twenty minds to go and see you. But we have talked it over conscientiously and it appears to us that we have no right to take any such step till Gaston arrives. The situation is not exclusively ours but belongs to him as well, and we feel that we ought to make it over to him in as simple and compact a form as possible. Therefore, as we regard it, we had better not touch it (it's so delicate, isn't it, my poor child?), but leave it just as it is. They think I even exceed my powers in writing you these simple lines, and that once your participation has been *constatée* (which was the only advantage of that dreadful scene), *everything* should stop. But I have liked you, Francie, I have believed in you, and I don't wish you to be able to say that in spite of the thunderbolt you have drawn down upon us I have not treated you with tenderness. It is a thunderbolt indeed, my poor and innocent but disastrous little friend! We are hearing more of it already—the horrible Republican papers here have (*as we know*) already got hold of the unspeakable sheet and are preparing to reproduce the article: that is such parts of it as they may put forward (with innuendoes and *sous-entendus* to eke out the rest) without exposing themselves to a suit for defamation. Poor Léonie de Villepreux has been with us constantly and Jeanne and her husband have telegraphed that we may expect them day after to-morrow. They are evidently immensely *émotionnés*, for they almost never telegraph. They wish so to receive Gaston. We have determined all the same to be intensely *quiet*, and that will be sure to be his view. Alphonse and Maxime now recognise that it is best to leave Mr. Flack alone, hard as it is to keep one's hands off him. Have you anything to *lui faire dire*—to my precious brother, when he arrives? But it is foolish of me to ask you that, for you had much

better not answer this. You will no doubt have an opportunity to say to him—whatever, my dear Francie, you *can* say! It will matter comparatively little that you may never be able to say it to your friend, with every allowance,

"SUZANNE DE BRÉCOURT."

Francie looked at this letter and tossed it away without reading it. Delia picked it up, read it to her father, who didn't understand it, and kept it in her possession, poring over it as Mr. Flack had seen her pore over the cards that were left while she was out, or over the registers of American travellers. They knew of Gaston's arrival by his telegraphing from Havre (he came back by the French line), and he mentioned the hour—"about dinner-time"—at which he should reach Paris. Delia, after dinner, made her father take her to the circus, so that Francie should be left alone to receive her intended, who would be sure to hurry round in the course of the evening. The girl herself expressed no preference whatever on this point, and the idea was one of Delia's masterly ones, her flashes of inspiration. There was never any difficulty about imposing such conceptions on her father. But at half-past ten, when they returned, the young man had not appeared, and Francie remained only long enough to say, "I told you so!" with a white face and to march off to her room with her candle. She locked herself in and her sister could not get at her that night. It was another of Delia's inspirations not to try, after she had felt that the door was fast. She forbore, in the exercise of a great discretion, but she herself in the ensuing hours slept not a wink. Nevertheless, the next morning, as early as ten o'clock, she had the energy to drag her father out to the banker's and to keep him out two hours. It would be inconceivable now that Gaston should not turn up before the *déjeuner*. He did turn up; about eleven o'clock he came in and found Francie alone.

She perceived, in the strangest way, that he was very pale, at the same time that he was sunburnt; and not for an instant did he smile at her. It was very certain that there was no bright flicker in her own face, and they had the most singular, the most unnatural meeting. As he entered the room he said—"I could not come last evening; they made it impossible; they were all there and we were up till three o'clock this morning." He looked as if he had been through terrible things, and it was not simply the strain of his attention to so much business in America. What passed next she could not remember afterwards; it seemed only a few seconds before he said to her, slowly, holding her hand (before this he had pressed his lips to hers, silently), "Is it true, Francie, what they say (and they swear to it!), that *you* told that blackguard

those horrors—that that infamous letter is only a report of *your* talk?"

"I told him everything—it's all me, *me, ME!*" the girl replied, exaltedly, without pretending to hesitate an instant as to what he might mean.

Gaston looked at her with deep eyes; then he walked straight away to the window and remained there in silence. Francie said nothing more. At last the young man went on, "And I who insisted to them that there was no natural delicacy like yours!"

"Well, you'll never need to insist about anything any more!" she cried. And with this she dashed out of the room by the nearest door. When Delia and Mr. Dosson returned the red salon was empty and Francie was again locked into her room. But this time her sister forced an entrance.

HENRY JAMES.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.¹

FOUR hundred and seventeen letters of Charles Lamb's, some of them never before published, in two well-printed but handy volumes, edited with notes illustrative, explanatory, and biographical, by Canon Ainger, and supplied with an admirable index, are surely things to be thankful for and to be desired. No doubt the price is prohibitory. They will cost you in cash, these two volumes, full as they are from title-page to colophon with the sweetness and nobility, the mirth and the melancholy of their author's life, touched as every page of them is with traces of a hard fate bravely borne, seven shillings and sixpence. None but American millionaires and foolish book-collectors can bear such a strain upon their purses. It is the cab-fare to and from a couple of dull dinner-parties. But Mudie is in our midst, ever ready to supply our very modest intellectual wants at so much a quarter, and ward off the catastrophe so dreaded by all dust-hating housewives, the accumulation of those "nasty books," for which indeed but slender accommodation is provided in our upholstered households. Yet these volumes, however acquired, whether by purchase, and therefore destined to remain by your side ready to be handled whenever the mood seizes you, or borrowed from a library to be returned at the week's end along with the last new novel people are painfully talking about, cannot fail to excite the interest and stir the emotions of all lovers of sound literature and true men.

But first of all, Canon Ainger is to

be congratulated on the completion of his task. He told us he was going to edit Lamb's Works and Letters, and naturally one believed him; but in this world there is nothing so satisfactory as performance. To see a good work, well planned, well executed, and entirely finished by the same hand that penned, and the same mind that conceived, the original scheme, has something about it which is surprisingly gratifying to the soul of man, accustomed as he is to the wreckage of projects and the failure of hopes. Canon Ainger's edition of "Lamb's Works and Letters" stands complete in six volumes. Were one in search of sentiment one might perhaps find it in the intimate association existing between the editor and the old church by the side of which Lamb was born, and which he ever loved and accounted peculiarly his own. Elia was born a Templar.

"I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places!—these are of my oldest recollections."

Thus begins the celebrated essay on "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." As a humble member of that honourable Society I rejoice that its Reader should be the man who has, as a labour of love and by virtue of qualifications which cannot be questioned, placed upon the library shelf so complete and choice an edition of the works of one whose memory is perhaps the pleasantest thing about the whole place.

So far as these two volumes of letters are concerned the course adopted by the editor has been, if I may make bold to say so, the right

¹ Letters of Charles Lamb. Newly arranged, with additions; and a New Portrait. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A., Canon of Bristol. 2 vols. London, 1888.

one. He has simply edited them carefully and added notes and an index. He has not attempted to tell Lamb's life between times. He has already told the story of that life in a separate volume. I wish the practice could be revived of giving us a man's correspondence all by itself in consecutive volumes as we have the letters of Horace Walpole, of Burke, of Richardson, of Alexander Knox, and many others. It is astonishing what interesting and varied reading such volumes make. They never bore you. You do not stop to be bored. Something is always turning up sure to interest somebody. Some reference to a place you have visited; to a house you have stayed at; to a book you have read; to a man or woman you wish to hear about. As compared with the measured malice of a set biography, where you feel yourself in the iron grasp, not of the man whose life is being professedly written, but of the man (whom naturally you dislike) who has taken upon himself to write the life, these volumes of correspondence have all the ease and grace and truthfulness of nature. There is about as much resemblance between reading them and your ordinary biography as between a turn on the treadmill and a saunter into Hertfordshire in search of Mackery End. I hope when we get hold of the biographies of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Idlesleigh, and Dean Stanley, we shall not find ourselves defrauded of our dues. But it is of the essence of letters that we should have the whole of each. I think it is wrong even to omit the merely formal parts. They all hang together. The method employed in the biography of George Eliot was, in my opinion—I can but state it—a vicious method. To serve up letters in solid slabs cut out of longer letters is distressing. Every letter a man or woman writes is an incriminating document. It tells a tale about him. Let the whole be read or none.

Canon Ainger has adopted the right course. He has indeed omitted a few oaths—on the principle that “damns

have had their day.” For my part I think I should have been disposed to leave them alone.

“The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding-clips aside
And spared the symbol dear.”

But this is not a question to discuss with a dignitary of the Church. Leaving out the oaths and, it may perhaps be, here and there a passage where the reckless humour of the writer led him to transcend the limits of becoming mirth, and mere notelets, we have in these two volumes Lamb's letters just as they were written, save in an instance or two where the originals have been partially destroyed. The first is to Coleridge, and is dated May 27th, 1796, the last is to Mrs. Dyer, and was written on December 22nd, 1834. Who, I wonder, ever managed to squeeze into a correspondence of forty years truer humour, madder nonsense, sounder sense, or more tender sympathy! They do not indeed (these letters) prate about first principles, but they contain many things conducive to a good life here below.

The earlier letters strike the more solemn notes. As a young man Lamb was deeply religious, and for a time the appalling tragedy of his life, the death of his mother by his sister's hand, deepened these feelings. His letters to Coleridge in September and October 1796 might very well appear in the early chapters of a saint's life. They exhibit the rare union of a colossal strength, entire truthfulness, no single emotion being ever exaggerated, with the tenderest and most refined feeling. Some of his sentences remind one of Johnson, others of Rousseau. How people reading these letters can ever have the impudence to introduce into the tones of their voices when they are referring to Lamb the faintest suspicion of condescension, as if they were speaking of one weaker than themselves, must always remain one of the unsolved problems of human conceit.

Lamb's religiousness wore off. He refers to this in a letter written in 1801 to Walter Wilson, and printed on page 171 of Canon Ainger's first volume:

"I have had a time of seriousness and I have known the importance and reality of a religious belief. Latterly, I acknowledge, much of my seriousness has gone off, whether from new company or some other new associations, but I still retain at bottom a conviction of the truth and a certainty of the usefulness of religion."

The fact, I suspect, was that the strain of religious thoughts was proving too great for a brain which had once succumbed to madness. Religion sits very lightly on some minds. She could not have done so on Lamb's. He took refuge in trivialities seriously, and played the fool in order to remain sane.

These Letters are of the same material as the "Essays of Elia." The germs, nay, the very phrases, of the latter are frequently to be found in the former. This does not offend in his case, though as a rule a good letter ought not forcibly to remind us of a good essay by the same hand. Admirable as are Thackeray's lately-published letters, the parts I like best are those which remind me least of a "Roundabout Paper." The author seems to steal in, and the author is the very last person you wish to see in a letter. But as you read Lamb's letters you never think of the author: his personality carries you over everything. He manages—I will not say skilfully, for it was the natural result of his delightful character, always to address his letter to his correspondent—to make it a thing which, apart from the correspondent, his habits and idiosyncrasies, could not possibly have existed in the shape it does. One sometimes comes across things called letters which might have been addressed to anybody. But these things are not letters: they are extracts from journals or circulars, and are usually either offensive or dull.

Lamb's letters are not indeed model
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letters like Cowper's. Though natural to Lamb, they cannot be called easy. "Divine chit-chat" is not the epithet to describe them. His notes are all high. He is sublime, heartrending, excruciatingly funny, outrageously ridiculous, sometimes possibly an inch or two overdrawn. He carries the charm of incongruity and total unexpectedness to the highest pitch imaginable. John Sterling used to chuckle over the sudden way in which you turn up Adam in the following passage from a letter to Bernard Barton (vol. ii. p. 142):

"DEAR B. B.—You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend, whose stationery is a permanent perquisite; for folding I shall do it neatly when I learn to tie my neck-cloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pot-hooks and hangers. Sealing-wax I have none on my establishment; wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. When my epistles come to be weighed with Pliny's, however superior to the Roman in delicate irony, judicious reflections, &c., his gilt post will bribe over the judges to him. All the time I was at the E.I.H. I never mended a pen. I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose-quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamos, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard where he had so many for nothing."

There are not many better pastimes for a middle-aged man who does not care for first principles or modern novels than to hunt George Dyer up-and-down Charles Lamb. Lamb created Dyer as surely as did Cervantes Don Quixote, Sterne Toby Shandy, or Charles Dickens Sam Weller. Outside Lamb George Dyer is the deader of dead authors. Inside Lamb he is one of the quaintest, queerest, most humorously felicitous of living characters. Take up Canon Ainger's first volume and turn to pages 97, 123, 125, 127, 131, 133, 137, and 157. The list is happily not exhaustive, but it will be enough to add to the reader's portrait-gallery

of whimsicalities the picture of George Dyer by a master-hand.

Lamb's relations towards Coleridge and Wordsworth are exceedingly interesting. He loved them both as only Lamb could love his friends. He admired them both immensely as poets. He recognized what he considered their great intellectual superiority over himself. He considered their friendship the crowning glory of his life. For Coleridge his affection reached devotion. The news of his death was a shock he never got over. He would keep repeating to himself, "Coleridge is dead!" But with what a noble, independent, manly mind did he love his friends! How deep, how shrewd was his insight into their manifold infirmities! His masculine nature and absolute freedom from that curse of literature, coteriership, stand revealed on every page of the history of Lamb's friendships.

On page 327 of Canon Ainger's first volume there is a letter of Lamb's, never before printed, addressed to his friend Manning, which is delightful reading. The editor did not get it in time to put it in the text, so the careless reader might overlook it, lurking as it does amongst the notes. It is too long for quotation, but a morsel must be allowed me:

"I lately received from Wordsworth a copy of the second volume, accompanied by an acknowledgment of having received from me many months since a copy of a certain tragedy with excuses for not having made any acknowledgment sooner, it being owing to an almost insurmountable aversion from letter-writing. This letter I answered in due form and time, and enumerated several of the passages which had most affected me, adding, unfortunately, that no single piece had moved me so forcibly as the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'The Mad Mother,' or the 'Lines at Tintern Abbey.' The Post did not sleep a moment. I received almost instantaneously a long letter of four sweating pages from my Reluctant Letter-Writer, the purport of which was, he was sorry his second volume had not given me more pleasure (Devil a hint did I give that it had not pleased me), and was compelled to wish that my range of sensibility was more extended, being obliged to believe that I should receive large influxes

of happiness and happy thoughts (I suppose from the 'Lyrical Ballads'). With a deal of stuff about a certain union of Tenderness and Imagination, which in the sense he used Imagination was not the characteristic of Shakespeare, but which Milton possessed in a degree far exceeding other Poets, which union, as the highest species of Poetry and chiefly deserving that name 'he was most proud to aspire to'; then illustrating the said union by two quotations from his own second volume which I had been so unfortunate as to miss."

But my quotation must stop. It has been long enough to make any one who has not already read the whole letter wish to do so, and to prove what I was saying about the independence of Lamb's judgment even of his best friends. No wonder such a man did not like being called "gentle-hearted" even by S. T. C., to whom he writes:

"In the next edition of the 'Anthology' (which Phœbus avert, those nine other wandering maids also!) please to blot out 'gentle-hearted,' and substitute drunken dog, ragged head, seld-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering, or any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question."

Of downright fun and fooling of the highest intellectual calibre fine examples abound on all sides. The "Dick Hopkins" letter ranks very high. Manning had sent Lamb from Cambridge a piece of brawn, and Lamb takes into his head, so teeming with whimsical fancies, to pretend that it had been sent him by an imaginary Dick Hopkins, "the swearing scullion of Caius," who "by industry and agility has thrust himself into the important situation (no sinecure, believe me) of cook to Trinity Hall;" and accordingly he writes the real donor a long letter, singing the praises of this figment of his fancy, and concludes (p. 211):

"Do me the favour to leave off the business which you may be at present upon, and go immediately to the kitchens of Trinity and Caius and make my most respectful compliments to Mr. Richard Hopkins and assure him that his brawn is most excellent; and that I am moreover obliged to him for his innuendo about salt water and bran, which I shall not fail to improve. I leave it to you whether you shall choose to pay him the civility of

asking him to dinner while you stay in Cambridge, or in whatever other way you may best like to shew your gratitude to *my friend*. Richard Hopkins considered in many points of view is a very extraordinary character. Adieu. I hope to see you to supper in London soon, where we will taste Richard's brawn and drink his health in a cheerful but moderate cup. We have not many such men in any rank of life as Mr. R. Hopkins. Crisp, the barber of St. Mary's, was just such another. I wonder *he* never sent me any little token, some chestnuts or a puff, or two pound of hair: just to remember him by."

We have little such elaborate jesting nowadays. I suppose we think it not worth the trouble. The Tartary letter to Manning (p. 194) and the rheumatism letters to Crabb Robinson (vol. ii. pp. 223-4) are almost distractingly provocative of deep internal laughter. The letter to Cary apologizing for the writer's getting drunk in the British Museum (ii. 301) has its sad side; but if one may parody the remark made by "the young lady of quality" to Dr. Johnson, which he was so fond of getting Boswell to repeat, though it was to the effect that had he (our great moralist) been born out of wedlock his genius would have been his mother's excuse, it may be said that such a letter as Lamb's was ample atonement for his single frailty.

Lamb does not greatly indulge in sarcasm, though nobody could say more thoroughly ill-natured things than he if he chose to do so. Poor George Dawe, the Royal Academician, is roughly used by him. The account he gives of Miss Berger—Benjay he calls her—to be read on page 159 is not lacking in spleen. But as a rule if Lamb disliked a person he damned him and passed on. He did not stop to elaborate his dislikes, or to toss his hatreds up and down, as he does his loves and humorous fancies. He hated the second Mrs. Godwin with an entire hatred. In a letter written to Manning when in China he says:

"Mrs. Godwin grows every day in disfavour with me. I will be buried with this inscription over me: 'Here lies C. L., the woman-

hater:' I mean that hated one woman; for the rest God bless them! How do you like the Mandarinesses? Are you on some little footing with any of them?"

Scattered up and down these two volumes are to be found golden sentences, criticisms both of life and of books, to rival which one would have far to go. He has not the glitter of Hazlitt—a writer whom it is a shame to depreciate; nor does he ever make the least pretence of aspiring to the chair of Coleridge. He lived all his life through conscious of a great weakness, and therein indeed lay the foundation of the tower of his strength. "You do not know," he writes to Godwin, "how sore and weak a brain I have, or you would allow for many things in me which you set down for whims." Lamb apologizing for himself to Godwin is indeed a thing at which the imagination boggles. But his humility must not blind us to the fact that there are but few men from whom we can learn more.

The most striking note of Lamb's literary criticism is its veracity. He is perhaps never mistaken. His judgments are apt to be somewhat too much coloured with his own idiosyncrasy to be what the judicious persons of the period call final and classical, but when did he ever go utterly wrong either in praise or in dispraise? When did he like a book which was not a good book? When did either the glamour of antiquity or the glare of novelty lead him astray? How free he was from that silly chatter about books now so abundant! When did he ever pronounce wire-drawn twaddle or sickly fancies, simply reeking of their impending dissolution, to be enduring and noble workmanship?

But it must be owned Lamb was not a great reader of new books. That task devolved upon his sister. He preferred Burnet's "History of His Own Times," to any novel, even to a "Waverley."

"Did you ever read," he wrote to Manning, "that garrulous, pleasant history. He tells his

story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when his 'old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness, that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed, philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing so fine and composite! None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference."

On the subject of children's books Lamb held strong opinions, as indeed he was entitled to do. What married pair with their quiver full ever wrote such tales for children as did this old bachelor and his maiden sister?

"I am glad the snuff and Pipo's books please. 'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery, and the shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like—instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child."

Canon Ainger's six volumes are not very big. They take up but little room. They demand no great leisure. But they cannot fail to give immense pleasure to generations to come, to purify tastes, to soften hearts, to sweeten discourse.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

IN CAPRI.

[*To Miss Sybil Hays.*]

Oft to this isle when earth was young
 Were men beguiled,
 For here the Sirens harped and sung,
 Or Circe smiled ;

And seamen from their wandering decks
 Through golden air
 Saw waving arms and bending necks,
 And flower-crown'd hair ;

And vainly, strenuous to be wise,
 These urged the oar,
 Turned to the shining main their eyes,
 And shunned this shore.

And now, though those who charmed are fled,
 The charm endures ;
 The eternal temptress is not dead,
 Still lulls and lures.

Yes, Nature here draws close to man
 With lenient eyes,
 Dissolves with tender touch the ban
 Of griefs and sighs :

Bids him forget what things have been,
 Life's toil and strain,
 Her phantom flash of days serene,
 Her births of pain :

Bids him forget what yet must be,
 What Fate delays,
 The roaring of the angered sea,
 The tempest's blaze.

And some will listen to her lure,
 Some turn aside
 Wrapped in the robe austere and pure
 Of stoic pride.

In Capri.

But we, whom gracious Chance has brought
To this soft shore,
Do well to slack the chain of thought,
Nor look before ;

For Care creeps on with treacherous feet,
And Time is strong,
Nor ever dream on earth was sweet
Which lived too long.

This I have learn'd, this you shall learn
When these bright days
Look pale as sinking stars which burn
Through twilight haze.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Capri, *April*, 1888.

A MENACE TO NATIONAL UNITY.

THE persistent efforts of a few well-meaning Englishmen to excite public interest in what is called Imperial Federation are causing some anxiety to those who are responsible for the direction of Colonial politics, and ought to engage the attention of every one who wishes to preserve the unity of the British Empire.

The interests of the several portions of the Empire are various and perhaps conflicting, so that it is difficult to frame any comprehensive Imperial policy. The means of communication also between the outlying provinces are at present so imperfectly developed that a person writing from Australia cannot without presumption express an opinion on the feelings of Canadians. Therefore no attempt will be made in the following pages either to discuss the larger questions of Imperial Government, or to speak upon behalf of any one except a certain number of Australians. All that is desired is to criticize from the standpoint of a Unionist the ill-advised actions of some who believe themselves the friends of Union.

The unity of the English Empire is a matter of especial concern to the Australian continent, on account of her commercial and political relations with China and the East. One of the latest, and certainly the most acute, observers of Australian politics, Baron Hübner, has called attention to the imminence of a gigantic struggle between the English and the Chinese races. This struggle will almost certainly break out in the Pacific, and Australia will be the first object of attack. Signs are already visible of political complications with the Chinese Empire; and it only needs that our

trade with the East should continue for a generation to develop at its present rate of progress, for the creation of numberless occasions for disputes and warfare. For the protection of this commerce, and the protection of our own country in the event of hostilities, the continuance of the English superiority in Asia is essential. Even now England is an Asiatic rather than a European power. The ruler of India, the mistress of Hong Kong and Singapore, she holds the key of the destinies of the Pacific. Australia is thus, politically speaking, England's neighbour, in spite of the twelve thousand miles which separate her geographically from Great Britain. Accordingly the question of Imperial Union comes more nearly home to us than to any other portion of the British Empire. Our future probably depends on the capacity of England to control the East.

Unfortunately England appears at present to the non-political observer to be occupied in Europe rather than in Asia. Her immediate diplomatic struggles, the controversies of her Press, and her national antipathies are all directed against Europeans, and arise out of circumstances in which Australians cannot be expected to take much interest.

We in Australia have lately been most significantly reminded of this. Ever since the chivalrous but lamentable eccentricity of the expedition to the Soudan, Australia has been getting closer to the dangerous current of European politics. That expedition placed us at the point where those roads part which lead, the one to isolation, the other to union; and it will need all the self-restraint and

resolution of the political leaders both of England and the colonies to prevent us being forced along the barren and ungrateful path. So long as the English connection rested on a vague sentiment and imposed no substantial liabilities, it was possible for those who valued it to forge it quietly into a permanent tie by strengthening the national resources, and preparing for the day when Australians would hold their own by the side of England. The Soudan expedition forced us prematurely to the front, and caused an uneasy questioning of our relations with the rest of the English Empire. It drew upon us the eyes of possible enemies, and forced upon us a clear understanding of what was before vague and little thought of—namely, the risks to which we are exposed in consequence of our connection with England and her European policy. No doubt these risks were always imminent; but the thought of them did not previously occupy the public mind. Now, on the contrary, they are ever before us; and we have entered upon a new life of military preparation and national anxiety. We have spent large sums upon our military defences (and the question is constantly arising whether we have spent them wisely), and within the last few weeks we have become contributories to the Imperial exchequer for the supply of an additional force of ships of war. In the latter transaction we have indeed made a good bargain, since we have established an effective line of coastal defence at a comparatively trifling cost. This was a necessary and timely act, to which no responsible politician has taken legitimate exception. Unfortunately however (especially where conduct depends on sentiment) responsible politicians cannot always be the guides of popular opinion; and it is precisely on this account that it appears to many of those who are most sensible of the duty and the benefits of uniting the British Empire, that a very serious

mistake is being made by the Imperial Federationists.

It should surely be a maxim for those who aspire to lead public opinion, that organic questions ought not to be lightly raised. They ought not to be discussed in the market-place until they are ripe for solution. Now Imperial Federation is emphatically one of those questions which ought not to be dragged prematurely upon the public platform. The tie between England and her Australian colonies is of such a light and almost imperceptible character that it ought not to be exposed to constant strain. The tie is strengthening year by year, and if a sudden strain should come upon it there is little doubt but that it would hold. But it is at present purely a tie of sentiment, and sentiment evaporates under the exhausting process of question and analysis. The Imperial Federationists, however trifling is their influence in England, are doing a real damage to the cause of union in Australia, by forcing Australians to consider a question which is at present quite insoluble, and thus presenting to their attention in a magnified form difficulties which in process of time may altogether vanish. If war came now between England and a foreign power, Australia would assuredly manfully support her part; but the consideration would be driven home to the minds of the many to whom it had never suggested itself previously, whether it was worth their while to bear such burdens a second time. If this reflection once got hold of the public mind, it is impossible to foresee what would follow. Therefore it is of increased importance not to emasculate the sentiment of loyalty and affection on which alone we must rely to bear the possible strain and suffering of unprovoked and undeserved hostilities.

Yet this is what the Imperial Federationists are unwittingly doing. Every time that they suggest to the mind of an Australian a reflection on his present relations to the English empire

they raise a vivid picture of great dangers and few advantages. The British in any part of the world are not an imaginative people, and the sense of political duty is still rudimentary. The duty of union is a gospel which will make little way against the hard facts of dangers and bombardments.

Imperial Federation is not a question which the mass of English voters will take up for itself. It neither affects them in their pockets nor appeals to their prejudices. It is however a question which is capable of stirring the imagination, and so it might at any time become a catchword of English party politics. In the possibility of this there is a profound danger to the unity of the empire. The bonds of union between England and her Australian colonies cannot yet with safety be drawn closer, and any attempt to draw them closer would inevitably cause disruption.

The visit of Lord Carnarvon to Australia has recently furnished a most striking illustration of the difficulties which would stand in the way of any scheme for Imperial Union. When Lord Carnarvon was in Melbourne he observed among the predominant political party a feeling of almost extravagant Imperialism, and he tuned his graceful oratory to that exhilarating sentiment. "The Naval Defence Bill created a partnership with England in the responsibilities of empire!" That was the note of the Melbourne Press, and perhaps of the majority of the Victorian public; and Lord Carnarvon spoke accordingly. When he came to Sydney he heard the same song in a minor key. "The Naval Defence Bill created no partnership with England: it involved no new Imperial responsibilities: it was not for the protection of the ocean-trade which is carried on under the English flag, but merely to establish a just line of coastal defence for our own shores." Fortunately for Australian interests, the Bill had practically passed the Legislative Assembly be-

fore Lord Carnarvon made his speech in Melbourne, and also before the report of Sir Charles Dilke's speech at Chelsea (in which he again dwelt on the idea of partnership) had reached this colony. It is no exaggeration to say, that had the speeches of Lord Carnarvon and Sir Charles Dilke been made a fortnight earlier the Naval Defence Bill would not up to the present time have passed the New South Wales Assembly. The opposition to it was based entirely on the supposition that it had that Imperialistic character which was so applauded by Lord Carnarvon and Sir Charles Dilke. It certainly was not introduced by the Government under any such impression. It was regarded by them as a measure of purely local interest, and as such they put it forward. Lord Carnarvon, on arriving in Sydney, certainly perceived the difference between the public opinion of this colony and that of Victoria, if one may judge by the different tone of his speeches in the two places.

What then is the course which a critic who is not unfriendly would recommend to the Imperial Federationists? It is not an attractive course, nor will it readily commend itself to editors who love sensation, or to public speakers who enjoy large phrases. It is this: "Wait and watch. Inform the people about these colonies: teach them our resources: let the best of them come to us. Educate them. But do not, as you value union, talk about our political connection until you are ready with a practical suggestion for making it stronger. Visit the colonies, if you would understand their real needs and their true sentiments; and above all, disregard the voice of the clubs and the letters which the Anglo-Australian is fond of writing to the 'Times.'"

Australian feeling is in no way represented by Australians who live in London, nor do the telegrams from Melbourne represent the views of the great majority of the voters in New

South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, or New Zealand. Few things can be more difficult than for an Englishman to gauge the true sentiments of the Australian public, since he must always be at the mercy of journalists who have little means of gaining information. All that we in Australia ask, is that those who aspire to lead public opinion should take the first step towards knowledge by recognizing their own ignorance of the conditions of the colonial problem.

It must never be forgotten that there is in Australia, as in Canada, the nucleus of a party of disunion, and that this party is increased by everything which makes the union more burdensome. There is, on the other hand, a party of unreasoning Unionists, residing principally in Melbourne, who are Englishmen by birth and sentiment, and who would subordinate the interests of Australia to the fortunes of the Conservative party at Westminster. Midway between these two is a strong and growing party of Australian nationality, composed of men who have no ties of sentiment with England, but who recognize their ties of interest, and whose imagination is fired by the idea of a union of the English-speaking races. The members of this party see that Australia suffers from her geographical isolation, both morally and in her material welfare; and they would gladly welcome any change which would enlarge the sphere of civic life and extend our national responsibilities. At the same time they see clearly that the full development of civic life can never be attained in a state of dependency: that subjection to a distant country, however seldom that subjection may be manifested, exercises a depressing influence upon the national character, by creating a false standard of public virtue and private taste.

That curious mixture of diffidence and self-assertion by which the Englishman at once recognizes the true Australian, is far more than is at first

perceived, a product of our political institutions. Mere sentiment exercises its subtle influence over the minds of Australians in a way which Englishmen, looking at these colonies from the other side of the ocean, rarely remember. If the sentiment of union is strong to bind us to England, there is also a sentiment of dependence and inferiority, which might easily urge us to a foolish self-assertion. Union with England we gladly believe will come, but it must be the union of an equal with an equal, and not the union of a superior with a subordinate; so that it is no paradox to say that the first step towards union must be separation. We are manifestly not yet ready to take that step, and any public man would be guilty of little short of treason, if he were to advocate it. We have first to unite among ourselves, and then we have to be prepared to hold our own against attack. Every year sees us approach more nearly to a Federal Union; and every year also will see, unless some inconsiderable pedantry should bring our destinies within the range of English party strife, a growing attachment towards England, founded upon a higher sense of public duty and a more judicious perception of national interest. The foes of union are those who, without a knowledge of the feelings or modes of life of the Australian people, are idly stirring irritating questions which admit of no solution. The ideal of most Australians which Imperial Federationists would do well to consider, has been thus finely expressed by Sir Henry Parkes.¹

"Now I have thought a great deal—and even at this hour in the morning I hope I shall be permitted to say so—I have thought for many years on the subject of the connection with the mother country. I am as sensible as any man living to the abuses, to the misdoings, of the land I call my parent land; but

¹ At the conclusion of the debate on the Naval Defences Bill in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, November 25th, 1887.

I know very well that her great benefactions to the human race, her consistent and continuous efforts to carry freedom (sometimes, I admit, attended by disastrous consequences) to all races on the earth, far outweigh any defects in her national history. Whatever may be the future of these Australian colonies, I, for one, do not believe it will be a copy of anything that has gone before. I do not believe that at any time these colonies will copy the constitution of the United States of America. I do not believe they will ever think of copying any of the ancient republics. The thing is out of the question. And I firmly believe that it is within the range of human probability that the great groups of free communities connected with England will, in separate federations, be united to the mother country—not by any scheme such as has been called Imperial Federation, but by the empire being a compact central power, and free com-

munities, like the North American colonies, the Australian colonies, the African colonies, and the settlements in India, being in independent federations connected by some new bond to the parent state. And I also think that in all reasonable probability, by some less distinct bond, even the United States of America will be connected with this great English-speaking congeries of free governments. I believe the circumstances of the world will develop some such new complex nationality as this, in which each of the parts will be free and independent while united in one grand whole which will civilize the globe. That is the hope I have of our nation and its future progress in civilization and liberty."

B. R. WISE.

SYDNEY, *January 26th*, 1888.

TWO SCHOOLS OF ART.

"He who makes us think", says an ancient sage, "may be our teacher; but he who makes us laugh will be our friend". We have long known Mr. Furniss for our friend: we have now to make his acquaintance as a teacher. Happy the man who can be both, and happy his audience!

In a well-known passage Persius has compared the methods of Lucilius and Horace. The satire of Lucilius, he says, was bold, uncompromising, and rather brutal (*secuit Lucilius urbem . . . et genuinum fregit in illis.*) But Horace's touch was lighter. He played with his subject, wrapping his censure in a jest which made men laugh while owning its truth. As a teacher Mr. Furniss leans rather to Lucilius than Horace. He is not brutal, of course, but he is bold. His play on the platform is somewhat less light than we are used to find it in the pages of "Punch." And indeed even there his humour has at times shown a strain of that quality which makes our friends laugh more readily than ourselves. It is, for instance, conceivable that many relish the fun of his Parliamentary Sketches more keenly than Sir William Harcourt relishes them. And it is certain that for one professing to speak as a friend Mr. Furniss does sometimes contrive to dissemble his love very artfully. In one of the most entertaining chapters of his very entertaining autobiography Mr. Edmund Yates gives a startling example of friendly candour. He tells how one night in the smoking-room of his club a member of the company observed that he feared he had not made himself agreeable that evening. He had been dining with Charles Kean, the actor, and after being much entertained with his host's stories had said what a pity it was that one who

was such a good fellow off the stage should be such a bad actor on it. "And what", was the general cry, "what did Kean say?" "Well", was the answer, "I don't think he liked it much; but all he said was, 'You are pleased to be frank this evening'". On the platform of the Birkbeck Institute, as a lecturer on Art and Artists, Mr. Furniss has pleased to be sometimes very frank indeed.

For all the liberality of its title this lecture was really directed against those artists who have the privilege to write R.A. after their names, and against the style of art which they are supposed to foster. It was, in fact, a supplement to the attack which Mr. Holman Hunt led a year or two ago against the long-battered wall of Burlington House. This is not Mr. Furniss' first appearance as a champion of that distressed maiden, Art. Last spring, it may be remembered, he struck a blow for her (as we now find it to have been) with a collection of drawings designed to caricature the works of those Academicians by whom he believes her to be most grievously enthralled. But that blow seems somehow to have missed its mark. Many thought the drawings an excellent jest, but few, if any, seem to have read the censure wrapped in it. Nothing is more vexatious to a man who wishes to serve his generation than to find that the objects of his benevolence will not take him seriously. It is natural, therefore, that Mr. Furniss should seize the first chance of explaining himself, and that having failed with the pencil as Horace he should now take the platform as Lucilius.

Mr. Furniss' attack is laid on the old lines. He brings no new charge against the Academy, nor does he support the old one with any fresh

weight of evidence. And his commentator in "The Times" (where as a rule these matters are treated with good sense and temper) does not much help either him or us. It is doubtless a delicate matter for the accepted mouthpiece of an important newspaper to pronounce on these burning questions. His proper business is of course to be not an advocate but a judge; and it would probably suit neither him nor his paper to offend either side: the spectacle of an art-critic shot down for his opinions is sufficiently harrowing when seen only in the far distance of the Bois de Boulogne. It is moreover possible that he knows no more than any one else outside Burlington House (including Mr. Furniss) what goes really on within. So, like a wise man, he takes refuge in the good old truism, that there is much to be said on both sides. But though that is unquestionably the safest course for him, it is a disappointing one for us, the general unknowing public who, unswayed by any feeling for Trojan or Tyrian, are anxious only to see things as they really are. And it is the misfortune, the inevitable misfortune, no doubt, but the misfortune still of all such foiled searchers that these crusades are always raised by enthusiasts outside that sacred circle whose Olympian serenity so aggravates its misdeeds. So uncharitable is human nature, and so frail, that it is impossible not to ask oneself if these reformers might not abate something of their pious zeal if once they found those jealous gates unbarred to them. Here is Mr. Furniss, for instance, while admitting that most artists who write or talk of art must be prejudiced, congratulating himself that no one can say that of him. Why not? We have, and of course accept, his word that the charge would be untrue; but why must the untruth be so obvious in this one case alone? "The Royal Academy was nothing to him; the art of the country was everything". That has ever been the cry of all reformers, but on what

grounds are we to put them all, all honourable men, by and give credit to Mr. Furniss alone? Two roads to the Academy, he says, are barred: there is no admission for those who work in water-colour or for those who work in black-and-white. Now Mr. Furniss works in black-and-white, and how well he works every one knows. Must we then suppose that those painters in water-colours who exclaim against the incompetency or the injustice of the Royal Academy are plainly partial, whereas the remonstrants in black-and-white are moved only by a catholic love of Art? It may be so; but in the absence of convincing proof that it is so, it is surely more reasonable and more agreeable to believe that all these new crusaders share the pure motives of Mr. Furniss and his liberal sentiments; that, in short, the spirit rules in them all which ruled "in the brave days of old".

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state".

Why should it not be so now? Why should not the water-coloured man give his hand to his black-and-white brother and take counsel with him for the state—the state of Art, which is troubled they say and sick to death?

The French Salon, runs the argument, admits artists of all sorts. Why should not ours be equally generous? At present only painters in oil, sculptors, architects and engravers are eligible as candidates for the English Academy. Surely it is absurd to elect architects and engravers while excluding painters in water-colours and artists in black and white. Why should not women also be eligible, if (as Mr. Furniss says more pertinently perhaps than gallantly) good enough? But are they not eligible if good enough? They were so once. Angelica Kaufmann's name was among the Forty, and, poor thing! (if she feels these slights now) one of her pictures was sold a few weeks ago for a most pitifully small sum. However, to keep to the general view, this

part of Mr. Furniss' contention is intelligible and reasonable enough. There is clearly something to be said (and possibly something also to be said against it) for allowing work of all kinds, if only it be among the best of its kind current, to constitute a title to the Academy. It is only when Mr. Furniss claims to be heard above all men on the score of being above all men unprejudiced, that we are inclined to demur, and to point out to him, as he has used the ominous word, that all these onsets on the Academy come from quarters which the undiscerning public will consider equally prejudiced, if prejudiced at all. It may respect their prejudices, it may share them, but it cannot in reason be expected to distinguish, it most certainly will not distinguish between the prejudice of a water-colour painter and the purity of an artist in black-and-white. The Roman crowd cared not a jot whether Cinna was a poet or a conspirator: it was enough for them that his name was Cinna.

But in truth, whatever the motives of the debaters, these debates are fruitless. They are like the debates in the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge, which often produce most interesting, logical, and eloquent speeches, but can never have any practical issue. Cambridge condemns the policy of her Majesty's Ministers by a large majority, but her Majesty's Ministers do not resign. Oxford condemns the conduct of the Opposition by a large majority, but the Opposition makes no change in its conduct. If the Royal Academy chooses not to stir, not all the painters in water-colours united with all the artists in black-and-white can make them to budge so much as an inch. It is admitted that in the Academy, as in the House of Lords, there are certain "right-minded members" anxious for reform. But the majority, says poor Mr. Furniss, "adopt the Fabian policy of sitting down and doing nothing", (not such a bad policy for some members of the body), "or bury their heads, ostrich-like, till the

storm of indignation raised by their unworthy selfishness and indolence has blown over". These be hard words, yet it is impossible not to sympathize with the speaker. Carlyle, when he used the same illustration, likening the Genius of England to that same blind and greedy bird "with its ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush," and "its other extremity sunward", warned it that the day of awakening must come, "in a terrible *a-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise". But Mr. Furniss dares not even thus console himself; and of course the impersonal Genius of England apostrophised by Carlyle is a very different thing from the palpable Genius of England represented by forty gentlemen. He has no consolation. He cries in the street, and no man regards him. Few things are, indeed, more amusing to the malicious part of the unconcerned beholder than the spectacle of a red-hot reformer disregarded by the object of his reformation. Yet, we repeat, it is impossible not to sympathize with his vexation. He is like an author whom the critics will not notice, and that, as Johnson even in the fulness of his fame confessed, is the cruellest blow of all.

Perhaps in time these "right-minded members" will prevail. If their scheme of reform be sensible, if it be founded on right reason and measure, it will prevail. But if it be founded on Mr. Furniss' revival of the old scheme for a National Academy, "a commonwealth of Art, in which mediocrity would find no room till a welcome and a place had been given to all earnest work, regardless of its nature . . . and where the committee of selection and hanging should be, as in the Salon, elected by the body of exhibitors", let us all earnestly pray that it may never prevail. And it never will prevail. "If such an ideal academy", says Mr. Furniss, "is to become a reality, it is free criticism which has already laid its foundation-stone, that will build it up bit by bit, carting away the rubbish dug out of the hot-bed of prejudice, and eventually throw open to all a

national temple of art worthily representing in each of its various forms all the artistic talent of this great country". Free criticism is indeed an excellent thing, and no one can complain that we suffer from any surfeit of it at present: rubbish is no less certainly a bad thing; but criticism to be formative must be sane as well as free, and of the two we prefer old rubbish to new. The process of removal is long, costly, and disturbing, and if we are only to have new rubbish from another of prejudice's many hot-beds shot in its place, most people will, we think, be in favour of letting the old stuff lie. Anything which has at least the virtue of age is in some sort a wholesome check upon the rash hand of innovation, for, happily for England, the bulk of her sons have always thought twice and three times before changing the ills they have for those they can only guess at. The Royal Academy, like all human institutions, is no doubt very far from perfect; but what sort of an Academy is this we are offered in its stead? Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! The old French plan for the regeneration of the universe was not wilder, and could hardly be more ineffectual. Such a scheme of Home Rule was surely never planned before, and this is what Mr. Furniss' scheme practically comes to: Home Rule for Art with a parliament elected by universal artistic suffrage. Conceive the deliberations of such an assembly! A House of Commons composed exclusively of Irish members would be an Island of the Blest to it! Has Mr. Furniss reflected to what a fate he would consign himself and his brotherhood? He could reject no one, for if he did the rejected would of course raise the cry he and his friends are raising now. Does he think that they will suffer his decision more gladly than he suffers the decision of the Academy, or will be more resigned to their exclusion from Four Hundred (or, for that matter, Four Thousand) than to their exclusion from Forty? "A commonwealth of art in which medio-

crity shall find no place"; but who is to decide where excellence ends and mediocrity begins? "A committee elected by the body of the exhibitors"; but who is to select the exhibitors; or does Mr. Furniss mean by exhibitors all who send in their works for exhibition? There are, at present, as we are given to understand, some five or six thousand yearly aspirants to a place on the walls of Burlington House. This is under a jealous oligarchy: under a free and generous commonwealth the number would be doubled. Where in this crowded city would their deliberations be held? Not in Trafalgar Square, as Mr. Cunninghame Graham knows, and Hyde Park is devoted to the apostles of another sort of commonwealth, more turbulent indeed, but hardly more impracticable. Mr. Furniss, as befits a man fond of fun, has, we are sure, his Bon Gaultier at his fingers' ends: he will remember how "Sir James the Graham" met the claimants for the Laureate's bays:

"Tell me, if on Parnassus' heights there grow
a thousand sheaves:
Or has Apollo's laurel-bush yet borne ten
hundred leaves?
Or if so many leaves there were, how long
would they sustain
The ravage and the glutton-bite of such a
locust-train?"

Mr. Furniss will see the dilemma into which he has fallen. His National Academy must be prepared to make a place for every applicant, or to find itself in a worse state than the present one. Within its own walls it will be yet more disordered (assuming it for truth that Burlington House is divided against itself) because its larger numbers will inevitably contain more elements of disorder; and the mob thundering at its gates will be noisier, more impatient, and more exorbitant than ever. No worse fate could be wished for Mr. Furniss, even by the most distorted subject of his pencil, than for him to be the first President of this new Academy. The disappointed place-hunter, whether his ambition aim at a place under

Government, or a place on the walls of Burlington House, is ever the most unforgetting and unforgiving of foes. There is no more painful situation into which man can come than the situation of him who persuades a multitude to follow him into a strange land and has then to confess that he cannot find food for them all. *Ye have brought us forth into this wilderness to kill this whole assembly with hunger.* Moses in the wilderness of Sin is one of the most pathetic figures in history; and no leader must in these days expect the good fortune of Moses.

There is another point which Mr. Furniss seems to have overlooked: reformers rarely make the best logicians, and this one is not more logical than most. He wishes to see the Academy enlarge its bounds and like Mother Earth cherish all things in its ample bosom: he would have it be an Academy of all the Talents, a Universal Academy. Yet in the next breath he laments that we have so little painting worth the name, and that he can see so little hope for the future. This indeed it is that has lured him on to the public platform from his easel, (that easel which has preserved to us, not, like the easel of Reynolds "the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen", but their less intellectual properties), "to point out the conventionality, the poverty of invention characteristic of our art and encouraged by our system of art-training". For although "the sea of talent", he says, "has risen rapidly" since the Academy was first founded, it has (he seems also to say, for in truth he does not always make, or the reporter has not always allowed him to make, his meaning quite clear) ebbed no less rapidly. Is this a time, then, to enlarge our borders? There seems a pretty general notion that the existing Academy affords, to say the least, as much room as can be adequately filled. The current catalogue shows a list of over two thousand works, a large proportion of which cannot, according to our lecturer, be

accepted as worthily representing the art of "this great country"; nor does a visit to the unnumbered galleries elsewhere, which presumably afford some shelter to the victims of the Academy, suggest that their places could in any great quantity be more honourably filled. Yet Mr. Furniss cries for more! He cries for an Academy of all the Talents, and denies the Talents! He may be right; but surely then this large Academy of his seems like to prove a sort of Wolf's Crag, a Barmecide's Academy.

Let us examine more closely Mr. Furniss' charge against the Academicians as trainers of the young idea. As executors of their own ideas his charge is the old familiar one,—that they have no ideas worth the name, and that their execution of such as they have is trite and conventional. Like Lamb, he finds "a cowardice in modern art". "With very few exceptions, our well-known artists are not artists, but purveyors of painted canvasses." That we have all heard before, and we have heard also that "this is not altogether the artist's fault, but the nation's". We take leave to challenge this explanation. No doubt the vast increase in the number of "patrons" of Art is not an unmixed good to her votaries. When every man who has made money thinks it necessary to have a picture-gallery, it must be clear that he cannot always fill it with the best pictures, and if pictures he will have, failing the best he must take the next best; indeed any he can get. Taste cannot be made like money, fortunately for many of us in these crowded days. A right perception is not native to the Englishman as it was to the Greek: the vulgarities of "æstheticism" would have been impossible in Athens. The spectacle of Visto toiling for a taste must always be supremely ridiculous. And as the feelings, the manners and habits of an age will always in a certain degree influence its art, it is inevitable that the art of this age should be a little wanting in beauty and dignity, in the

grand manner, should be a little too much concerned with common and fleeting things. The great artists, in poetry as well as in painting, have always worked with the materials nearest to them, but they so worked that in their hands these materials were transfigured and glorified. The island of fair-haired Calypso, with its fragrant trees and flowering water-meadows: Phœacia, with its unfailing fruits and gardens, its stately palace and harbour: the marvels wrought by the heavenly artist upon the shield of Achilles, scenes of battle and council, of harvest and vintage, of hunting and feasting and dance,—all these were in very truth but memories of the old Ionian land. The kings and captains and sages of Shakespeare, his queens and high-born maidens, were no other than the men and women whom he met coming and going at their appointed work in his own England: the forest of Arden with its beasts of prey and chase, the fairy-haunted Athenian wood, the garden in Bohemia where Perdita tended her carnations and gillyvors, her daffodils and violets, were in very truth the pleasant fields and flower-strewn glades of Warwickshire. The Madonnas and Saints, the Child himself, whom Raphael has made immortal and divine, all lived and died beneath his own Italian skies.

But still when pictures of high quality are in the market they never fail even in these poverty-stricken times to find their price. And if such pictures were painted now they would not fail. It is not right nor reasonable to believe that good painters wilfully paint bad pictures because they can sell them easiest. But the rage for picture-galleries no doubt enables the second-rate men to find buyers, and it is no doubt true that the second-rate men form the majority in art as they do in literature, as they do in everything all the world over. But has not this been always so, must it not always be so? And must it not be so now more than

ever, when the number of pictures painted and of books written is so enormous, and growing more enormous with every year? In former times there was a certain diffidence in these things. To write a book or paint a picture then was not every man's work. Certain qualities, natural as well as acquired, were considered necessary to it, and without those qualities, in some degree at any rate, failure and ridicule were believed to be the inevitable portion of the rash intruder. The *New Age* has put away this diffidence. "Fortune favours the bold" is its motto, and indeed its choice seems justified. Yet even in those other times as in these there were degrees of comparison: it was not all superlative. Had there been a Royal Italian Academy in the sixteenth century with two thousand works of art on its list, it is probable that no inconsiderable proportion of them would have been found very far below the standard of Raphael or Veronese. To that standard we cannot pretend to reach: to the mean of that wonderful time we cannot reach; but in comparing the work of living hands with the historic excellence of the dead it is too often forgotten that of the present we see everything, while of the past remains only that which has been weighed in the unerring balance of Time. It is the same with all, with poets, painters, philosophers, men of thought and men of action, with all who make the life of their own age. They offer to their age the work that their hands find to do, and their age accepts or rejects it, sometimes rightly, more often wrongly, but it does not and it cannot judge it. The judgment comes hereafter.

"The epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talked and worked its fill—
The famous orators have shone,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors wrought,
The famous painters filled their wall,
The famous critics judged it all.

The combatants are parted now—
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
 The puissant crowned, the weak laid low.
 And in the after-silence sweet,
 Now strifes are hushed, our ears doth meet,
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
 Of this or that down-trodden name :
 Delicate spirits, pushed away
 In the hot press of the noon-day.
 And in the plain where the dead age
 Did its now silent warfare wage—
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapped in
 gloom,
 Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen might—
 The one or two immortal lights
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 To shine there everlastingly,
 Like stars over the bounding hill.
 The epoch ends, the world is still."

It is more important, then, to consider what is being done to make the coming generation better men than their fathers. Little, indeed, is being done according to Mr. Furniss, and that little ill. "In our schools the study of art proper is a delusion and a fraud. It usually consists of one hour a week copying some insipid lithograph from the flat". It is not quite clear here whether the lecturer is referring to those establishments which include drawing (as an *extra*) among the items of a liberal education, or to the art-schools proper. However, he goes on to adorn his pitiable tale with a familiar illustration. Traddles, we are told, with his fondness for drawing skeletons on his slate, has his prototype in every school: "They may choose livelier subjects, but they are equally snubbed". It would be captious to remind Mr. Furniss that Traddles was not snubbed for drawing skeletons, but drew skeletons because he was snubbed. But we may remind him that Traddles' biographer adds his conviction that this peculiar form of artistic consolation was chosen because it was easy: *the skeletons did not want any features*. The illustration seems rather like the skeletons, if it is designed to show the unwisdom of rebuking a boy who shows a disposition to leave the beaten path of study for his own devices. If a boy

prefers his own devices merely because they are easier and "want no features", we would respectfully submit that his tutor does well to be angry. If certain ingenious gentlemen who are essaying to establish a new school of portrait-painting in England had met in their boyhood with less complaisant tutors, possibly their portraits might not be so wanting in features as they are. There have been many schools in painting since the days of Apelles, but the School of Traddles is surely not one which the most inveterate reformer would desire to see prevailing. But to continue: we are next given a most surprising piece of information. The members of the Academy visit their own school as their duty is, but "each artist enforces his own particular method and theory, which upsets all the others and merely leaves the student hopelessly bewildered". And then this bewildering system is contrasted with that current in France, where each student chooses his own master, and works under him and him only. But then the lecturer, like an Academical visitor, grows a little bewildering; for shortly afterwards he is found blaming one new English School for going to French models, and another for seeing everything through the glasses of one painter, instead, we must suppose, of using the glasses of each painter in turn. So it is really a little difficult to know exactly where to have this Protean lecturer. However, every one will agree that between the methods of Sir Frederick Leighton, let us say, and Mr. Horsley, of Mr. Watts and Mr. Frith, of Mr. Goodall and Mr. Orchardson, of Mr. Graham and Mr. Hook, the young idea is like to grow a little confused. But is it really true that each member of the Academy in his capacity of teacher is occupied only with adjuring the student to discard the friendship of Short and cleave to Codlin alone? This is a hard thing to believe. It is easier to agree with Mr. Furniss that every teacher should strive to interest his

pupils in their work. But,—“*We might then have more original artists*”.

Here we seem to get to the heart of Mr. Furniss' complaint. Like the ingenious Mr. Guy de Maupassant he would have us cultivate originality. But how shall that be done? And what is originality? It is interesting here to compare our lecturer's views with those of a predecessor in the Chair of Art. Sir Joshua Reynolds indeed, though some merit as a painter is, we believe, still vouchsafed to him, will perhaps in his capacity of critic be rejected as trivial and obsolete. Yet there are to be found in his Discourses some observations on this head which, as being rooted and grounded in that inestimable quality which underlies all the best work—the quality of common sense—can never be trivial, never while human nature lasts be obsolete. He, like Mr. Furniss, had no faith in too much copying; and like Mr. Furniss, he appreciated the necessity of interesting the pupil in his tasks. He would sooner, he said, see a student “employ himself upon whatever he has been incited to by any immediate impulse, than go sluggishly about a prescribed task”. It was impossible, he declared, for anything to be well understood or well done that was “taken into a reluctant understanding and executed with a servile hand”. Our intellectual health requires a variety in our studies: it is necessary that “the irksomeness of uniform pursuit” should be relieved as much as possible. And it is idle to attempt to bind all men down to one method without regard to their dispositions and needs. “It is of no use to prescribe to those who have no talents; and those who have talents will find methods for themselves”. But he goes on, and here the new teacher and the old seem to part company: “I would not be understood to extend this doctrine to the younger students. The first part of the life of a student, like that of other school-boys, must necessarily be a life of restraint. The

grammar, the rudiments, however unpalatable, must at all events be mastered”. Young men, he says again,

‘are terrified at the prospect before them of the toil required to attain exactness. The impetuosity of youth is disgusted at the slow approaches of a regular siege and desires from mere impatience of labour to take the citadel by storm. They wish to find some shorter path to excellence, and hope to obtain the reward of eminence by other means than those which the indispensable rules of art have prescribed. They must therefore be told again and again; that labour is the only price of solid fame, and that whatever their force of genius may be, *there is no easy method of becoming a good painter*”.

On this cardinal point he is never weary of insisting.

“It may be laid down as a maxim, that he who begins by presuming on his own sense, has ended his studies as soon as he has commenced them. Every opportunity, therefore, should be taken to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius: they are fetters only to men of no genius; as that armour, which upon the strong is an ornament and a defence, upon the weak and mis-shapen becomes a load and cripples the body which it was made to protect”.

Again, like Mr. Furniss he appreciates originality, and tries to indicate to his hearers the likeliest means of fostering that rare gift for those who are born to it. But, unlike Mr. Furniss, his method is not to leave the young searcher to his own devices. The School of Traddles would have had no patron in Sir Joshua.

“It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory: nothing can come of nothing: he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. A student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is always apt to overrate his own abilities: to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him for a new-found country. If by chance he passes beyond his usual limits, he congratulates his own arrival at those regions which they who have steered a better course have long left behind them. The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality: they are anticipated in their

happiest efforts ; and if they are found to differ in anything from their predecessors it is only in irregular sallies and trifling conceits. The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention ; and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions".

Originality is not to be assumed like a virtue : *it is of no use to prescribe to those who have no talents.* But, as Sir Joshua says again, "Assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers". The assiduous study of the great classics will not make a man a poet who is none by nature, nor is Raphael's secret to be won from him by study alone ; but work formed on such high models will, whatever be its issue, take a certain tone and quality which it will never get by the study, be it never so assiduous, of models which have not the great classic stamp. "Shakespeare", said Goethe, "gives us golden apples in silver dishes. We get indeed the silver dishes by studying his works, but unfortunately we have only potatoes to put into them". Yet the silver dishes are something.

The present age is indisputably one of great curiosity, great industry, of great facility of production, and that production is of a good average quality. Moore, giving Lockhart¹ an account of his visit to Abbotsford, told him how he talked with his host of the commonness of the poetic talent in those days.

¹ One of the most surprising attempts to be original has been lately exhibited by Mr. Louis Stevenson. In an article contributed to an American magazine he has instructed his admirers in the great Republic on the nature and qualities of a gentleman. Among those to whom he refuses his patent of gentility is Lockhart. The biographer of Sir Walter Scott was, he says, "a cad in grain". He assigns no reason for this very gentleman-like judgment. But it was perhaps intended to conciliate his audience ; for some Americans were once very grievously offended by certain remarks on Cooper in the great biography, and wounds take long to heal in that thin skinned country.

Scott assented, and, "with his look of shrewd humour as if chuckling over his own success", added, "We were in the luck of it to come before these fellows". There has been no falling off in "those fellows". The strain to be original is harder now than it was sixty years since, and very wonderful are some of the results. Wonderful indeed they will and must be while the prevailing idea of originality is that it is to be found in doing something that has never been done before, that, in short, it is only another word for eccentricity. And even in this misconception we are not original ; for what have we just heard Sir Joshua saying ? *If they are found to differ in anything from their predecessors, it is only in irregular sallies and trifling conceits.* There are, in the little gallery of the old Society of Painters in Water-Colours and in the new Institute two pictures which serve exactly to mark the distinction between the qualities of originality and eccentricity. In the former is a drawing bearing the title, "A Wind of the Eastern Sea", in the latter one described as "A Soul contemplating the Stars". The first is composed of the simplest elements, earth and sea and sky ; but they have been so seen by the painter and so handled by him that, often as this very scene may have been enjoyed before, the beholder takes from it at once a fresh charm and a fresh sense of enjoyment. And indeed the other picture may in one way also be allowed to conform to Sir Joshua's precept, for since the days of the Chaldees many souls have contemplated the stars, and none, it may safely be averred, in this fashion.

Amiel, in one of the rare and welcome moments of intelligibility which his Journal vouchsafes to us, deploras the approach of an Era of Mediocrity. "The age of great men", he says, "is going : the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning". George Sand, we have read, believed that mediocrity in art and literature had a value of its own : it stimulated,

she thought, the appetite for trying to know and to judge better. Truly, a most comforting belief! It is at any rate certain that all epochs have their time and pass. The world has seen many an age of great men working in many manifestations of genius, and may perhaps see many more.

“Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries”.

To scatter the past about indiscriminately, to carol and shout over the tombs of its ancestors, is not perhaps the best plan of campaign a new age can adopt. Half a century ago the good Eckermann grieved to find the young generation consumed with the notion that they were born with what their

fathers had been content to win after the long toil of years. “This presumptuousness”, he wrote, “which strides over all the steps of gradual culture, affords little hope of future masterpieces”. And Eckermann’s great master laughed at these quick-striding young gentlemen in some lines which Mr. Blackie has obligingly translated for those who know not German.

“You’re a disciple of no school,
And own no living master’s rule;
Nor have dead men in Greece or Rome
Taught you things better learned at home;
This means, if I am not mistaking—
You’re a prime fool of your own making”.

At least an age which is bidden to “get originality” in art as some pious souls would have us “get religion”, stands condemned. And it is significant that in both cases the response to the appeal has taken the same painful form of eccentricity. In the one case we have all sacred things profaned by the blatant vulgarity of the Salvation Army; in the other we have all beautiful things distorted and made ridiculous by the School of Traddles.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF RILO.

WHEN the long-desired railway through Bulgaria is completed, it is possible that an excursion to the Monastery of Rilo will form part of the programme of every well-conducted tourist who pauses at Sofia on his journey overland to Constantinople. Meanwhile, as few strangers find their way to this comparatively unknown and remote spot, a short account of a visit there during the past autumn may perhaps have some interest for prospective British travellers.

The journey from Sofia to Rilo occupies two days, Dubnitza being the most convenient place at which to pass the night; and the usual vehicle employed is the small victoria so extensively patronized in the Balkan Peninsula. These carriages, drawn by four of the little native horses harnessed abreast, will triumphantly surmount places which no English driver in possession of his senses would ever dream of attempting; while the distances covered in days of continuous driving are marvellous to any one who has seen the roads.

Our party, which consisted of three persons (one a lady), occupied two of these carriages, and we were accompanied by two retainers; one a native *cavass*, Dimitri by name, well known as a fire-eater in Sofia, and the other a dirty little Levantine interpreter, speaking about a dozen languages equally ill, whose sole equipment for the journey appeared to consist of a box of cigarettes.

The road to Rilo is no better than those in the less frequented parts of Bulgaria; for although it starts fairly well, and with a certain amount of pretension, the usual characteristics of the water-course are soon developed, and the track eventually becomes almost imperceptible to the naked eye—

a thing to be taken entirely on trust. But bad as the road is, it is also very interesting to the tourist not already satiated with Eastern travel and ready to hail with delight the innumerable signs which remind him that the well-worn track of the stereotyped continental tour has for once been abandoned.

Our route lay through a mountainous and thinly-peopled district, where few human habitations, with the exception of some little wayside *Haus*, were to be seen. Soon after leaving Sofia the road passed near a half-finished railway embankment, one of the monuments of Turkish rule, and, like many another Turkish enterprise of the same kind, doomed to a natural death long before it was given any chance to justify its existence. Near Dubnitza the country became richer and appeared to be more carefully cultivated, while we met increasing numbers of peasants, some with strings of pack-horses loaded with grapes on their way to Sofia, and others going to or returning from their field-work in heavy *arabas*, guiltless of any vestige of iron, and mostly drawn by buffaloes. It is worthy of remark that the Bulgar, who is frequently accused of uncouth barbarism, treats his womankind better than the other natives of the Balkan Peninsula, and in almost every case it is the man who walks and the women and children who drive. Bearing in mind, however, the nature of the *araba*, it is perhaps doubtful whether the man has in reality the worst of the arrangement.

The two mounted *gendarmes* who, out of respect for the high official rank of my friend, constituted our guard of honour, appeared to derive the utmost satisfaction from ordering the owners of these carts out of the way; and it was perfectly astonishing to see the

places which these primitive vehicles managed to negotiate successfully, though not without many an expostulatory creak and groan.

Outside Dubnitza our guards were joined by others, and as the now imposing procession jolted at a foot's pace through the ill-paved main street, the inhabitants, flocking out of their abodes, saluted us with obsequious civility. In front of the house, which by order of the Government had been prepared for our reception, stood the Prefect, an important-looking little man wearing a military uniform of Russian cut. This gentleman was civility personified, but unfortunately spoke only Bulgarian and Turkish, and as our interpreter was highly inefficient conversation proved a work of considerable difficulty, taking the form of Ollendorffian questions and answers of a forced and pointless description. It was not therefore without a sense of relief that we understood him to decline an invitation to dinner.

The house in which we were accommodated was a wooden structure, poorly furnished in a half-European fashion. It was said to be the property of a citizen who had got himself into political trouble. Some weeks afterwards, when visiting the convict prison at Sofia, one of the men condemned to death approached, and with tears in his eyes informed me that he was the owner of the house in question, and hoped that our party had passed a comfortable night there. The "political trouble" proved to be participation in the murders committed during the election-riots at Dubnitza in the previous year. Such are the incidents which remind the traveller from time to time that Bulgaria is still passing through what may euphemistically be termed a transition-stage.

Dubnitza still remains a town of thoroughly Oriental appearance, but I observed that pioneers of civilization in the shape of sewing-machines were to be found in some of the houses; and I regretted also to notice that many

of the boys were dressed in what purported to be jackets and trousers. However, although the leaders of fashion in Bulgaria may adopt clothes of foreign cut, they are much too acute to indulge in foreign stuffs, and remain faithful to their own hand-spun cloth, unrivalled for wear and tear.

Dubnitza also enjoys a certain reputation as the home of numerous brigands, and its proximity to the Macedonian frontier enables them to indulge in their occupation with great facility and little risk. During the Servian war a large contingent of what may be called amateur brigands was raised in this district, and under the leadership of a certain well-known Captain Panitza is said to have done good service. My friend and I before starting on our expedition had thought it advisable to consult the Prime Minister with reference to possible adventures, and his answer was to the effect that, as the leaves were still on the trees, there was no danger to be apprehended. He subsequently lightened our perplexity by explaining that when the leaves began to show the authorities laid hands upon all potential brigands and deported them to another part of the country; but that when the trees were bare it was considered that the inhabitants could without difficulty look after themselves, and the brigands were consequently allowed to return. It struck me, on hearing this statement, that the inhabitants in question must look forward to the fall of the leaf with considerably more interest than is generally bestowed on that commonplace operation of Nature. In point of fact, it is pretty well known that men who are considered and treated as brigands when in Turkey are often looked upon as meritorious citizens in the neighbouring Balkan states, should circumstances necessitate a return to their native country.

Soon after leaving Dubnitza, within about two miles of the Turkish frontier, a magnificent mountain-view over Macedonia is suddenly disclosed. In the foreground, on Bulgarian territory,

stretches a plain of extraordinary fertility on which tobacco, rice, the vine and many kinds of fruits and vegetables grow in the utmost luxuriance. Nearly every house hereabouts is festooned with the drying leaves of the tobacco plant. The road traverses this plain and, after passing through the little town of Rilski Selo, suddenly enters the gorge of Rilo. Only a very slight effort of the imagination is here needed to fancy oneself suddenly transported into a Swiss Alpine valley. But it is Switzerland without its drawbacks. There are the same precipitous crags and gigantic heights, the same rushing torrent, the same pines and firs clothing the mountain-side, the same bells tinkle on cattle and goats, and even the repulsive *goitre* occasionally helps to complete the illusion. But no bedizened peasants blowing impossible horns appeal to your generosity: no touts proffer their unwelcome services; and at the end of your pilgrimage there is no hotel-keeper, swollen with ill-gotten prosperity, who suffers you, as a gracious favour, to enter his extortionate abode.

It is a four hours' steep and difficult drive up the valley to the monastery, and darkness was falling when we reached our destination.

The situation of Rilo, four thousand feet above the sea, in a narrow part of the gorge where three huge mountains appear to block the way, is superb. The first effect on entering the building is extremely striking; it is indeed difficult to convey an idea of the positive bewilderment experienced at finding this huge imposing structure in so remote and inaccessible a spot. The architecture of the monastery is of the Byzantine order, and the original design may have been to erect a rectangular building inclosing a square courtyard. If so, some unforeseen circumstance effectually interfered with the plan; and the result is an irregular parallelogram surrounding an immense courtyard over one hundred yards in length and proportion-

ately wide. In the centre of this courtyard rise an ancient tower, bearing the date 1335, and a church of modern construction. Various additions have from time to time been made to the original structure, and it would almost appear as if all attempt at harmony had been purposely avoided. Yet far from irritating, this incongruity, on the contrary, adds greatly to the general effect. The monastery proper, or main building, is in most parts three stories high: the outside walls are white, while inside the courtyard the stone is painted black and white to simulate marble: round the courtyard run wide wooden galleries communicating with each other by outside staircases, on to which open the apartments of the monks and those reserved for strangers, whilst the first story is supported by a multitude of arches forming a succession of irregular colonnades.

Our arrival appeared to be unexpected, although the authorities at Sofia had kindly sent word we were coming; but rooms were quickly placed at our disposal by the *Higumen* (Abbot), a handsome black-bearded man, carrying the staff of office, but otherwise undistinguished in dress from his monks. This resembled the ordinary garb of the Greek clergy—a long dressing-gown-like garment and high, brimless head-gear. The accommodation provided for travellers is of a simple description, though it doubtless satisfies Oriental notions of luxurious comfort. Carpets, a large divan well supplied with cushions, and a cupboard, constitute the usual furniture of the guest-chambers; but in one or two rooms are to be found, as a concession to Western prejudice, a table and chair. The walls are white-washed, and the ceiling handsomely carved in the Turkish fashion. The divan serves as a bed, and the fastidious traveller will do well to forget the fact that its cushions have previously supported the slumbering forms of innumerable pilgrims. Strangers eat their meals in their own apartments,

and it is well to bring knives, forks, &c., as the supply of these articles is limited.

As the neighbourhood of Rilo enjoys a great reputation for sport, and I happened to have a rifle with me, I determined to go out after chamois the next day, and summoned a *pan-dour* (hunter) to my assistance. In the glowing words of the Levantine interpreter, innumerable herds of these animals were to be found at a distance of five or six hours from the monastery; but to obtain any really good sport a night on the mountains was declared necessary. To this I made no objection, and accordingly started early the next day, accompanied by the hunter, Dimitri, and two sporting *gendarmes*. The morning was a lovely one, and the *gendarmes* manifested their high spirits by discordant shouts and unmelodious snatches of song. I little thought in what a different frame of mind I should shortly see them.

Our path led through a magnificent virgin forest: pines at least one hundred and fifty feet high towered above us, and with immense beech and fir-trees formed a canopy impenetrable to the sun. For about five hours we advanced up the valley, following the course of a torrent until we reached a level where the trees were small and stunted, and open spaces became more frequent. While passing a shelter rudely constructed of branches, an ancient herdsman in the employ of the monastery emerged and entered into conversation with the *gendarmes*. To judge from the expression of their countenances, his remarks appeared to inspire them with nothing but disgust, and Dimitri, who, on the strength of knowing a few words of German, acted as interpreter, informed me that three men were hiding in the trees on our right hand, and that this was "very bad." Supposing that he was only alluding to our prospects of sport, and as none of my companions expressed a wish to go back, we continued our advance, and crossing the torrent

began the ascent of a steep hill on the opposite side of the valley. Meanwhile, the heat and the hard walking had begun to tell upon me, and I had fallen somewhat in the rear when I observed the *gendarmes* dodging about in the scrub with their carbines pointed at some unseen object, while Dimitri, hurrying down to meet me, handed over my rifle. Under the impression that one of the innumerable herds of chamois had been encountered, I was immeasurably disgusted to learn that not chamois, but brigands were the cause of the delay, and that it was against the latter that I was expected to employ my weapon. Never, I may truthfully say, did I insert the cartridges with so much reluctance: the summons however to defend my life was accompanied by the information that the *gendarmes* and the brigands were old acquaintances, and that, if I would leave them alone, matters might yet be arranged satisfactorily. I yielded a ready consent, and the two impromptu diplomatists entered upon a parley with the foe. The negotiations continued for about a quarter of an hour—truly a *mauvais quart d'heure*, for all that I could glean from my companion's broken German was that the brigand chief announced himself to be in command of thirty men, and that the three gentlemen (already mentioned) on the opposite side of the valley, might grow tired of a discussion from which they were excluded and take matters into their own hands. Our supply of ammunition was limited, as the *gendarmes* had left most of the cartridges behind; while I could not help gloomily reflecting that the Turkish frontier was inconveniently close at hand. With a view to the reduction of a possible ransom, I had already composed a pitiful tale to the effect that I was the youngest son of a titheless Welsh parson of the Established Church, or something to that effect, when, greatly to our relief, the plenipotentiaries returned and announced that we were free to depart. The chief, it appeared,

had stated in a lofty manner that he was a political brigand and had no grievances against wandering Englishmen: he had even expressed the hope that we would follow our plan of sleeping out on the mountain. In view, however, of the fact that some of the band had stoutly protested against the folly of letting us depart scot-free, and fearing that the chief himself might subsequently alter his mind, the *gendarmes* had declined the suggestion, and now urged that we should be off as quickly as possible. Accordingly, in the most dignified manner that the circumstances allowed, we retraced our steps, while the magnanimous chief fired a shot in the air as a signal that none of his men were to molest us during the retreat. During our return to Rilo the *gendarmes* with loud protestations assured me frequently that if they had not had the privilege of accompanying an Englishman, the whole party by this time would have been feeding the vultures upon the mountain-side. This was indeed a gratifying reflection, and the immortal words of "Pinafore" recurred to me with tenfold force; for, had I yielded to temptation, and become a Russian, a Frenchman, a Turk, Prussian, or even an Italian, what might not have been my fate, and that of the gallant guardians of law and order in Bulgaria? In course of time, and after casting many a furtive glance to the rear, we eventually arrived at the monastery, where the tale of our adventure, though not exciting much surprise, at least afforded its occupants a pleasing subject of conversation.

Several explanations of the apparently inexplicable manner in which these high-souled brigands allowed me to depart in peace were subsequently volunteered to me. According to one theory, the brigands, who were wanted for various murders, were aware that the authorities intended looking them up immediately, and were consequently unwilling to burden themselves with prisoners. Secondly, my diplomatists

(*splendide mendaces*) had represented that I was the British Consul-General, and that a terrific vengeance would be exacted should anything happen to so august a personage. Thirdly (and this is the reason I should personally prefer to adopt), the brigands may have been struck with the determined appearance of the party, and have hesitated to provoke a desperate conflict in order merely to obtain possession of our arms and loose cash. My own theory is a far simpler one: I attribute our escape to the fact that the men did not know their business and were quite unworthy of the name of brigands.

The following day was devoted to inspecting the monastery, and a visit to the abbot opened the proceedings. The apartments devoted to the use of this dignitary were similar to those occupied by the other monks, but kept in a slightly cleaner condition and ornamented with a greater profusion of coloured prints. These works of Russian art, executed in a singularly childish manner, abound all over Bulgaria, and generally represent some triumph of the late war, or a figure of Bulgaria in process of being freed from her chains by a magnanimous Muscovite autocrat. It is to be presumed that they are presents from the Slavonic committees, though there is probably small demand for them at the present time.

After the interchange of the usual civilities, and having tasted the invariable jam and coffee, we started in company with the abbot upon a tour round the monastery. We were first taken to the set of rooms formerly occupied by the luckless Prince Alexander (a frequent visitor to Rilo) which differed in no degree from the ordinary guest-chambers. We next adjourned to the refectory, a bare hall on the ground floor furnished with a massive long table and rough benches, and from thence to the central kitchen, which is rarely used except on the occasion of a big pilgrimage. This kitchen is of the very simplest de-

scription. It is in fact nothing but a gigantic chimney, about thirty feet in diameter at the base and narrowing up to a small opening at the height of about one hundred feet, through which the smoke escapes. Some cooking-pots of Homeric proportions, and ladles containing nearly a gallon apiece, appeared to constitute the whole *batterie de cuisine*. The reverend fathers, it may be remarked, show a painful want of enterprise in the culinary art. During all the time of our visit the fare was invariably the same; hard boiled eggs, a remarkably thin soup, and stewed mutton. If we asked for anything fresh, the same food was brought in on a different dish, this process appearing to realize satisfactorily the monastic idea of variety. A fair red wine is however provided, and occasionally, as a great favour, trout. From the kitchen we proceeded to the church, an edifice of modern construction, built in the form of a Greek cross and adorned with numerous cupolas. The interior is decorated in a rich, though barbarous fashion, but is not very interesting; some highly venerated relics, including the much-prized hand of a certain St. John of Rilo, were, however, produced for our edification. In striking contrast with the gorgeous decoration of the interior are some rudely drawn frescoes on the outside. These represent the wicked tormented in the most fantastic and horrifying manner, which, it is to be hoped, produces a lasting effect upon the numerous pilgrims. No Bulgarian atrocity that ever inflamed the eloquence of a British politician could compare for one instant with these representations of celestial retribution. A visit to the library concluded the inspection. This is a very small room with a couple of glazed cases containing some works in Russian and French, embroidered vestments, and various religious objects. There are also a certain number of manuscripts of doubtful quality. The most valuable document in the possession of the

monastery is the *Chrissovoul* (firman) of Chichman, which constitutes the charter of the foundation. It is written on parchment, in the Bulgarian language, and dated 1379. This firman confirms the privileges granted by former rulers of Bulgaria, and defines the property of the monastery. The signature is to this effect: "The faithful servant of Christ, John Chichman, King and Autocrat of all the Bulgars and Greeks."

The principal sights were now exhausted, and the abbot, accompanied by his brethren, politely made his excuses and withdrew. He reappeared however in the afternoon in order to watch our ineffectual efforts to catch some of the numerous trout in a pool artificially formed in the stream below the monastery. After gazing on our futile attempts for some time with undisguised contempt, he volunteered to give us a lesson in sport, and sent for a doleful-looking lay-brother, who waded up to his waist into the icy water with a casting-net. Then the abbot, showing the only symptoms of energy he displayed during the whole of our visit, seized a ponderous stone and hurled it in the direction of the fish: his humble companions followed the example of their chief: the ever-present *gendarmes*, anxious also to display their skill, pulled out their carbines and fired into the flying shoal; while Dimitri, still smarting under the disappointment of not having had just one shot at the brigands, consoled himself in a similar manner. Meanwhile the lay-brother, stimulated by the cries and shots, cast his net right and left, capturing a victim at every throw. Altogether the scene was a lively and amusing one.

But the curious visitor will study with most interest the daily occupations of the monks; though occupation is perhaps a word suggested by courtesy rather than truth. They may not unfairly be described as the living embodiments of the famed *kef* so dear to Orientals; their only apparent duty consists in occasionally attending the

services in the church, while the rest of their time is spent in sleep, or in sitting vacantly on the numerous balconies and seats provided for their accommodation within the courtyard. Formerly far more numerous, they now number about sixty only, and are waited upon by a *corps* of lay-brothers and novices. The practice of allowing each man to cook and eat where he pleases instead of obliging all to feed together in the refectory encourages slovenly habits, while the discipline and method are, to say the least, not such as one is accustomed to associate with the idea of a monastery. Manual labour is almost entirely performed by the lay-brothers and paid workmen. The latter live outside the monastery in large buildings which have sprung up from time to time: they cut the wood, work on the farm, bake the bread, grow the vegetables, and in fact supply all the necessities of life required for the religious drones inside. Not a book is to be seen in the place with the exception of those in the library; and they did not seem to be much used, nor was it even clear to me that any one was able to read them.

In the course of a long conversation with the abbot I failed to discover that the monastery fulfilled any useful purpose. It maintains no school, neither does it attempt the humblest technical instruction. In the days of Turkish rule the Russians doubtless utilized it for the purpose of political propaganda, but nowadays the Church exercises next to no influence in Bulgaria, so that even this sphere of activity is denied to the recluses of Rilo. Nor was I much more successful in ascertaining how the establishment was supported; however, I gathered that the monastery owned considerable landed property, mostly forest, and that the monks relied more or less upon what they received from travellers, and upon the alms and offerings of pilgrims. On some of the more important festivals of the Greek Church as many as five thousand pilgrims will

come in to remain for some days. My informant maintained that the revenue was scanty and precarious: the government on the other hand assert that the monastery is very rich, and credit it with an income of about twelve thousand pounds a year. When I asked the abbot if he had no fear of being expropriated some day and sharing the fate of his unfortunate brethren in France, he only smiled in a pitying manner: the prospect of a Bulgarian Jules Ferry had evidently no terrors for him as yet. I am afraid it must be said that these good monks, from their abbot downwards, are almost entirely illiterate; but perhaps one of their most striking characteristics is the absence of all curiosity. Although strangers are exceedingly rare, no one ever expressed the slightest wish to know what was going on either in Bulgaria or elsewhere. Even the unwonted and almost unique apparition of a lady habited in the most fashionable of Western costumes failed to raise the smallest flutter of interest in their torpid bosoms.

Meanwhile the affair of the brigands which, in the language of diplomacy, we imagined to be closed, was again brought to our notice. On the morning following the bloodless encounter about a score of Bulgarian militia suddenly put in an appearance under the command of our old friend the Prefect of Dubnitza. Rarely have I witnessed any more picturesque spectacle than the halt of these warriors in the courtyard preparatory to beginning their hunt. Each man wore his ordinary variegated costume, and they appeared to be armed with every variety of rifle from Martinis to weapons, about eight feet in length, of native manufacture. Sandals shod their feet, and they carried nothing but their arms, ammunition, a *capote* or a carpet, and a bag containing bread. Of all ages and sizes, they ranged from the veteran of sixty to the youth of fourteen. It was impossible not to speculate how they were to be distin-

guished from the brigands themselves, and how the regulars, when they arrived, would separate friends from foes. Around this motley crew stood the no less striking inmates of the monastery, showing indeed but a languid interest in the proceedings. Indeed, the general expression of the faces around me seemed to signify that the whole business was a solemn farce; "what on earth," they appeared to be thinking, "is the use of making all this fuss about a few brigands?" The abbot himself had informed me that in the days of the Turks brigands used constantly to visit the monastery; and he added, "though the authorities are perpetually coming here after them, yet they never catch any one." I must own to have secretly sympathized with these views: the men had treated me in a gentleman-like, even in a handsome manner, and it seemed quite reasonable to let them alone. However the command had gone forth from Sofia that this particular band was to be pursued, and the sacred cause of law and order vindicated; so after a short rest, the military were formed up under the vast porch: "*Haide!*" shouted the sergeant, and away they started up the valley.

On the morning fixed for the return to Dubnitza, the preparations for the journey reminded me faintly of the Wilds of West Kensington and the

famous coach of "Buffalo Bill." The Prefect, who was indisposed, surrendered his steed and occupied one of our carriages: here he sat, a Martini carbine in his lap and cartridges in his hand, a picture of official responsibility. Fifteen mounted *gendarmes*, of a singularly ferocious aspect, formed an imposing escort, while every one seemed to have suddenly produced an unsuspected store of arms; even the miserable little interpreter, though probably innocent of fire-arms, had girt himself with an enormous belt of cartridges. The lady and myself were apparently the only persons of the party unprovided with weapons of war. It need hardly perhaps be added that Dubnitza and eventually Sofia were reached without a sign of the smallest adventure.

Thus ended an interesting and most amusing expedition, which may be warmly recommended to all who are not too sternly bent on travelling luxuriously. And I must in conclusion add, that what has been written of the monks of Rilo has been set down in no unfriendly spirit. On the contrary, I wish these holy men a long and undisturbed existence; not only for their own sakes, but because they constitute a continual, albeit passive protest against the unwearying activity and ruthless self-improvement of the age.

T. W. LEGH.

THE ALCALDE OF THE SIERRA NEGRA.

I.

THEY were called the Sierra Negra, and deserved the name, for a blacker and more bleak range of hills could hardly be found elsewhere. A spur from the Sierras del Sud in the province of Buenos Ayres, they stretched away in a westerly direction into the dreary plains of salt and sand that are to be found in the interior of that country. On their southern side there was nothing but many weary miles of barren desert until one reached the Rio Colorado; but on the north they sloped down to a fairly wide belt of good pasture-land through which flowed the Arroyo Corto, a stream which, although it had an awkward habit of running dry in the summer, would make up for its shortcomings in a wet winter by flooding the plain for many a league on either side. Between the Arroyo and the Sierras there were but few families living, but on the north side of the Arroyo a considerable number of sheep-farmers had their stations, and the little town of San José de las Sierras, could not only count some five hundred inhabitants, but also rejoiced in the possession of a church, a municipality, a magistrate, and at least five policemen. That the Commissary of the place had utilized the prison as a stable was merely a sign of the absence of ill-doing in San José, and that, in its turn, no doubt might be attributed to the presence of so many policemen, though they did spend their time in smoking endless cigarettes and sucking *maté*. Indeed it was a virtuous little town, but a very dull one. The inhabitants, the greater part of whom were of Indian blood, seemed to pass their lives chiefly in eating and sleeping. Once a fortnight, when the diligence arrived from

General Concha, there would be a little excitement among the few officials of the place, who might receive letters or papers from head-quarters, and who would talk to the driver as he took out his horses and perhaps ask him to dinner; but to the general public the arrival was merely a sign that another fortnight had passed and that the day was Wednesday, or not impossibly Thursday, for it sometimes happened that the coach was a day late. Anything more complete than their isolation it would be hard to imagine: thirty leagues of sandy plain lay between them and the town of General Concha, and that town itself was at least twenty leagues distant from the nearest point on a railway. For some ten or twelve years San José had existed, and during that time it had remained absolutely unchanged: there were the same straggling blocks of low-built houses with flat roofs, staring blankly at each other through their unglazed windows across the dusty waste that served as a road: dust everywhere in the hot summer, and in the winter deep holding mud into which the horses would sink knee-deep, splashing the whitewashed fronts of the nearest houses, in spite of the salutary law that no one should be allowed to ride at full gallop in the streets: there was the same half-built church, the same shops that sold their goods at one hundred per cent. profit and yet made no profits, the same groups of listless idlers, and the same happy content on the part of every one who lived there. We who lived on the further side of the Arroyo were even more cut off from the outside world. An occasional visit to San José for the purchase of stores or the transaction of business was, as a rule, the limit of our wanderings; and often it would happen in

the winter that even those excursions were denied to us, for the Arroyo was sometimes so flooded as to become impassable for two months at a time.

Why I had chosen such a spot to pitch my tent in I should find it difficult to say. A Frenchman by birth, I had been sent to Paris as a boy to make my studies with a view to becoming a lawyer, and there I had lived for four or five years the life of a young fool with great pleasure and little profit to myself; so that, when the time arrived for the purchase of a business and my establishment in some country town, the money for that purchase was all gone, expended in the acquirement of a very liberal education. My fortune was expended and so was the patience of my guardian, for I had no family. I went abroad, became a clerk in Algiers, a journalist in Alexandria, an adventurer everywhere; until I drifted out to South America and amassed, as a pioneer and sheep-farmer, quite a respectable little property. Twenty years' absence from my country had so dulled and blunted any former aspirations that I may have had, that I hardly thought of a return. It might happen sometimes that a restless longing would seize me to know what was going on in my old haunts, to pace the boulevards once more and perhaps see once again some half-forgotten face; but a hard day's work, a hearty meal and a good night's sleep would banish my recollections and reconcile me to my surroundings; that is the real secret, work hard, grow hungry and tired, eat and sleep well, and neither wearying thoughts nor dreams shall haunt you. There were few who would have recognized François de Vigne, the fop, in Francisco Devina, as they called me, the bronzed and bearded farmer. But it is not my own story that I wish to tell, but that of my neighbour, Don Miguel Ocampo, the Alcalde of the district.

He was very proud of being our Alcalde, though indeed the distinction

was no great one; but then, Miguel was proud of everything. He was proud of his name, which was a well-known one in the country: he was proud of his personal strength and power of endurance, which indeed were extraordinary in an old man of sixty-seven; and he was particularly proud of always going his own way. An honest, kindly old fellow, good to look upon, with his stalwart figure and handsome face, vain as a child of the knowledge he possessed and possessing as little knowledge as any other *gaucho*, as wrong-headed as he was obstinate, and as obstinate as a blind cow. He owned a considerable property in land, though he had not much cattle to stock it with, and a decent house built far too close to the banks of the Arroyo. It was useless to argue with him as to the danger of its position, or to show him how every succeeding flood crumbled the curving banks of the stream and brought its bed nearer and nearer to his door. He had built the house, therefore it was put in the best situation: with his own hands he had helped to make the bricks and raise the walls, and nothing could shake the wall that Miguel Ocampo had made; and moreover I was a *gringo*, or foreigner, and he was an *hijo del pais*, a son of the country. A son of the country—that was just what he was; ignorant, simple-minded and vain; quick to wrath and slow to forgive an injury; rough in his life and speech, but not without a natural courtesy and dignity of his own which many a richer and more civilized man might have envied. We had become great friends, and I owed a good deal of my success in farming to his practical advice and unfailing help whenever I got into difficulties. It was a constant amusement to me to relate to him some episode of my former life and hear his simple comments thereon. For woman-kind in general he had a great contempt: they were a deceitful race, but they had never deceived Miguel Ocampo,—he was of opinion that there

were few people who could take in Miguel Ocampo. He had once married a wife of whose failings he spoke with great frankness, and one might imagine from his account of their mutual relations that he had soon bullied her into an early grave. To their only child Dolores, a girl of nineteen or twenty, he was kind enough in a rough fashion, being as proud of her as he was of everything else that belonged to him. She was a slight, delicate-looking girl with heavy languid eyes and a soft drawling voice, who irritated one by the placid persistence with which she sat still and did nothing. Her father was quite content that she should do nothing: there were not many girls, he said, who would receive such a dowry as Dolores would get from him, and his future son-in-law would be a lucky man. Two years of such schooling as San José could afford had taught her to spell out a few words of print and write her name; beyond that there was but little that poor Dolores could do except play the guitar, an accomplishment which she had taught herself, and twist her black hair into a very coquettish knot at the back of her shapely little head. I was fond of the child, whom I had seen grow up into womanhood from a little slip of ten years old, and more than once I had remonstrated with Don Miguel for not providing her with some elderly woman who would take care of her and keep her company, or for not sending her away to be properly educated; but in that Miguel was as obstinate as in everything else, and already the girl had become a woman, and he had not yet found a son-in-law after his own heart nor did there seem to be any reasonable prospect of his finding him in the neighbourhood of San José.

Early one spring, before the fierce summer heats had dried the fresh green grass and turned the lakes into noisome mud-swamps, I received a message from Don Miguel, informing me that he intended on the follow-

ing day to brand some cattle which he had lately bought, and inviting my assistance. Such an operation in the neighbourhood was generally made the occasion of a jollification, whereby both the owner of the cattle and his neighbours profited: for the former had but rarely sufficient men in his employment for the purpose, and the latter were glad of an opportunity of eating and drinking at another's expense, especially when the work required of them in return took the form of an amusement. Obedient to the summons I started off, taking with me two of my *peons* who were the most cunning with the lasso, a young fellow called Cayetano Molino, and an old Indian who went by the name of Pichin. The two men formed a curious contrast: Cayetano was a smooth-faced, good-looking youth, and in dress a very fair specimen of the camp dandy: his black broad-brimmed *sombrero* was tied under his chin with a black ribbon, and his black jacket was unbuttoned to display the white cleanliness of his shirt: the leather belt round his waist, in addition to the curious silver clasp that fastened it in front and the silver-handled knife that stuck through it behind, was covered with silver coins intended as buttons for its numerous little pockets: tucked into the belt were the two ends of the black shawl, or *chiripa*, that hung between his legs, almost hiding the loose white linen drawers, and his long boots were adorned with huge silver spurs and the highest of heels. The horse he was riding had certainly been chosen more with a view to display than utility—a showy-looking bay four-year-old, but only half-broken and with an uncertain temper. Heavy silver stirrups, silver balls upon the reins, and silver guards to the bit, completed an equipment of which Cayetano was justly proud, and of which I was not a little proud also, feeling that some of my servant's glory should be reflected on myself. Poor old Pichin did not do me the same credit. What dress he wore was the

same in form as Cayetano's, but he wore as little of it as possible, and that little was dirty. He allowed himself one stirrup, made of an old piece of cord, one iron spur, and a pair of *potro* boots—boots that are made by stripping the skin of a colt's hind-legs at the hocks, scraping it and suppling it until it resembles parchment, and then drawing it on one's feet, never again to be removed until it wears out—in some two or three years' time. Whereas Cayetano's saddle was covered with deer-skin, Pichin's was hidden under a ragged old sheep's fleece; and while the former's lasso lay flat behind the saddle in the neatest of coils, the latter's hung in untidy loops of unequal lengths. Pichin was mounted on a raw-boned old white horse and looked as if he had grown there: it seemed impossible to imagine the man without a horse under him, the two making as much one animal as a centaur of old. I am afraid that Pichin was the most useful workman of my two companions, but then one cannot always be beautiful and useful at the same time. As we rode along the two chatted together, discussing the probable entertainment they would receive.

"There will be *carne con cuero*," said Pichin, meaning a young bullock roasted with its hide on. "Don Miguel always gives us *carne con cuero*. He has some new *caña* too, beautiful *caña*, not like that stuff that they sell in San José, and which burns one's throat, but soft as milk and strong—stronger than thou wilt ever be, my Cayetano."

"Thou art ever hungry, Pichin," I interrupted.

"God made me so," Pichin replied humbly.

"And thou art ever thirsty."

"That is because I work so hard for you, Patron," he answered with a grin.

"The work would be better if there were less *caña* about it"—an undeniable fact which Pichin thought it prudent not to dispute.

Arrived at Miguel's station, we found No. 344.—VOL. LVIII.

the men already bringing up the cattle; and, leaving my two fellows to help them, I passed on to the house to pay my respects to my little friend, Doña Dolores, who looked as pretty and as lazy as usual.

"Welcome, Don Pancho; you do not often honour our house now. Why do you come so seldom?"

"Because I have work to do, *Lolamía*. I cannot afford to be idle like you."

"But I am not idle; I have done a great deal since you came here last! I have been making a garden. You cannot see it now for the flowers are dead, I think from want of water, but they looked very nice when they were first planted. I have begun to make myself a dress, and have put new strings in my guitar."

"What industry! Ah, my young lady, I see that we shall have to find you that husband."

"A thousand thanks, *señor*! You need not trouble, I will find him for myself," retorted Dolores saucily.

"What will he be like?"

"He shall not be a *caballero* who is growing a little old, a little gray, and not a little stout," she answered, with a wicked glance at my proportions. "What a pity that you will not marry me, Don Pancho! What a life I should lead you!" and Dolores' black eyes danced at the thought. "*Dios mío!*" she added, looking through the open door, "there is that hateful woman, Juana Ponce, coming here. She is always at our house! Listen, Don Pancho, since you are for ever thinking of marriage, marry yourself: marry Juana Ponce, she will just suit you: she is a widow, and has only that one son, who is the worst thief in all the district. She comes here nearly every day, and never goes away without borrowing something which she never returns. My father likes her, and says that she is a woman of sense; but that is because she asks his advice and flatters him! Oh! how she flatters him! 'El Señor Alcalde,' she calls him, 'our most worthy, most

respected Alcalde,' and then he smiles like this," and Dolores' pretty face put on a most ludicrous expression of fatuous pleasure. "She is like a black snake. Stay! Don Pancho! You must stop and talk to her. Oh, what cowards men are! Very well, I shall tell her that you are in love with her," she cried after me, as I hastily retreated, for Dolores' aversion for her visitor was fully equalled by my own.

Out on the *rodeo*, as the spot was called where the cattle were rounded up, the work was progressing rapidly. Three or four men riding round in a circle kept together in a compact mass some six hundred head of cattle, that swayed restlessly to and fro, as the animals wandered round and round, bellowing, tossing their heads, and every now and then prodding some in-offensive companion with their horns. Not far off a huge fire was burning, built up of dried sheep-dung, old carcasses of dead animals, and any bones that could be collected in the camp: it did not smell very good, but it was hot enough to heat at least a dozen branding-irons. A number of mounted men selected the animals that were to be marked and drove them out of the herd: once outside, a lasso was thrown over the beast's horns, and he was partly dragged, partly pushed by the horses behind, into the neighbourhood of the fire. The next operation, to catch his hind legs in another lasso, was more difficult, and not to be effected without two or three bad shots; but once secured and the lassoes drawn tight the victim was helpless: he was thrown on his side, and two men with red-hot irons ran out from the fire on foot, one to put on the *contra marca*, or the mark of the last owner upside down, the other to brand him with the mark of Don Miguel Ocampo. The scene was one of the utmost confusion: everywhere there were galloping horses, charging cattle, and animals, lassoed by the horns, plunging wildly and entangling with the lasso others that were loose: every-

body was shouting, swearing, and getting in the way of everybody else. "For me! the little bull—let *me* catch the little bull." "Have a care for the lasso! have a care for the lasso!" "Ah, my little cow! my little black one! You will not be caught—take that, then!" "Oh, cursed cow! Cow of the devil," as the black cow dashed wildly on, kicking itself free of the ill-thrown lasso. How it was that there were not more accidents to men and beasts it was hard to say; but an accident was of rare occurrence, though on this occasion we were not fated to get through our work without one. As the day wore on the fun became faster and more furious. Pichin was conspicuous among all the rest, his old white horse scarce showing any signs of fatigue, and he himself mightily refreshed by Don Miguel's *caña* and a large portion of his favourite food, which had been cooked over the same fire that served to heat the brands. Cayetano, seated by the fire, ruefully contemplated the heaving flanks of his young horse and wondered how much value he had taken out of him. After smoking a cigarette or two, he swung himself into the saddle again and started off to turn back a cow which had broken away from the herd. The cow was not to be turned so easily, and dodged quickly to right and left as Cayetano vainly urged his horse to fresh endeavours. Suddenly, in making a quick turn, the poor tired brute slipped and fell heavily sideways, catching its luckless rider underneath it before he had time to free himself from the saddle. In a minute the horse had staggered to its legs and made off with trailing reins at a slowly quickening trot, but Cayetano lay there still.

A broken leg is never a light catastrophe, but in the camp, where doctors and surgeons are few, it is more serious than elsewhere. When we had carried the unlucky Cayetano to the house, a man was despatched to San José to bring back if possible the doctor from General Conchas, and in the mean-

time I began, with such rude surgery and appliances as I possessed, to set what appeared to be a simple fracture, an operation in which I was by no means assisted by Cayetano's pitiful groans and tearful entreaties that I should not hurt him. A *gaucho* as a rule is as demonstrative of pain as of pleasure; all his philosophy is reserved for the cases when he is called upon to inflict suffering and quite disappears when he has to endure it. Cayetano's howls and protestations were so loud that the tears streamed down poor Dolores' cheeks as she implored me with averted face to be gentle and take care of the poor sufferer. Pichin looked on with sad encouragement.

"It is no use, Patron. You remember that sheep whose leg you mended like that? It never grew well nor walked again, and I had to put my knife into it after all."

"Hold your tongue, Pichin!" cried Don Miguel furiously. "What do you know of broken limbs? It were better for some people that their necks were broken. Courage, Cayetano, my son! Don Francisco shall mend thee to-night, and soon we shall have the doctor to finish his work. In a month's time thou wilt be walking once more, and in the meantime we will care for thee here."

Whether it was owing to my own surgery, or that of the doctor, or perhaps to the excellent nursing of Don Miguel, the result was almost as satisfactory as Miguel had predicted, and Cayetano had nothing but a very slight limp to remind him of his mishap, though it was fully two months before he could be moved home to my station. During those two months I visited my patient at frequent intervals, but finding him always very cheerful and knowing that he was in good hands, I did not trouble myself much about him or care to inquire how he passed the time. The idea that he and Dolores, being thus thrown together by accident, should profit by the occasion to fall in love with each other, never crossed my

mind. Even in a country where one man is supposed to be as good as another, there is a great difference between a landed proprietor and a daily labourer; and no one was more conscious of this difference than the Alcalde himself, who would never have dreamt it possible that any *peon* should dare to cross the gulf that separated him from his Patron's daughter. Men are generally unobservant of such matters, or I suppose I might have guessed, from the ostentatious want of interest that Dolores showed in her patient whenever I was present, that the interest she really felt in him was of much too warm a nature to be openly displayed. After all, when the Alcalde saw nothing in his own house, it was hardly astonishing that an occasional visitor like myself should be blind also. That Cayetano, after his return to work, should make frequent excuses for visiting Don Miguel's house, and that he had contracted a habit of loitering about that part of my camp that joined the Alcalde's, I put down to a praiseworthy feeling of gratitude on his part for which I should hardly have given him credit; and it was not until several months after his return that I awoke to the reality of the situation, and then it was Doña Juana Ponce, Dolores' friend, who opened my eyes.

I had been engaged in coursing ostriches with two of my dogs, and after an unsuccessful day was returning home, when I passed by Doña Juana's house and stopped there for a drink of water. The Ponces, mother and son, lived in a fairly large brick-house not far from the road that led to San José, and kept a kind of small store where the neighbours could buy tobacco, drink, matches, and such small articles as they did not care to travel as far as the town in search of. During the winter they did a very good trade, but neither of them was popular in the neighbourhood. The mother was a tall, gaunt woman, whose face looked like a mask that wore a set smile;

behind that mask every evil passion might be raging and the smile would still be there. Her son, about twenty-five probably, at least did not conceal his bad qualities: he was one of those men whom one can never meet without yearning to beat them. Much as I disliked the woman, I was compelled to get off my horse and enter her house, and there I sat, while she poured out all the gossip of the few last weeks.

"So the Alcalde is away," she said, as I got up to go. "Well, well, and our little Dolores amuses herself in his absence. I do not think that Don Miguel will care to have Cayetano Molino as a son-in-law, though. What do you think, Don Francisco? Perhaps any son-in-law sometimes is better than none, is it not so? And then, as you are a friend of Cayetano's you might arrange matters with her father."

"What do you mean, *señora*? I don't understand."

"Come, come, Don Francisco, you need not pretend with me. Surely you know that matters have gone far between Dolores and your *peon*, Cayetano. He is your *peon* still is he not? And the *señorita*, Doña Dolores, who was so proud and thought herself so much better than her neighbours! A *peon*! just think of that! Don Miguel had done better to have taken my son. Well, well, I am sorry for poor little Dolores. A rascal, he called my son, what will he call Cayetano Molino?" The woman's smile was positively devilish.

"I don't believe a word of it."

"You have not seen what I have seen. Have I not seen them together a hundred times? Have I not seen them in San José when the old man was away at General Conchas? Ay, and I see more than our little Dolores knows. The Alcalde! What an Alcalde, who cannot even take care of his daughter! And he comes here to accuse my son of buying stolen sheepskins! Look at that now! I bear no malice, I am sorry for them, but

girls are girls, and Dolores, for all her pride, is like the rest. Well, good-bye, Don Francisco; may you journey well," she said as she followed me out. "I would not repeat what I have told you to Don Miguel, if I were you: he might be angry with the poor child. Is it not so?"

Could it be true? Somehow I knew that it was. It was this then that explained Cayetano's altered conduct for the last few months, his unusual industry and eagerness to please me, and the hints he was always throwing out that he would like to become my *capataz*, or foreman. This was the reason why the placid, lazy Dolores had become so restless lately, and this the cause of the suppressed nervous excitement that shone in her dark sleepy eyes. Then I thought of poor old Miguel Ocampo, and all the air-castles that he used to build for his daughter's habitation. What was to be done? Nothing. At any rate, I determined to get rid of Cayetano for some time, without letting him suspect the cause, and then consider what would be best; for I knew that the amiable Juana Ponce meant mischief, and that, in the event of an explosion, it would be better for all parties that Cayetano should be away. Next day I despatched him with a troop of cattle that were to be taken to General Conchas, a journey which would insure his absence for at least twelve days. I had to overcome his evident reluctance to leave home, feeling all the time that I would willingly have wrung the young scamp's neck. As it was, his departure was not a day too soon.

Two days after he had gone, the weather changed. It was mid-winter, and until then we had had nothing but continued hard frosts at night and bright cold days, and it was on account of the consequent drought that I had been compelled to get rid of some of my cattle. That night it had rained hard, and a cold fine drizzle was still falling as I returned to my house in the afternoon after one of my usual

rounds of inspection. While I was crossing the courtyard in front of the house, Mercedes, Pichin's old wife, who acted as my cook, hurried to meet me showing signs of considerable excitement.

"The *señorita* from the Alcalde's house, Doña Dolores is here. And in what a state! Fancy, *señor*, she has walked here on foot! and through all that rain! She is wet, dripping wet; and she cries and cries. When I ask her what has happened, she only cries the more. What can it be?"

"Go and boil some water," I said. "Make her some hot tea, and don't stop chattering here; and don't bring it till I call you."

Seated at the table, her face buried in her arms, was Dolores; bareheaded, her black dress wet and clinging to her slender figure, her shoulders still heaving convulsively with broken sobs. She looked up as I entered, and then hid her face again, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of weeping.

"What is it, Lola?" I said gently, as she grew more quiet.

"My father! He has driven me out—'Get thee out,' he said, 'or I will kill thee!' Oh! had you seen his face! He would have killed me if I stayed! He is mad with anger, he would have killed me then, but I ran out: I knew not where to go! I wandered about, and then I came here to tell him and warn him. Where is he, Don Francisco? Where is Cayetano?"

"What of Cayetano?"

"He is my husband. We were married at San José—long ago, in the summer—and he bribed the priest there to say nothing of it. I could not help it—he loved me so—he loved me so—and I——" Dolores broke down again—presently growing more calm she resumed. "I was to tell my father by degrees, but the time went by and I told him nothing. Then I begged Cayetano to take me away, but he had nowhere to go to. And then that woman Juana Ponce, who was always spying on me, came and

told him. Oh, how I hate that woman!" She started to her feet with clenched hands, and the burning blush that had spread over her face turned into a look of helpless, desperate rage. "Oh, Don Pancho! You were always so kind to me—tell me, where shall I go? What shall I do? Ah! my God!" she cried, suddenly falling back against the wall. I turned following her eyes, and saw Miguel Ocampo standing in the doorway.

"So! Thou art here then!" he said hoarsely, advancing towards his daughter. "Ah—" and he screamed a terrible word at which the poor girl cowered to the floor, hiding her face in her hands. "Where is Cayetano Molino, *señor*?" he said, turning to me with a violent effort to appear calm.

"He is gone from here on my business, Don Miguel, and will yet be absent for some days."

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "He is here, and you too are in the plot against me."

I remained silent.

"Forgive me," he said presently, sinking heavily into a chair. "I am distracted: you would not play me false. But listen. I took that man into my house when he was ill and wounded. I cared for him and tended him, while he ate of my food and lived in my house. I asked for no payment in return, and see how he has repaid me! The dog! the accursed dog! have I not the right to kill him? And that girl! You know what she was to me, Don Francisco: you know how I, old man as I am, laboured early and late and strove to become rich for her sake. See then what disgrace she has brought on me, on me, who am Alcalde here, and whom all the neighbours respect. Would that I had left thy lover to die and rot where he lay, or had strangled thee with my own hands before I brought him to my house! No! no! it is not possible for such things to be! Say then, that it is not true what that woman told me, say it is not true, Lola *mia*, my

daughter—my daughter! Ah, miserable one! she cannot say it!”

A wretched silence ensued, and lasted for several minutes, broken only by the girl's long-drawn sobs and the panting breath of her father. At last I began to speak, urging anything I could think of in extenuation, and making a vain effort to pacify the old man. He would listen to nothing. To such a man the little position he had acquired in his narrow circle, the respect of his neighbours, the wild dreams he had cherished of his daughter's future, had been the very breath of his life. With one bitter stroke all his air-castles had crumbled away, leaving him desolate in their ruins, cruelly wounded in his own vanity and in his love for his daughter. Nothing could console him. How could he lift again the head that had been so humbled? How could he, the Alcalde, look his neighbours in the face?

“Come, my friend,” I said at length, “after all your daughter is married to an honest man. Let us make the best of it: we will both help Cayetano and make a man of him. What is done, is done; one cannot gather up water that is spilt. Better to forgive your daughter and give her your blessing.”

“An honest man! Call you that an honest man? Forgive her? Yes, and she shall have my blessing too! Listen then to my blessing! May she come back to me naked and starving, that I may thrust her from my door; may she wither day by day, body and soul; may he prove as faithless to her as she has done to me; may he break her heart as she has broken mine; may her child——”

“Not that—no! no! O my father! not that!”

“Stay, Don Miguel,” I cried, catching the furious man by the arm. “Enough of this. Remember that this is my house, and I am the master here. Your daughter has sought shelter here, and for your sake, as well as for hers, she shall have it. Come, man,

it is useless to talk like this: you are only making worse that which is bad already.”

Miguel grew suddenly calm. He turned and opened the door, and stood for a moment looking at me with haggard eyes. Then he said quietly: “You are right, *señor*; you are the master of this house, and therefore I leave it.” He passed out, and went to the place where his horse was tied, I following him. Then, when he had mounted it, he turned to me once more, and said in a voice which was quiet enough, but which trembled with concentrated passion: “Tell this to Cayetano Molino, if you would befriend him! Let him never cross my path, if he wishes to live. Tell him, too, that when he married my daughter, he married a beggar: never shall she receive anything more from me, while I live or when I die, save the clothes she now stands in. You think I cannot do that, Don Francisco: wait and you shall see how Miguel Ocampo keeps his word.”

“I only think that you will harm yourself if you try to harm her.”

“That also we shall see!” Miguel struck spurs to his horse, and rode away.

II.

IN good time Cayetano returned, and settled himself with his wife in one of my cottages, where he looked after a flock of sheep. The cottage was a sufficiently humble abode in appearance, a mud-hut of two rooms, with a hard-beaten mud-floor and a heavy, projecting, thatched roof; but it was dry and comfortable inside, and Dolores took great pride in its neat cleanliness. With the return of her husband her old cheerfulness came back to her; and indeed she showed a bright, active energy in her new home of which I had hardly thought her capable. Miguel Ocampo did nothing to molest them; how it might have been if Cayetano had come in his way, I do not know, but Cayetano never

did ; indeed he often amused me by the studious care and precautions that he took to avoid meeting his father-in-law. The truth was that Miguel had a certain reputation in the country which had not failed to impress Cayetano. Thirty-two years ago, when he had been living in the town of Azul, Miguel had quarrelled desperately with an official of the place : knives had been drawn, the quarrel had been fought out fairly man to man, and Miguel had fled to the Southern camps leaving his enemy dead on the ground. Cayetano had no wish to draw a knife against his wife's father, and even less wish to engage with a man so powerful and ready of fence. Although our old relations had been broken off, I still met the Alcalde as a friend, and sometimes visited his house, though he never came near mine. It was characteristic of the man that he never rentered or showed any anger at the part I had played in providing a refuge for his disobedient daughter and his enemy, her husband : there were no blood-ties between us that should make his quarrel mine, and he was quite willing that I should stand aside and exercise my right of behaving to both parties as I thought best : it was my right to do so, and he recognized that right even though it might baffle for a time his ideas of revenge. It is curious sometimes among half-civilized men to note how exact and nice is their sense of justice and individual right. Nevertheless the man was still brooding over his wrongs, still remembered his threats, and still plotted to put them into execution. The result of his plotting would have been comic enough had it not been also so pitifully tragic.

Knowing, as I did, where Miguel had gone for advice and consolation in his distress, I should hardly have been surprised when I heard that he had married the widow Ponce and brought her to live in his house. Cayetano, when I told him of it, shrugged his honest shoulders. "Poor old man, I

hope that woman will not poison him. Think, Patron, a man so old as that, nearly seventy, and still so foolish !"

Dolores cried bitterly, but I suspect that her tears were more of spite and anger against Juana Ponce, than of sorrow for her father. At any rate the Alcalde might flatter himself that he had succeeded in annoying his daughter, though he was still far from having beggared her. The Argentine law does not admit testamentary dispositions, and divides a man's property for him after his death without any regard for his wishes ; so that Dolores was still entitled on the death of her father to a large share of his estate as his only child, and no one knew that better than the Alcalde himself.

From time to time I had heard strange reports of his doings ; that he was not often quite sober, and very often quite drunk, and that his hopeful stepson, Teofilo Ponce, was supposed to aid him in his debaucheries. Everything on his farm was going wrong. His men were all leaving him : he was losing great numbers of his sheep from foot-rot, and nothing was done to cure the infected flocks : there were always a number of loafers hanging about the place whenever I went there, men who lived at free quarters and never did a stroke of work ; and the old man himself looked older and more broken every time I saw him. Still, even then I was hardly prepared for the mad folly of his next move.

One day I had been transacting some business in San José, trying in vain to engage bullock-waggons that would carry my wool for me at something like a reasonable rate, and I was returning home,—riding rather fast as was my wont when I was in a bad temper—when I overtook Miguel not far from his farm and stopped to speak to him. He was more sober than usual, though I was shocked at the change that had taken place in his appearance, and he listened to my complaints of the want of carts, bullocks, and enterprise in San José

without making any remark beyond his usual sententious exhortations to patience. Presently he said in a thick, unsteady voice, "I also have been to San José: I return from there now. I have done a good day's work, my friend, and one which will give you pleasure. I have passed the morning at the Court there—oh, I have done a good day's work. Will you not come with me to my house and hear what it is? Come, then. You do not like my wife. I know it. And you think that I, an old man, was wrong to marry. But you will be pleased now. Oh! yes! You will be pleased to learn how Miguel Ocampo can keep his word."

I followed him to his house, wondering what the scene would be at which I was to assist. Could it be that he had come to his senses and was about to discard his wife and her company? That would have been a scene which I confess would have given me considerable pleasure to witness; but I feared it was too good to be hoped for. We entered the kitchen where we found his wife bending over the fire, preparing the eternal *maté*. Teofilo rose from his seat, and was about to slink out—he had a way of leaving a room very like that of a dog that has been kicked—but the old man stopped him; then having asked me to be seated, he sat down opposite me and took out from his shirt a bundle of dirty and tattered papers which he handed to me one by one.

"Here are the titles of my land," he began hoarsely as he selected a bulky document, evidently lately drawn up from its comparative cleanliness. "If you look at the name of the proprietor you will see that it is not Miguel Ocampo but Teofilo Ponce and Juana Ocampo. Titles drawn up in Buenos Ayres which cost me three hundred dollars. See, here are all the signatures, that of the President of the Court, and the notary, and others: I know not which is which, but all are here. Now tell me, Don Francisco, what land do I possess

now? Here are the certificates for my sheep-marks—fourteen marks and two that I bought from you—read what is written there. I transfer the right of this to Juana Ocampo—signed Miguel Ocampo. See, it is written on each of them, with the signature of the witnesses below. To whom do my sheep belong now, my friend? Here are the brands of the cattle and horses, transferred also to Juana Ocampo. See! I have neither sheep nor cattle, not an animal living or dead, neither land nor house, neither stick nor stone. I am a man of nothing, a beggar living on the charity of my wife. Now let my daughter inherit from me! What do you say, Don Francisco, have I not kept my word? Confess then that you did not know Miguel Ocampo, when you thought him a weak old fool who swore that which he could never perform."

For a minute I was too disgusted to speak: the idea of having such a woman as Juana Ponce as a neighbouring proprietor filled me with dismay. Then I thought of the wretched husband who was despoiling himself to gratify a mistaken revenge, and putting himself blindly into the power of that evil-looking harridan.

"If I thought you foolish once, my friend, I think you are mad now. Thank you," I said, declining the *maté* which Juana offered me with a mocking smile. "Good-bye, Don Miguel: may you not have to repent too soon."

That was the last visit that I paid his house for many months. I cannot say that Dolores was very unhappy at her disinheritance: her husband, her baby, and her home were quite enough for her, though now and then she would cry and beg me to find some way of reconciling her to her father. Cayetano was much improved by his marriage; and had grown so steady and hard-working that I made him my foreman, with almost double his former salary, and brought him and his family to live at the home-station so that I might have him at hand. Ocampo's house was so near that it was difficult for me not

to know all that was going on there. It appeared that Juana Ponce de Ocampo, as she called herself, had taken the management into her own hands and had already considerably reformed the establishment; but on the other hand there were dismal accounts of the relations between the husband and wife. It seemed that the old man was always drinking, that there were terrible quarrels between the two Ponces, and that they generally ended in his submission. At last one evening Cayetano came to me with a very disturbed face, and told me that he had been over to the farm himself. Dolores had so urged this visit on him that he had consented to go, but the news he brought back was not calculated to reassure her. "We had arranged, *señor*," he said, "that I should try and see one of the men and learn from him whether I had better see Don Miguel or not; but when I got to the place there was no one about. I did not like to call, so I waited about to see if any one would come out, until I saw an old man sitting at the corner of the sheep-corral, and shelling maize. I went up to him to ask where the others might be, and he turned round. It was Don Miguel himself; but *señor Dios!* how he is changed! They are killing him, Patron: his shirt was all ragged and dirty, and he had no stockings or shoes. He did not know who I was, and kept on saying, 'Go to the house. She is there in the house. Then I offered to help him to shell the maize, but he would not let me, nor would he talk to me. Presently Teofilo Ponce came out, so I stepped back to the wall where he could not see me. And as he passed he kicked the box of maize—like this, and it was all spilt on the ground; and then Teofilo laughed. The old man said nothing but went on his knees to pick it up, and I saw his hands all shaking; and then Teofilo kicked him, that poor old man, and laughed again. Then blood came before my eyes and I was mad, and I rushed out and drew my knife, but

Teofilo, when he saw me, would not wait for me and ran into the house. I waited for him to come out, but he did not come; and presently Juana Ponce came out and pointed to my horse and said, 'Go.' I got on my horse, and rode to where Don Miguel was still kneeling on the ground to ask him to come with me, but he would not. Then he said, 'Who are you?' and I said, 'Cayetano Molino;' and he began to curse me, so I rode away."

That was the pleasant tale that Cayetano had brought back. There was nothing to be done, unless we could persuade Miguel to leave his old home and take refuge with us, and I knew him too well to think that that was possible. Dolores cried bitterly, declaring that she should never see her father again alive; and then tried to forget her grief in teaching her baby to walk.

In the meantime another winter had come upon us, and threatened to be a very wet one. For some days the Arroyo between us and San José had become impassable, and the flood reached almost to the walls of the Ocampos' house. We, who lived on higher ground and nearer the mountains, were fully occupied in bringing up the flocks and cattle from the low-lying portions of the camp, and keeping them quiet on the *lomadas*, or backs, as the high ridges of the ground are called: no easy task, for both sheep and cattle have an inveterate habit of straying before a cold wind, allowing themselves to be driven into all kinds of dangerous places. About the middle of July the cold wind and rain ceased for three days, giving place to a sultry heat, though the sky was still heavy and clouded. Night after night we could see the faint flash of the far-off lightning, and hear the dull, distant thunder of the storm as it passed up and down the line of the Sierras; on the third day, though it was but three o'clock, the sky grew black as pitch all round us, nothing but heavy rolling masses of purple black, rolling from horizon to horizon, and shutting

out the feeble wintry light of day, and we knew that we were about to have such a storm as we had not often seen before. On that day, before the storm broke, while the first heavy drops were yet falling, while the fierce wind was yet but a distant moan, Miguel Ocampo came to my house.

He had come on foot. Bareheaded and barefooted he stood there in the middle of the courtyard, clutching the iron arch that stood over the well and gazing vacantly before him. Dolores, who ran out, stood still and looked at him with horror-struck eyes, hardly daring to approach. Could this indeed be her father? But a year ago, and the Alcalde was one of the finest-looking men for many a league round, whose sixty-eight years sat so lightly on him that there were few better or bolder riders than he, few men whose sight was more keen or hand more skilful with the lasso, and not a man who had a greater pride in his own powers and more confidence in himself. Twelve short months of sorrow, misery, and drink had added twenty years to his age and brought him to this: a bowed and broken old man whose vacant stare showed neither recollection nor expectation, and whose powerful limbs shook and shivered in the cold wind that fluttered his rags about him. With some difficulty we induced him to enter the house, as the storm broke over our heads with a prolonged rattling peal of thunder and the heavy downpour of sheets of water. Once seated before the fire he crouched there quietly enough and seemed to find some pleasure in its warmth, while Cayetano and Dolores busied themselves in finding clothes to replace his torn garments. He did not seem to know who we were, he had probably forgotten even where he was, and he stretched his hands out to the cheerful blaze of the fire, staring stupidly at the flames and heedless of the questions I asked him. At first he roughly refused the food that Dolores had anxiously prepared for him, then he attacked it greedily, and then, after a mouthful or two, he pushed it away

from him with loathing. At last he began to speak in a dull, monotonous voice, relapsing every now and then into his former stupor. With endless repetitions and interruptions he told his story bit by bit, addressing himself sometimes to me, but chiefly to the fire, and never to the other two, of whose presence he seemed quite unconscious. He had come to me, he said, because I was an old friend, and things had gone ill with him at his own house: they had even driven him from it. She—he never spoke of his wife or stepson by their names—she had taken from him all his money, leaving him none to buy clothes, or even tobacco or drink: they had taken from him his horse and watched him so that he might not escape, making him work and feeding him like a dog: they had taken away his knife, pretending to the other *peons* that he was mad and dangerous. He, Teofilo, had struck him and so had she, and to-day they had thrown him out of the house and set the dogs at him. He bared his arm, showing where one of the dogs had bitten him. Dolores' great eyes flashed fire through their tears, while she clutched her husband's arm, and Cayetano swore an awful oath as to the punishment he would deal out to Teofilo Ponce. Presently, when a clap of thunder louder than the others shook the house, the old man sprung to his feet, as if suddenly recalling some forgotten resolution: then, catching sight of me, he held out his hands in passionate appeal. "Help me, Don Francisco, help me, I say! They have flung me out of my house, they have hounded on me my own dogs! Let me kill them! Lend me thy gun, that I may hunt down and shoot that black vixen and her whelp, that have eaten up my goods and shut my doors upon me. Lend me thy gun, and I will show thee such a chase as thou hast never seen before. What! You will not lend it? No matter! It is the lightning that shall strike and blast them! Listen! Listen to my vengeance that falls upon them!

Listen to the devils that come as I call! Hear you not that? and that?" His voice rose shrill above the incessant rattle of the thunder, until he fell back exhausted on to the seat he had risen from. The storm seemed to madden him, and as long as it lasted it was difficult to keep him quiet; but as the thunder grew less loud, passing on into the distance, he grew more calm, and allowed the patient Cayetano to lead him to the bed that had been prepared for him. And so the Alcalde and his daughter had met once more.

Next morning the rain was still falling heavily, driving down before the cold south-west wind that bent and broke the tall heads of the *pampas* grass and swept before it the water in spray from pool to pool. It was an anxious time for me: one of the flocks was already lambing, and in such wild weather I knew that, do what I might, I should only have heavy losses to expect. Miguel, who was still sleeping when I left the house, was intrusted to the care of his daughter and the old Mercedes. I had hopes that on his awaking and finding out where he was, and who was tending him, he would become reconciled to the poor girl and remember her only as the child that he had once loved, and not as the disobedient daughter who had been the unwilling cause of all his misery.

Meanwhile I sallied forth, riding sometimes through sheets of water that reached the horse's fetlocks, sometimes over the soft sodden ground, splashing black mud behind me. What damage had already been done, and how to prevent any further loss were the chief questions that occupied my mind. There are days when the life of a sheep-farmer is a far from pleasant one: days in the summer when week after week the sun rises and sets in a cloudless sky, when the fierce heat parches and burns the scanty herbage, turning the grassy camp into a brown dusty waste, when from morning to night one labours to

draw insufficient water from the failing wells for the thirsty, struggling herds, and the wretched half-starved horses can scarce carry one to the distant work: days in the winter when disaster sharp and sudden comes unexpectedly upon one, a heavy hailstorm that kills in two hours half a hundred weakly sheep and hundreds of tender lambs—or a bitter wind with driving rain before which both flocks and herds travel on and on, until they fall from weariness and exhaustion, and die where they fall. There is no other life in which a man is so much the sport of the elements, and feels himself more helplessly at their mercy. On, over the drenched camp I plodded, accompanied by the faithful Cayetano, heading back the wandering cattle that were scattered by the storm, turning back to their flocks the foolish sheep that strayed on to destruction, working hard to keep in safety the living, and, most heartbreaking toil of all, skinning the many dead. From time to time one of the men would ride up to report of his charge; for I had five or six large flocks of sheep, each in the keeping of an outlying shepherd.

"Well, Pedro," I would say, "how is the flock?"

"Very well," drawled Pedro, "we have hardly lost any. What a storm it is! Holy mother! but we have done well, Patron; only thirty or perhaps fifty sheep, and a hundred lambs or so."

"What! you call that nothing?" growled Cayetano. "We have not lost half so many in both of the home flocks. Why, man! you hardly had a hundred lambs: have you lost them all?"

"I do not know, but there are many skins."

"How many?" I said.

"Who knows, Patron? I did not count them."

"Go and count them then." And Pedro rode off sulkily, while Cayetano grumbled out "Ass! mule! he has the head of a pumpkin, that Pedro."

Presently Pichin arrived on the scene and slipping off his horse proceeded to tighten his girths, casting a look of comic dismay at the pile of carcasses and bundles of skins which we had already stripped off. "Bad news, Patron," he said.

"How many animals?"

"Seven. The old red cow, that was so thin, the lame bullock, three others and two calves. Two skins are taken off: the others can wait. They will keep well this cold weather," he added cheerfully.

Cayetano held his peace: he might abuse Pedro if he liked, but he knew better than to abuse Pichin, however greatly he might desire to display his zeal.

"I have been near the river," continued Pichin; "never have I seen it so high. The flood must be half a mile across, and there will be no getting to San José for many a week. *Caramba!* I am glad I do not live in Don Miguel's house: the water is up to the door. They have lost hundreds of sheep, those Ponces; Teofilo was cursing—he can get no one to skin for him, for both their men have left. There has been trouble about Don Miguel: they say he has left his home and come here—is it true, Patron?"

"It is true enough," answered Cayetano for me.

"He is no fool then," muttered Pichin, "for if the river rises much more, they will not stay in that house long. What a brute that Teofilo is! He was very drunk and had a bottle of *caña* there with him, but he never offered it to me—not a drop of it."

"That will do, we have not time to skin any more," I said, raising myself stiffly from the ground, and adjusting a pile of wet sheep-skins behind my saddle. "Pichin, you can help Cayetano to carry the rest;" and I turned my horse's head home, followed gladly by my two wretched dogs who had been shivering and trying to shelter themselves all day under my horse's legs. The day had cleared a little towards the evening

and the rain had ceased falling, though the sky, still overcast with heavy leaden clouds, gave no favourable promise for the next morning. As I got off my horse I saw Dolores outside the kitchen-door, who beckoned me to come to her, putting her finger to her lips. Gaining her side, I looked in with her through the half-open door: the fire was burning cheerfully and sitting in the ruddy light was Don Miguel, dressed comfortably in some of Cayetano's best clothes and holding out his hands to the baby who was crawling to him across the floor. "He has been like that all day," whispered Dolores. "I do not think he knows yet who I am, but he takes such notice of the little one, and he lets me do everything for him. His memory seems quite gone, but it will come back,—will it not, Don Francisco?—and it is so good to see him here!" The poor little woman's eyes filled with tears as she gazed at the unconscious pair. I am afraid I must have scandalized Mercedes, who was standing by, and considerably astonished Dolores herself when I caught her in my arms and kissed her on both cheeks. They say that we Frenchmen are an impulsive race—perhaps we are.

That night the storm burst upon us again, the rain falling in torrents, and the wind sweeping down upon us from the Sierras, shrieking in its ineffectual endeavours to tear us and our tenement from the ground and hurl us to destruction. Sleep was out of the question; even when the vivid lightning and noise of the thunder had passed away, the fury of the wind and continual splash of the rain kept one awake in wretched anxiety for the morrow. "I shall not have a sheep left," I thought, "if this goes on for another hour." Towards morning, however, I dropped off into an uneasy doze only to be awoken by a frantic knocking at my door.

"It is I, Cayetano," cried a voice outside.

"What is the matter?" I said, opening the door.

"The old man is gone, *señor*, and we cannot find him anywhere. He was sleeping quite quietly last night, but the storm must have disturbed him, and now he has gone off somewhere."

"What shall we do?" cried Dolores, who was standing behind her husband, wrapped in a shawl, her black hair blowing across her face. "What a night to have gone out in! he must have gone to our old house. I know he has gone there. But how can he ever travel so far on foot, and so weak as he is?"

I looked at my watch. It was nearly seven in the morning, though it was yet so dark. "Saddle my horse, Cayetano, and I will be with you in a minute. Courage, Dolores, we will bring you back your father safe and sound: he may not have gone long, and I dare say he is not far off yet. Get Cayetano a bottle of brandy to take with us."

In a very short time our preparations had been made and we started on our quest. The morning was just breaking with a dull gray light; though the wind had dropped, the rain still fell steadily, dripping from the brims of our slouched hats and soaking the folds of our heavy cloaks. Between my own farm and that of Miguel Ocampo the distance was barely two miles, but the two were quite out of sight of each other owing to the ridges of high ground that lay between us and the fact that Miguel's house was built so low. We rode on in silence, peering anxiously right and left for any signs of the fugitive—nothing to be seen save here and there a dead sheep, or sometimes a cow or bullock—and every now and then turning our horses aside to examine more nearly the indistinct forms that lay stretched on the wet ground. At last we found ourselves riding over the

last ridge that lay between us and the house.

"We must have come wrong," Cayetano muttered, wiping the water from his eyes, and peering through the rain. "I cannot see the house anywhere. It ought to be close to us."

As we descended the gentle slope of the ridge, we could see nothing before us but an endless sheet of water, breaking under the heavy rain into innumerable bubbles that incessantly floated and burst.

"*Señor Dios!*" cried Cayetano, "the water is flowing in a stream! It must be the river. Then where can the house be? It is impossible that we can have passed it. No, there it is, in front of us! Look, Patron! what can have happened? God of Mercy! the house has fallen!"

Some two hundred yards across the plain, that had now become a stream flowing to our feet, we could see above the water a shapeless mass of ruins. As we drew nearer, riding through water that reached to our horses' knees, we could further see the outlines of the heavy thatched roof that lay flat on the ruins of the crumbled walls.

"The Ponces must be drowned," said Cayetano hoarsely. "But the old man? He could never have come through this, the current is too strong!"

He had come through it. By what desperate effort Don Miguel had reached his old house, Heaven alone knows. He had reached it. There, upon the broken thatch of the fallen roof that he had raised himself, over the ruins of the walls that he had built, above the bodies of the wretched couple who had brought misery upon him, lay the Alcalde of the Sierra Negra.

W. F. HUBBARD.

A BROTHER OF THE COMMON LIFE.

FORTY miles from the City of the Three Kings is the town of Kempen. The country around is bare and uninteresting; not even a stone wall is to be seen, and the acres of small allotments are only divided by ditches, or occasionally broken by farmhouses sheltered by a few trees.

In the fourteenth century it was necessary to protect the town by walls and a moat, for not far from Kempen lived Count Engelbert of Mark, a fierce, brutal lord whose name long continued to be a threat to disobedient children. Great consternation prevailed in the sunny month of August 1392, just as the vintage was begun, when news came that the Count was pillaging the country around the town, and that he had already carried off two hundred cartloads of new wine and ten thousand guldens. Every man in Kempen took arms, and the strength of the defences exhausting the patience of the besiegers, the red-bearded Count and his followers moved on to districts where it was easier sport to terrify the women and children, and to rob the industrious citizens and farmers of their hardly earned substance.

When peace and security were re-established, a quaint procession passed through the heavy Romanesque archway of the church of St. Peter, and the townspeople of Kempen made the richly-frescoed walls re-echo with their chant of deliverance. The hearts of the inhabitants of this little town were specially open to religious impressions, for they had been recently stirred by the vigorous words of Tauler, a Dominican monk, who had been driven from Strasburg during the Interdict, for daring to assert, "That as Christ died for all men, the Pope had no power to close Heaven against the innocent." Whether Tauler

preached at St. Gertrude's in Cologne or in the village churches crowds flocked to hear his message of good news, and his words found a ready response in the hearts of the people. He taught no creed which involved the selfish isolation of the heart within its own emotions and experiences, but incited his hearers instead to works of love, and held up before them the secret by which all human joys and duties and sorrows may be converted into fine gold and frankincense and myrrh. "One can spin", he said "another can make shoes, and all these are gifts of the Holy Ghost. I tell you if I were not a priest I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all".

Among the inhabitants of Kempen, John Hammerlein, an artificer in gold and silver, listened with peculiar enthusiasm to these herald-notes of the restoration of true religion, and placed his house in the precincts of the church at the disposal of Tauler. Gerard Groote, a priest whose name is equally famous as a leader in this movement, was also a frequent visitor at Hammerlein's house, and helped Tauler in the discussions which were eagerly sought by many enquirers.

Hammerlein's wife Gertrude and his little son Thomas were present on these occasions, and the words then spoken made so great an impression on the boy that one of his biographers said of him, "The little sparks in his tender soul were blown into a flame, which failed not to manifest itself as he grew up". Every day he learnt verses from the German translation of the Bible, which Tauler and Groote inscribed on slips of parchment and lent to their followers. And he also learnt and repeated to his mother the

golden alphabet drawn up for the children by Tauler.

This seems to have been his sole education until he was twelve years old, when he was sent to Deventer, where his elder brother John had been at school for some years. On the rare occasions when news came to Kempen of John Hammerlein, mention was always made of his progress in learning, and also of the favour shown to him by the Brothers of the Common Life, who had established one of their first houses in the town.

This Brotherhood had grown out of the Association of scribes employed by Tauler and Groote in translating and copying the Bible into German. After a time Florentius, the young Vicar of Deventer, proposed to Groote that he and the three clerks copying with him should put their earnings into a common fund and live together. "Live together"! exclaimed Groote, "the monks would prevent us!" "But what is to hinder us from trying?" persisted Florentius. "It may be that God will grant us success". "Well then", said Groote, "in God's name begin. I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you". And so Florentius and his companions were established in a house on the banks of the Bollis Beek, a stream that joins the Yssel at Deventer.

With the Church distracted by divisions, the priesthood degraded by innumerable scandals, and the country tyrannised over by such marauders as Count Engelbert of Mark, it is not surprising that many persons followed this example, adopting the title of the Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life. Some of the members continued to live with their families, but the majority withdrew into houses, living together without monastic vows. They do not seem to have renounced the control of their possessions, but merely to have thrown what was superfluous into a common stock, which they employed in building their church and house, and in defraying the missionary journeys undertaken by some of the

members. Their lives were fully occupied, their hands were ever ready for works of mercy among their friends and neighbours, and their feet were swift in doing good. They taught regularly in all the schools within reach, and when the time came for young John of Kempen, Thomas's elder brother, to leave school, he had no greater ambition than to become one of the Brotherhood who had guided and helped him in all his studies.

When Thomas came in sight of the massive towers of St. Lebuin's Cathedral, mitred with campaniles and looming over the rich meadows, he imagined his journey had come to an end, but on knocking at the door of the Brothers' house he found to his surprise that John had gone to live at Windesheim, another house some miles distant. Still undaunted he set out again, and was at last rewarded by a loving greeting from his brother. John did not encourage him to stay, but sent him back with a letter of commendation to Florentius, the Vicar of Deventer, and Superior of the House by the Bollis Beek.

Day after day men and women came from far to tell their secret troubles to Florentius; to ask for his counsel, and to hear his words of consolation and wisdom. It often happened that when he began to read his Hours, so many people interrupted him that he was unable to finish the psalm he had begun. "Still once more for the sake of God", Florentius would say to himself, when he feared that through weariness he might cease to open to him that knocked. And "still once more for the sake of God" he opened his door to the boy, weary with his long walk back from Windesheim. Framed in the archway, he stood tall and erect in a long coarse grey garment, belted round the waist. His face was pale and emaciated, but a flash of light passed over it when he saw that this time his visitor was a child.

Florentius read the letter from Brother John, and after questioning

Thomas, told him that he wished him to stay in the house of the Brothers and to go to school from thence—an arrangement that continued until, showing signs of delicate health, he was placed for a time in the charge of a benevolent lady, under whose roof he could have more personal comfort than was possible in the Brothers' house.

This separation from Florentius was an early stroke of discipline, for his fatherly tenderness had awakened the most sensitive emotions of Thomas's nature. It was happiness to be in his presence, and his touch thrilled the boy with love and reverence. In the chronicles of the Brotherhood that Thomas wrote in later years, he mentions that the boys of the school sang the daily offices in the church, and that "as often as I saw my Superior, Florentius, standing in the choir, the mere presence of so holy a man inspired me with such awe that I dare not speak when he looked up from his book. One day it happened that I was standing near him in the choir, and he turned to the book we had and sang with us. And standing close behind me, he supported himself by placing his hands upon my shoulders; and I stood quite still, scarcely daring to move, so astonished was I at the honour he had done me." Florentius soon became aware of the enthusiastic affection he had kindled in the heart of the little chorister, and a bond of no common sympathy grew close and firm between them. On one side the love of the protector, on the other the love of a grateful life.

When Thomas's school-fees were duly offered, the master Boheme asked him, "Who gave thee the money?" And on receiving the answer, "My Father Florentius", Boheme replied, "Go, carry back to him the money, for out of love to him I will receive nothing from thee!" This anecdote and Thomas's silence respecting his parents, leads to the supposition that they had died. For however warmly

his heart may have recalled memories of home, he seems to have never returned to Kempen, and without a break his school-life melted into closer connection with the Brotherhood.

At first he was employed by Florentius in special missions of charity. Then he was found to be so skilful with his pen, and so good a Latin scholar, that he became one of the translators of the Bible. Florentius secured that his clerical work should have some relief by appointing him to draw water for the house from the well in the garden. Sometimes the Superior sat on the well and taught those who came and went, and reminded them of the words that have refreshed so many souls, spoken by the well of Sychar. And the words strengthened the desire of Thomas's soul for the Water of Everlasting Life, and in his communings of spirit he found relief in writing what he called "the Soliloquy of the Soul", in which he questions one who seemed to know much of the Love of God. "Oh, holy and devout Soul, hanging upon God", he exclaims, "do all things in Heaven and earth seem small to thee?" And the answer came, "Yea, all things are small to me".

The work of writing and pondering over these meditations, and the events of the year 1398, combined to stir and deepen his spiritual growth. The plague broke out in the town of Deventer, and one after another the Brothers in the house by the river fell ill.

Since Thomas's first arrival in Deventer, he had shared his studies and leisure hours with Arnold Schoonhoven, Gerard Zerbolt, and Lubert Berner. The boys had plodded together through the same books, and vied with each other in the fineness of their writing. They had strolled arm in arm through the avenues that flanked the broad waters of the Yssel, watching the unlading and lading of the barges, and hearing wonderful tales of the "unknown vast" that lay

outside their "little known" from the sailors who plied their trade to and from the Zuyder Zee. They had fished together in the Bollis Beek, following it to its rise in the hills covered with fir trees, while they held sweet counsel together in the borderland of the mighty secrets of heaven and earth. They had joined in the conferences held by Florentius in his large room, and had gone far and wide to gather in more disciples to sit at his feet. They had sung together in the choir of St. Lebuin's Cathedral, and listened to the sonorous voice of the celebrated preacher, Brinkerinck, when he spoke to the crowded congregation "of the Passion of the Lord very affectingly, gladdening the lovers of Jesus and confounding those who deride him".

But this happy comradeship was to be broken. Lubert Berner, "the grave, sweet friend of all the Brothers", was one of those struck with the plague in the month of July. Florentius tried every remedy he knew with no success, and when those engaged in nursing Lubert said to cheer him, "we shall all soon hold our conferences in Master Florentius' chamber", Thomas heard him murmur, "No, not here any more, but in Heaven with the saints".

The sounds of the sequence, *Laus tibi Christi*, which he had asked to have sung, were still sounding in the room when Brother Amilius closed the eyes of the dead.

Quickly after this parting came another, which made a second gap in the little band of friends. Gerard Zerbolt had been sent with Amilius on a message to Windesheim, when he was taken suddenly ill and fell asleep, a sleep from which he never woke. His death was followed by that of Kettel, who had acted as cook: a brave cheerful brother, who sang psalms as he plied his lowly tasks. Thomas was with him at his death and probably caught the plague. In his case the pestilence took a modified but more tedious form. Florentius,

distrusting his own skill in treating this new development of the disease, sent for the Curé of St. Almelo, whose knowledge of medicine was famous in the neighbourhood. Thomas records his ministrations to both mind and body with gratitude. The long confinement tried his ardent spirit sorely. It pained him that another should take his place as acolyte, when Master Henry Brune went to celebrate the Sacrament among the lepers, that another should carry pens and paper to the students or garments sent by the Superior to the poor, or that another should gather the herbs and prepare the warm bath and "the little bed very clean" for the sick and suffering who came to Florentius for medicine. Discontented thoughts such as these made fierce onslaughts on him, and he wrote, "they prevail so, that they can scarce be checked and strive to overthrow all former good". Sometimes visions of happiness in the world outside the house of the Brothers came to him, and Florentius saw, through all these tossings to and fro of mind and body, that Thomas was too young to be cut off from experience of the life that he had a perfect right to choose. He saw also that it would be good for the lad, who had crept like a sunbeam into his heart, to learn to stand alone and to be exposed to the wholesome buffetings of the uncaring world.

As Thomas's convalescence progressed, Florentius fully realized the discipline the parting would be to himself. A contemporaneous biographer writes a quaint account of this crisis in the lives of Florentius and Thomas.

"Upon a certain festival, the divine rites being over, Florentius having observed that his pupil Malleolus" (a play upon the name of Hammerlein, by which he was sometimes called) "was more cheerful than usual, called him to come into his bed-room, and addressed him, 'Oh, Thomas, my son, most dear in the Lord, the time approaches when you must determine your future career, when and what sort of person you are to be, and what kind of life you wish to follow.' Then the most ex-

callent young man Thomas was able to utter with trembling voice, 'For some time past, father, I have desired this with many prayers, hoping for the opportunity you give me. Since I have a brother in Windesheim, I would that your love would cause that I may find a place among the disciples in Mount St. Agnes.' 'I will try,' said Florentius, and the following day he gave him letters to the Principal of that community."

A Brother of the Common Life had but small preparations to make for a journey, and the parting that cost so much to Florentius and Thomas quickly followed. The mind of the younger man must have been so tinctured with the instructions of his Superior that the words of Thomas à Kempis on the separation of friends have a double interest.

"My son, if you make your peace depend on any person because he is after your own heart, and you have lived much in his company, you will be unsettled, and without true peace; but if you rest upon the ever-living and abiding Truth, the loss or the death of a friend will not overwhelm you with grief. Friendship ought to have its foundation in Me, and whosoever appears good to you and is dear to you in this life, is to be loved for my sake. Without me friendship has no strength and will not last, nor is that love pure and true which is not knit by Me. I embrace all in my infinite love. The less dependent a man is upon earthly supports the more he will lean upon God."

Thomas's road lay past Windesheim, at which place his friend Gerard Zerbolt was buried, and, before mounting the Hill of St. Agnes, he paid a visit to the Brothers of the Common Life who had a house in Zwolle. The spot where the house of St. Agnes once stood on the downs above Zwolle is still marked by low grass-grown mounds in the shape of three sides of a square. It is a fine open spot, where nothing breaks the breezes from the Zuyder Zee, and the scene brings to the mind the words in "Sir Galahad:"

"I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields."

Some of the inhabitants of Zwolle are still buried in the little paradise, as the burial place attached to a

religious house was called, and there are stone posts used as grave-stones, which have evidently served at some time as window-mullions and door-steps. The life to which John, who was now appointed Superior, welcomed his brother Thomas, was full of work. From his delicacy of constitution he was principally occupied in the day-room writing, but he sometimes took his turn in fishing in the Vetch for the daily pittance. The sick in Zwolle were also placed under his care. After his visits to them he would refresh himself by a talk with John Cele, the celebrated schoolmaster of Zwolle, who was a link with old Deventer days, having been a frequent visitor to both Florentius and Boheme. He must have found especial comfort in his company, when the news came that their friend and teacher was dead: "On the Festival of the Annunciation, after the hour of Compline, Florentius terminated his life on earth, while the Brethren were praying around him and sorrowing with great heaviness of heart".

The Brothers on Mount St. Agnes had much to contend with. The monks, as Groote had predicted, looked with suspicion on them, and as reformers of the way of life they were unpopular with the majority of the townspeople of Zwolle. Their coffers also were poorly supplied, and their fare was often more than frugal. Once when there seemed to be no prospect of food for the next day, their fears were allayed by the arrival of Thomas's old friend the Curé of St. Almelo, bringing with him a gift of large stores for the House on the Hill. In the meantime the great work for which they stinted themselves in sleep and food was slowly progressing, a church, in which they and the neighbouring dwellers in the huts scattered over the downs could worship. This was a serious undertaking for a few men with scanty purses, labouring themselves with hod and trowel, chisel and saw. In the midst of the work, when the walls were built and most of

the wood prepared for the roof, the master spirit, Prior John à Kempis, was called away to found another House at Bommel. But the Brothers made a wise choice in asking William of Windesheim to succeed him, for the new Prior possessed qualities which attracted many laymen to the House, and some of these guests left rich gifts behind them as a testimony of gratitude for the spiritual privileges they had experienced under its roof. These gifts were used to erect a pulpit and seats for the choir, to procure rich vestments for the clergy, and to adorn the *sacrarium* with frescoes.

The reward came at last, when the industrious Brothers saw the sun rise on a morning in Easter week 1412, and at the hour for Matins a long procession entered the new church. The Prior of Windesheim was there, and the Prior of Belheim, Master Conrad Henzel, John Haerleem, priest of Zwolle, and many other religious persons. The procession was closed by Matthias Buduanen, Suffragan Bishop of Utrecht, who consecrated the church, dedicating it to the martyr St. Agnes. Crowds of men and women, young and old, from the neighbouring towns and villages were present at the ceremony: the event brought St. Agnes into celebrity, and before long her church became an important centre of religious life, and many people were wrought into sympathy with hopes and fears that they had hitherto passed by unheeded.

The dark valleys must have been passed through step by step by those who try to draw others out of the shadows into the light and serenity of the mountain-top, and the Brothers of the Common Life made it clear to those who came to them that they had fought through the same darkness, and that they had good grounds for the joyous and hopeful key-note that they maintained throughout their instructions. They were glad to be asked the reason of their faith, and they used to hold special short services for their numerous visitors. These

services began with a hymn, then a portion of the New Testament was read in the mother-tongue, followed by easy explanations, which frequently led to questions being asked by those who wished to know more. After the discussion some collects were said and another hymn sung, and the service ended by the Brothers distributing slips of parchment, on which verses from the Bible were copied, or short sayings of St. Bernard. They also opened schools for the children of the poor, and in many ways won the affection of their neighbours and acquired an important influence in the country-side.

The Counsels of St. Bernard were much studied by the Brothers, and in "The Imitation of Christ" occur passages which seem to be a reflection of St. Bernard's words; and as the monk of Cluny drew some of his thoughts from those of St. Augustine, Thomas stood as it were on the shoulders of some of the giants of the Church, and so saw better than any who had preceded him how he could touch and comfort the hearts of the human race.

The careful investigations and researches made by the Rev. S. Kettlewell during the last few years should have effectually swept away the doubts that have been thrown on the authorship of "The Imitation," and the manuscript copy in the Royal Library at Brussels written and signed by Thomas in the same fine clear handwriting in which he inscribed the Chronicles of the House of St. Agnes, is a conclusive confirmation of its authenticity.

Thomas was ordained Priest in 1414, and he began to write his first missal in the same year. A portion of copying was his daily task, and his own meditations were written at odd moments, as a guard against idle thoughts and to make the most of small opportunities. His favourite time for writing was in the early morning, when Lauds were ended and the Brothers had returned to their beds for

more sleep. When no sound broke the stillness but the quick cry of the lapping, and the "grey sandalled morn" crept over the downs,—it was at such a time that he wrote the words "My cell is to me a Paradise." Men and women of many generations and of many countries thank God for the words written in that cell, those words of communing with Christ whom he loved above all else, and with whom he conversed as with a great and beloved Friend, words that may teach others how to practise such blessed converse, and help each man in his turn to make his cell also a Paradise.

The Brothers could find no one better qualified to lead the minds of the young novices than Brother Thomas, and as Sub-Prior his pupils found that he was ready to be their friend as well as their teacher. He used to invite them to private interviews in his cell, or walk up and down with them in the pleasant garden on the brow of the hill. Sometimes in the midst of their talk he would leave them saying that some one was waiting for him in his cell. And they knew quite well that he went to take counsel with the great Master, and to be refreshed by a draught of the cooling waters of Life.

The Sub-Prior had also many duties concerning the services of the Church, and the office included that of Precentor. Thomas was an enthusiastic musician, and spared no pains to make "the singing of so many brothers in concord a sweet sound in the presence of God, and all the citizens of Heaven". In his "Manual for young Christians" he alludes to there being an organ with many pipes in the church of St. Agnes. One of his contemporaries says of him that, "when he was singing he was always to be observed with his face looking up carried away with enthusiasm, with body erect, never supporting himself with a seat, or on his arms, or leaning back. Night and day he was the first to enter the Sanctuary, and the last to depart". This writer also

adds, that his patience was such, that he had schooled his naturally quick disposition to be ready for interruptions, and that whatever annoyances came to him, he never allowed himself to be worried and ruffled by them.

Towards the end of 1425 he and his Brethren had a special opportunity for practising his instruction on the virtue of patience: "He is not truly patient who is prepared to suffer only as much as seems good to himself, and only from those whom he himself chooses". For a schism arose in the diocese at the appointment of Sweder de Culenborgh to be Bishop of Utrecht, and the towns of Zwolle and Deventer refusing to accept him, they were placed under an Interdict. The majority of the nobles and people rebelled against this fresh Papal tyranny. "Alas!" writes Thomas à Kempis, "on St. Lambert's day it was enjoined upon us that we must suspend our singing". This was but the prelude to the Brothers being ordered to leave their house. After a short, solemn service in the church they hastily gathered their manuscripts together, and by the light of the sunset on St. Barnabas' Day walked in procession down the Mount, accompanied by groups of silent, grieving neighbours. The Sisters of the Common Life received them for the first night at Hasselt, and the townspeople wept, when they saw them passing through the streets, at the cruel force that was used in turning them out of their house. The next day they sailed for Friesland, and after a stormy passage took refuge with the Brothers at Lunenkerck.

Some of the Brothers had left their home never to return; but Brother John, one of the best singers and a man of great muscular power, who was leader in harvest-time and had been master-mason in the building of the House, feeling ill, obtained permission to return to St. Agnes to die. About the same time a messenger came to summon Thomas à Kempis to his brother John at the house of

Bethuania. He hastened to him and nursed him until his death, which happened after a year's illness. After this Thomas was able to return to Mount St. Agnes, as the Interdict was over, and the musical services for which the House was so celebrated were services of heartfelt thanksgiving for the reunion of the Brotherhood.

Thomas was now appointed steward, but finding that the household duties encroached too much on his time for writing, he gave up the office and returned to his old work as Sub-Prior. The fame of his holiness attracted many from other monasteries: people of all ranks came to St. Agnes to consult the Brother who had comforted and gladdened so many, and the sick and dying sent from far to implore him to come and minister to them. He took pilgrimages to visit the dying as long as he could, but at all times he was far from strong, and as the years lengthened upon him the toil of mounting the hill after leaving Zwolle was severe. How often the sound of the tinkling bell must have cheered him as he climbed the last ascent, or the roll of music, "sung by the brethren in a lively voice" when Benediction had begun, telling him that his journey was over. His body was ageing, but his heart could never grow old, and his brave spirit encouraged his companions through the plague that carried off so many of the Brothers and their neighbours, the inundation that destroyed their crops, and the celebrated inroad of mice that ate the ripening corn in the year 1450. This disastrous year culminated in a most severe winter, when large numbers of the poor were constantly begging at the gate of St. Agnes, and the Brothers would have been unable to help them or to provide for their own necessities if it had not been for a remarkable store of fish, "springos" as Thomas calls them, which had been caught and laid by early in the year. It may have been during this terrible winter that he wrote, "Do not be cast

down, nor despair, but resign yourself to God's will, and bear all things which come upon you to the glory of Jesus Christ; for after Winter comes Summer, after night, day, and after the storm, a great calm."

Of the men who have been especially influenced by Thomas à Kempis, and who in their turn have had noted influence in their own generation, one of them must have been Wessel, often called "the Forerunner of Luther". He came as a youth to live near Mount St. Agnes that he might have the counsel and instruction of Thomas, and in after years, when he was in the heat of the battle, he returned every year to visit his revered guide. Revered, and venerable also, for he had now reached his ninety-first year! Yet his memory was still clear, his eyes bright and strong. He kept the chronicles of the House until the last three or four months of his life, recording the happy departure of his old comrades until another hand wrote that, on the Feast of St. James the Less, just after Compline, "God called him forth from his abode on Mount St. Agnes to the Mount of Eternity".

Having learnt so much of his life we begin to see the secret of his little book, the secret that makes "The Imitation of Christ" the consolation of crown-burdened kings and of work-worn wayfarers alike, the secret that made it one of the last anchors to which a doubting soul could cling, and that led a lonely hero to choose it as his companion when he went out to meet an unknown fate in the desert.

Thomas à Kempis lived no useless hermit's life. He gave himself up to work for his brethren. The daily studies with the constant succession of novices, the preparation of his sermons, the diligent copying of the Bible in the language of the country, the frequent visits from people of all ranks, helped to enrich the experience from which he drew, and made his writings essentially those of a man used to work for and with men, and not those of a selfish mystic.

There are many short wise sentences that one can imagine his saying to those who came and went, "Try to get rid of one fault or one bad habit every year". "Lay not thy heart open to every one. We must have love towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient". "Flatter not the rich. Keep company with the humble and single-hearted". "We often talk to very little good purpose. We are soon led captive by vanity. Oftentimes I wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken, and that I had not been in company". "In silence and quiet the soul grows". "Evil is more readily spoken and believed than good. It is true wisdom not to believe every report, and not always to repeat what we hear, even if we do believe it". "Whatever a man finds either in himself or in others, which cannot be altered, must be borne patiently, until God ordains otherwise".

Such practical advice could only have been given by one who realized the daily difficulties of life, by one who had "toiled, suffered, and renounced"; and thus his words vibrate on the heartstrings of generation after generation like the undying echoes of responsive music.

In this little book those who are living through days when each heart-beat makes itself felt with agonizing completeness may read "The whole life of Christ was a Cross and a Passion, and do you look for rest and joy? My son, I came down from heaven for your salvation, I bore your sorrows, not by necessity, but through love, that you also might learn patience and might bear sorrows without repining." And for those who are

labouring in the heat of the day is written: "My son, let not the labours which you have undertaken for my sake break your spirit. I am able to repay you beyond all measure or conception. You will not have long to labour here, wait a little while, and you will speedily see the end of your troubles. Whatever you do, do it with all your might. Write, read, watch, pray, labour diligently, bear troubles manfully. Eternal life is worth all these efforts and much greater ones. Peace will come, then there will be no day nor night, but light perpetual, brightness infinite, steadfast peace and sweet companionship with the blessed".

Can we wonder that, when every page glows with such words of wisdom and hope, the book keeps its hold on thousands of men and women in this anxious struggling world? For here they find a man who shows them that he understands the complicated variations of life, and here they find another witness to the strange likeness that exists in all human beings however diverse their outward characteristics. Are they not all Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life? However far apart their lives may seem to spring, are they not bound at the root by the same natural forces? And are they not compelled by belief in the love that is stronger than death to acknowledge that the souls of men are more precious than their bodies, that life cannot be given solely to gratify selfish desires, and that however humbly, however imperfectly carried out, they must strive towards the highest ideal, to the Imitation of Christ, and make an offering of their lives for the sake of the Brethren?

“AFTER MANY DAYS.”

I do not ask remembrance in your hours
 Busy and full,
 Bearing such gifts to others, rich in powers
 For use and rule.

Check not the current of your life, that breaks
 Joyous and strong,
 To hearken where some haunting memory speaks
 Like a sad song.

But when the dusk is creeping, and the dew
 Lies on the hill,
 When the first star is trembling through the blue
 Remote and still;

When from the lilies steals a breath so faint,
 It thrills like pain,
 And, hushing into peace Day's long complaint,
 Night falls again;—

O then one moment be the Present fled!
 Think of past days,
 And that sweet summer that so strangely led
 In one our ways;

When I was yours in every pulse and thought,
 And you too seemed
 To give back something of the gift I brought,
 Or,—so I dreamed!

And know that as it then was with me, Sweet,
 So is it still:
 That a life's love is waiting at your feet,
 Whene'er you will.

M. M. M.

GASTON DE LATOUR.

I.

A CLERK IN ORDERS.

THE white walls of the Château of Deux-manoirs, with its precincts, composed before its dismantling at the Revolution the one prominent object which towards the South-west broke the pleasant level of La Beauce, the great corn-land of central France. Abode in those days of the family of Latour, nesting there century after century, it recorded significantly the effectiveness of their brotherly union, less by way of invasion of the rights of others than by the improvement of all gentler sentiments within. From the sumptuous monuments of their last resting-place, backwards to every object which had encircled them in that warmer and more lightsome home it was visible they had cared for so much, even in some peculiarities of the very ground-plan of the house itself—everywhere was the token of their anxious estimate of all those incidents of man's pathway through the world which knit the wayfarers thereon most closely together. Why this irregularity of ground-plan?—the traveller would ask; recognising indeed a certain distinction in its actual effect on the eye, and suspecting perhaps some conscious aim at such effect on the part of the builders of the place in an age indulgent of architectural caprices. And the traditional answer to the question, true for once, still showed the race of Latour making much, making the most, of the sympathetic ties of human life. The work, in large measure, of Gaston de Latour, it was left unfinished at his death, some time about the year 1594. That it was never completed could hardly be attributed to any lack of means, or of interest; for it is

plain that to the period of the Revolution, after which its scanty remnants passed into humble occupation (a few circular turrets, a crenelated curtain wall, giving a random touch of dignity to some ordinary farm-buildings) the place had been scrupulously maintained. It might seem a kind of reverence rather than that had allowed the work to remain untouched for future ages precisely at this point in its growth. And the expert architectural mind, peeping acutely into recondite motives and half-accomplished purposes in such matters, could detect the circumstance which had determined that so noticeable peculiarity of ground-plan. Its kernel was not, as in most similar buildings of that date, a feudal fortress, but an unfortified manor-house—a double *manoir*—two houses, oddly associated at a right angle. Far back in the Middle Age, said a not uncertain tradition, here had been the one point of contact between two estates, intricately interlocked with alien domain, as, in the course of generations, the family of Latour and another had added field to field. In the single lonely manor then existing two brothers had grown up; and the time came when the marriage of the younger to the heiress of those neighbouring lands would divide two perfect friends. Regretting over-night so dislocating a change it was the elder who, as the drowsy hours flowed away in manifold recollection beside the fire, now suggested to the younger, himself already wistfully recalling, as from the past, the kindly motion and noise of the place like a sort of audible sunlight, the building of a second manor-house—the Château d'Amour, as it came to be called—that the two families, in what should be as nearly as possible one abode, might take

their fortunes together. Of somewhat finer construction than the rough walls the older manor, the Château d'Amour stood, amid the change of years, as a visible record of all the accumulated sense of human existence among its occupants. The old walls, the old apartments, of those two associated houses still existed, with some obvious additions, beneath the delicate, fantastic surfaces of the *château* of the sixteenth century. Its singularity of outline was the very symbol of the religion of the family in the race of Latour, still full of loyalty to the old home as its numerous outgrowths took hold here and there around. A race with some prominent characteristics, ineradicable in the grain, they went to raise the human level about them by a transfer of blood far from involving any social decadence in themselves. A peculiar local variety of character, of manners, in that district of La Beauce, surprised the more observant visitor who might find his way into farm house or humble presbytery of its scattered townships. And as for those who kept up the central tradition of their house, they were true to the soil, coming back, under whatever obstacles, from court, from cloister, from distant crusade, to the visible spot where the memory of their kindred was liveliest and most exact—a memory, touched so solemnly with a conscience of the intimacies of life, its significant events, its contacts and partings, that to themselves it was like a second sacred history.

It was a great day, amid all their quiet days, for the people of Deux-manoirs—one of the later days of August. The event which would mark it always in the life of one of them called into play all that was most expressive in that well-marked family character: it was at once the recognition of what they valued most in past years, and an assertion of will, or hope for the future, accordant thereto. Far away in Paris the young King Charles the Ninth, in his fourteenth year, had been just declared of age. Here, in

the church of Saint Hubert, church of their parish, and of their immemorial patronage, though it lay at a considerable distance from their abode, the chiefs of the house of Latour, attended by many of its dependents and less important members, were standing ready, around the last hope of their old age—the grandparents, their aged brothers and sisters, certain aged ecclesiastics of their kindred wont to be called to the family councils. They had set out on foot, after a votive mass said early in the old chapel of the manor, to assist at the ceremony of the day. Distinguishable from afar by unusual height in proportion to its breadth within, the church of Saint Hubert had an atmosphere, a daylight, to itself. Its stained glass, work of the same hands that had wrought for the cathedral of Chartres, admitted only an almost angry ray of purple or crimson here or there, across the dark, roomy spaces. The heart, the heart of youth certainly, sank as one entered, stepping warily out of the sunshine over the sepulchral stones which formed the entire pavement of the church, one great blazonry of family history from age to age for indefatigable eyes. An abundance of almost life-sized sculpture clung to the pillars, lurked in the angles, seemed, with those symbolical gestures and mystic faces ready to speak their parts, to be almost in motion through the gloom. Many years after, Gaston de Latour, an enemy of all Gothic darkness or heaviness, returning to his home full of a later taste, changed all that. A thicket of airy spires rose above the sanctuary; the blind *triforium* broke into one continuous window; the heavy masses of stone were pared down with wonderful dexterity of hand, till not a space remained uncovered by delicate tracery, as from the fair white vault, touched sparingly with gold, down to the subterranean chapel of Saint Taurin, where the peasants of La Beauce came to pray for rain, not a space was left unsearched by the cheerful daylight, refined, but hardly dimmed at all, by glass mimicking the clearness of the

open sky. In the sombre old church all was in stately order now, the dusky, jewelled reliquaries, the ancient devotional ornaments from the manor—much-prized family possessions sufficient to furnish the whole array of a great ecclesiastical occasion such as this—the lights burning, flowers everywhere, gathered amid the last handfuls of the harvest under this cloudless sky by the peasant women, who came to present their children for the happy chance of an episcopal blessing.

And the almost exclusively aged people, in all their old personal adornments, which now so rarely saw the light, forming the central group, expectant around the young *seigneur* they had conducted hither, seemed of one piece with those mystic figures, the old, armour-clad monumental effigies, the carved and painted imageries which ran round the outer circuit of the choir—a version of the biblical history for the reading of those who loitered on their way from chapel to chapel. There was Joseph's dream, with the tall sheaves of the elder brethren bowing to Joseph's sheaf, like these aged heads around the youthful aspirant of to-day. There was Jacob going on his mysterious way, met by, conversing, wrestling with, the Angels of God—rescuing the promise of his race from the "profane" Esau. There was the mother of Samuel, and, in long white ephod, the much-desired, early-consecrated child, who had inherited her religious capacity; and David, with something of his extraordinary genius for divine things written on his countenance, down to the sacred persons of the Annunciation, with the golden lily in the silver cup, only lately set in its place. With dress, expression, nay! the very incidents themselves, innocently adapted to the actual habits and associations, as well secular as religious, of the age which had produced them, these figures of the old Jewish histories seemed about to take their places, with the imparting of a divine sanction, among the living actors of the day. One and all spoke of concurrence with religious motives

—a ready apprehension of, and concurrence with, the provisions of a certain sublime scheme for the improvement of one's opportunities in the world.

Would that dark-haired, fair-skinned lad concur, in his turn, and be always true to his present purpose—Gaston de Latour, standing thus, almost the only youthful thing amid the witness of these imposing, meditative masks and faces? Could his guardians have read below the white propriety of the youth, duly arrayed for dedication, with the lighted candle in his right hand and the surplice folded over his left shoulder, he might sorely have disturbed their placid, but somewhat narrow ruminations, with the germs of what was strange to or beyond them. Certain of those shrewd old ecclesiastics had in fact detected that the devout lad, so visibly impressed, was not altogether after their kind, that with many characteristics of obvious inheritance he possessed—had caught perhaps from some ancestor unrepresented here—certain other potencies of nature, which might not always combine so accordantly as to-day with the mental requisites of an occasion such as this. One of them indeed touched notwithstanding by his manifest piety just then, shortly afterwards recommended him a little prayer for peace from the Vespers of the Roman Breviary—for the harmony of his heart with itself—advice which, except for a very short period, he ever afterwards followed, saying it every evening of his life. Yet it was the lad's own election which had led him to this first step in a career that might take him out of the world, and end the race of Latour altogether. Approaching their four-score years, and realizing almost suddenly the situation of the young Gaston, left there alone out of what had been a large, much-promising, resonant household, they wished otherwise, but did not try to change his early - pronounced preference for the ecclesiastical calling. When he determined to seek the clericulture, his proposal made a demand on all their old-fashioned religious sentiment. But

the fund was a deep one, and their acquiescence in the result entire. He might indeed use his privilege of "orders" only as the stepping-stone to material advancement in a church which seemed to have gone over wholly to the world, and of which, at that time, one half the benefices were practically in the hands of laymen. But actually the event came to be a dedication on their part not unlike those old biblical ones—an offering in old age of the single precious thing left them—the grandchild, whose hair would presently fall under the very shears which a hundred years before had turned an earlier brilliant Gaston de Latour into a monk.

Charles Guillard, Bishop of Chartres, a courtly, vivacious prelate, whose quick eyes seemed to note at a glance the whole assembly, one and all, while his lips moved silently, arrived at last, and the rite began with the singing of the Office for the Ninth Hour. It was like a stream of water crossing unexpectedly a dusty way.—*Mirabilia testimonia tua!* In psalm and antiphon, inexhaustibly fresh, the soul seemed to be taking refuge, at that undevout hour, from the sordid languor and the mean business of men's lives, in contemplation of the unfaltering vigour of the divine righteousness, which had still those who sought it, not only watchful in the night but alert in the drowsy afternoon. Yes! there was the sheep astray, *sicut ovis quæ periit*,—the physical world with its lusty ministers, at work, or sleeping for a while amid the stubble, their faces upturned to the August sun—the world so importunately visible, intruding a little way, with its floating odours, in that semicircle of heat across the old over-written pavement at the great open door, upon the mysteries within. Seen from the incense-laden sanctuary, where the bishop was assuming one by one the pontifical ornaments, La Beauce, like a many-coloured carpet spread under the dome, with the white double house-front quivering afar through the heat, though it looked as if you might touch

with the hand its distant spaces, was for a moment the unreal thing. Gaston alone, with all his mystic preoccupations, by the privilege of youth, and of something else perhaps besides that, seemed to belong to both, and link the visionary company about him to the external scene.

The rite with which the Roman Church "makes a clerk" aims certainly at no low measure of difference from the coarser world around him in its supposed scholar: and in this case the aspirant (the precise claims of the situation being well considered) had no misgiving. Discreetly, and with full attention, he answers *Adsum!* when his name is called, and advances manfully, though he kneels meekly enough and remains, with his head bowed forward, at the knees of the seated bishop who recites the appointed prayers, amid the anthems and responses of his *Schola*, or attendant singers. Might he be saved from mental blindness! Might he put on the new man, even as his outward guise was changed! Might he keep the religious habit for ever! who had thus hastened to lay down the hair of his head for the divine love. "The Lord is my inheritance," whispers Gaston distinctly, as the locks fall, cut from the thickly-grown, black head in five places, "after the fashion of Christ's crown," the shears in the episcopal hands sounding aloud, amid the silence of the curious spectators. From the same hands, in due order, the fair surplice ripples down over him. "This is the generation of them that seek Him," the choir sings: "The Lord Himself is the portion of my inheritance and my cup." It was the Church's eloquent way of bidding unrestricted expansion to the youthful heart in its timely purpose to seek the best, to abide among the things of the spirit.

The prospect from their cheerful, unenclosed road, like a white scarf hung across the land, as the party returned home in the late August afternoon, was clear and dry and distant. The great barns at the wayside

had their doors thrown back, displaying the dark, cool space within. The farmsteads seemed almost tenantless, the villagers being still at work over the immense harvest-field. Crazy bells startled them, striking out the hour from behind, over a deserted churchyard. Still and tenantless also seemed the manor as they approached, door and window lying open upon the court for the coolness; or rather it was as if at their approach certain spectral occupants started back out of the daylight.—“Why depart, dear ghosts?” was what the grandparents would have cried. They had more in common with that immaterial world than with flesh and blood. There was room for the existing household, enough and to spare, in one of the two old houses. That other, the Château d’Amour, remained for Gaston, at first as a delightful, half-known abode of wonders, though with some childish fear, afterwards as a delightful nursery of refined or fantastic sentiment as he recalled in this chamber or that its old tenants and their doings, from the affectionate brothers, onwards—above all, how in one room long ago Gabrielle de Latour had died of joy.

With minds full of their recent business it was difficult to go back to common occupations: as darkness came on the impressions of the day did but return again more vividly and concentrate themselves upon the inward sense. Observance, loyal concurrence in some high purpose for him, passive waiting on the hand one might miss in the darkness with the gift or gifts of which he had the presentiment, and upon the due acceptance of which the true fortune of life would turn: these were the hereditary traits alert in Gaston as he lay awake in the absolute moon-lit stillness, his outward ear attentive for the wandering footsteps which, through that wide, lightly-accentuated country, often came and went about the house, with weird suggestions of a dim passage to and fro, and of an infinite distance. He would rise, as the footsteps halted perhaps below his window,

to answer the questions of the travelers, pilgrims, or labourers who had missed their way from farm to farm, or halting soldier seeking guidance; terrible or terror-stricken companies sometimes, rudely or piteously importunate to be let in—for it was the period of the Religious Wars, flaming up here and there over France, and never quite put out during forty years. Once, in the beginning of these troubles (he was then a child, leaning from the window, as a sound of rickety, small wheels approached), the inquiry came in broken French, “*Voulez-vous donner direction ?*” to a German, one of the mercenaries of the Duc de Guise, hired for service in the civil strife of France, drawing wearily a crippled companion so far from home: the memory of it, awakening a thousand strange fancies, had remained by him as a witness to the imaginative power of fortuitous circumstance. And one night there had come a noise of horns, and presently King Charles himself was standing in the courtyard, belated, and far enough now from troublesome company, as he hunted the rich-fleshed game of La Beauce through the endless corn. He entered, with a relish for the pleasant cleanliness of the place expressed in a shrill strain of half-religious oaths, like flashes of hell-fire to Gaston’s suddenly-awakened sense. It was the invincible nature of the royal lad to speak and feel on these mad, *alto* notes, and not unbecoming in a good catholic; for Huguenots never swore, and these were subtly theological oaths. Well! the grandparents repressed as best they could their apprehensions as to what other hunters, what other disconcerting incident, might follow, for catholic France very generally believed that the Huguenot leaders had their scheme for possessing themselves of the person of the young king, known to be mentally pliable. Meanwhile they led him to their daintiest apartment, with great silver *flambeaux*, that he might wash off the blood with which not his hands only were covered, for he hunted also with the eagerness of a

madman—steeped in blood. He lay there for a few hours, after supping very familiarly on his own birds, Gaston rising from his bed to look on at a distance, and, afterwards, on his knee serving the rose-water dish and spiced wine, as the night passed in reassuring silence; Charles himself, as usual, keenly enjoying this “gipsy” incident—with the supper after that unexpected fashion, among strange people, he hardly knew where. He was very pale, like some cunning Italian work in wax or ivory, of partly satiric character, endued by magic or crafty mechanism with vivacious movement. But as he sat thus, ever for the most part the unhappy plaything of other people’s humours, escaped for a moment out of a world of demoniac politicians, the pensive atmosphere around seemed gradually to change him, touching his wild temper, pleasantly, profitably, so that he took down from the wall and struck out the notes of a lute, and fell to talking of verses, leaving a stanza of his own scratched with a diamond on the window-pane—verses simpler-hearted, and more full of nature than were common at that day.

The life of Gaston de Latour was almost to coincide with the duration of the Religious Wars. The earliest public event of his memory was that famous siege of Orleans from which the young Henri de Guise rode away the head of his restless family, tormented now still further by the reality or the pretence of filial duty seeking vengeance on a treacherous murder. Following a long period of quiet progress—the tranquil and tolerant years of the Renaissance—the Religious War took possession of, and pushed to strangely confused issues, a society somewhat distraught by an artificial æsthetic culture, and filled with wild passions, wildly-dramatic personalities a scene already singularly attractive by its artistic beauty. A heady religious fanaticism was worked by every prominent egotist in turn, pondering on his chances in the event of the extinction of the house of Valois in the three sons of Catherine de Me-

dici, born unsound, and doomed by astrological prediction. The old manors which had exchanged their towers for summer-houses under the softening influence of Renaissance fashions found themselves once more mediævally insecure amid a vagrant warfare of foreign mercenaries and armed peasants. It was a curiously refined people who now took down the armour hanging high on the wall for decoration among newer things so little warlike. A difficult age, certainly, for scrupulous spirits to move in! A perplexed network of partizan or personal interests underlay and furnished the really directing forces in a supposed Armageddon of contending religious convictions. The wisest perhaps, like Michel de L’Hôpital, withdrew themselves from a conflict in which not a single actor has the air of quite pure intentions; while religion, itself the supposed ground of quarrel, seems appreciable all the while only by abstraction from the parties, the leaders, at once violent and cunning, who are most pretentious in the assertion of its rival claims. What there was of religion was in hiding, perhaps, with the so-called “Political” party, professedly almost indifferent to it, but which had at least something of humanity on its side, and some chance of that placidity of mind in which alone the business of the spirit can be done. The new sect of “papists” were not the true catholics: there was little of the virtue of the martyr in militant Calvinism. It is not a Catholic historian who notes with profound regret “that inauspicious day,” in the year 1562, Gaston’s tenth year, “when the work of devastation began which was to strip from France that antique garniture of religious art which later ages have not been able to replace.” Axe and hammer at the carved work sounded from one end of France to the other.

It was a peculiarity of this age of terror, that every one, including Charles the Ninth himself, dreaded what the accident of war might make, not merely of his enemies, but of temporary allies and pretended friends, in an

evenly balanced but very complex strife—of merely personal rivals also in some matter which had nothing to do with its assumed motives. Gaston de Latour passing on his country way one night, with a sudden flash of fierce words two young men burst from the doors of a road-side tavern. The brothers are quarrelling about the division, lately effected there, of their dead father's morsel of land. "I shall hate you till death!" cries the younger, bounding away in the darkness; and two atheists part, to take opposite sides in the supposed strife of Catholic and Huguenot. The deeds of violence which occupy the foreground of French history during the reigns of Catherine's sons might indeed lead one to fancy that little human kindness could have remained in France,—a fanatical civil war of forty years, that no place at all could have been left for the quiet building of character. Contempt for human life, taught us every day by nature, and alas! by man himself—all war intensifies that. But the more permanent forces, alike of human nature and of the natural world, are on the whole in the interest of tranquillity and sanity, and of the sentiments proper to man. Like all good catholic children, Gaston had shuddered at the name of Adretz, of Briquemaut with his great necklace of priests' ears, of that dark and fugitive Montgomeri, the slayer, as some would have it the assassin, of a king, now active and almost ubiquitous on the Huguenot side. Still, at Deux-manoirs, this warfare, seething up from time to time so wildly in this or that district of France, was for the most part only sensible in incidents we might think picturesque, were they told with that intention; delightful enough, certainly, to the curiosity of a boy, in whose mind nevertheless they deepened a native impressibility to the sorrow and hazard that are constant and necessary in human life, especially for the poor. The troubles of "that poor people of France"—burden of all its righteous rulers, from Saint Lewis downwards—these, at all events, would

not be lessened by the struggle of Guise and Condé and Bourbon and Valois, of the Valois with each other, of those four brilliant young princes of the name of Henry. The weak would but suffer somewhat more than was usual, in the interest of the strong. If you were not sure whether that gleaming of the sun in the vast distance flashed from swords or sickles, whether that far-off curl of smoke rose from stubble-fire or village-steeple to protect which the peasants, still lovers of their churches, would arm themselves, women and all, with fork and scythe, still, those peasants used their scythes in due season for reaping their leagues of cornland, and slept with faces as tranquil as ever towards the sky, for their noonday rest. In effect, since peace is always in some measure dependent on one's own seeking, disturbing forces do but fray their way along somewhat narrow paths over the great spaces of the quiet realm of nature. La Beauce, vast enough to present at once every phase of weather, its one landmark the twin spires of Chartres, salient as the finger of a dial, guiding by their change of perspective victor or vanquished on his way, offered room enough for the business both of peace and war to those enamoured of either. When Gaston, after a brief absence, was unable to find his child's garden-bed, that was only because in a fine June the corn had grown tall so quickly, through which he was presently led to it, with all its garish sweets undisturbed: and it was with the ancient growths of mind—customs, beliefs, mental preferences—as with the natural world.

It may be understood that there was a certain rudeness about the old manor, left almost untouched from age to age, with a loyalty which paid little or no heed to changes of fashion. The Château d'Amour, indeed, as the work of a later age, refined somewhat upon the rough feudal architecture; and the daintier taste had centred itself in particular upon one apartment, a veritable woman's apartment,

with an effect in some degree anticipating the achievement of Gaston's own century, in which the apparatus of daily life became so eloquent of the moods of those to whom it ministered. It was the chamber of Gabrielle de Latour, who had died of joy. Here, certainly, she had watched, at these windows, during ten whole years, for the return of her beloved husband from a disastrous battle in the East, till against all expectation she beheld him crossing the court at last. Immense privilege! Immense distinction! Again and again, Gaston tried to master the paradox; at times, in deep concentration of mind, seemed almost to touch the point of that wonderful moment.

Hither, as to an oratory, a religious place, the finer spirits of her kin had always found their way, to leave behind them there the more intimate relics of themselves. To Gaston its influence imparted early a taste for delicate things as indispensable in all his pleasures to come, and in connection from the very first with the appetite for some great distinguishing passion, the peculiar genius of his age seeming already awake spontaneously within him. Here, at least, had been one of those grand passions such as were needed to give life its true meaning and effect. Conscious of that rudeness in his home, and feeding a strong natural instinct for outward beauty hitherto on what was barely sufficient, he found for himself in this perfumed place the centre of a fanciful world, reaching out to who could tell what refined passages of existence in that great world beyond, of which the echoes seemed to light here amid the stillness. On his first visit one pensive afternoon, fitting the lately attained key in the lock, he seemed to have drawn upon himself, yet hardly to have disturbed, the meditations of its former occupant. A century of unhindered summers had taken the heat from its colours—the couches, the curtains half shading the windows, which the rain in the south-west wind just then touched so softly. That

great passion of old had been also a dainty love, leaving its impress everywhere in this magic apartment, on the musical instruments, the books lying where they might have fallen from the hands of the listless reader so long since, the fragrance which the lad's movement stirred around him. And there, on one of the windows, were the verses of King Charles, who had slept here, as in the most courtly resting-place of the house. On certain nights Gaston himself was not afraid to steal from his own bed to lie in it, though still too healthy a sleeper to be visited by the appropriate dreams he so greatly longed for.

A nature instinctively religious, which would readily discover and give their full value to all such facts of experience as are conformable thereto! But what would be the relation of this religious sensibility to sensibilities of another kind, now awaking in the young Gaston, as he mused in this dreamy place, surrounded by the books, the furniture, almost the very presence of the past, which had already found tongues to speak of a still living humanity—somewhere, somewhere in the world!—waiting for him in the silence, or perchance already on its way, to explain, by its own plenary beauty and power, why wine and roses and the languorous summer afternoons were so delightful. So far indeed, the imaginative heat, that might one day enter into dangerous rivalry with simple old-fashioned faith, was blent harmoniously with it. They were hardly distinguishable elements of an amiable character, susceptible generally to the poetic side of things—two neighbourly apprehensions of a single ideal. The great passions, the fervid sentiments, of which Gaston dreamed as the realisation of life, have not always softened men's natures: they have been compatible with many cruelties, as in the lost spirits of that very age. They may overflow, on the other hand, in more equable natures, through the concurrence of happier circumstance, into that universal sympathy which

lends a kind of amorous power to the homeliest charities. So it seemed likely to be with Gaston de Latour. Sorrow came along with beauty, a rival of its intricate omnipresence in the world. In the sudden tremor of an aged voice, the handling of a forgotten toy, a childish drawing, in the tacit observance of a day, he became aware suddenly of the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world. For once the darling of old age actually more than responded in full to its tenderness. In the isolation of his life there had been little demand for sympathy on the part of those anywhere near his own age. So much the larger was the fund of superfluous affection which went forth with a delicacy not less than their own to meet the sympathies of the aged people who cherished him. In him, their old, almost forgotten sorrows bled anew. Variety of affection, in a household in which many relations had lived together, had brought variety of sorrow. But they were well nigh healed now—those once so poignant griefs, the scars remaining only as deeper lines of natural expression. It was visible, to their surprise, that he penetrated the motive of the Mass said so solemnly in violet on the Innocents' Day, and understood why they wept at the triumphant antiphons—"My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler!"—thinking intently of the little tombs which had recorded so carefully almost the minutes of children's lives, Elizabeth de Latour, Cornélius de Latour, aged so many years, days, hours. Yes! the cold pavement under one's feet had once been molten lava. Surely the resources of sorrow were large in things! The fact must be duly marked and provided for, with due estimate of his own susceptibility thereto, in his scheme of life. Might he pass through the world unruined by sorrows such

as those! And already it was as if he stepped softly over the earth, not to outrage its so abundant latent sensibilities.

The beauty of the world and its sorrow, solaced a little by religious faith, itself so beautiful a thing: these were the chief impressions with which he made his way into the world, at first only in longer rambles, as physical strength increased, over his native plains, whereon, as we have seen, the cruel warfare of that age had aggravated at a thousand points the every-day appeal of suffering humanity. The vast level stretching thirty miles from east to west, thirty from north to south:—perhaps the reader may think little of its resources for the seeker of natural beauty, or its capacity to develop the imagination. A world, he may fancy, in which there could be no shadows, at best not too cheerful colours. In truth, it was all accent, so to speak. But then, surely, all the finer influences of every language depend mostly on accent; and he has but to think of it as Gaston actually lived in it to find a singularly companionable soul there. Gaston, at least, needed but to go far enough across it for those inward oppositions to cease which already at times beset him; to feel at one with himself again, under the influence of a scene which had for him something of the character of the sea—its changefulness, its infinity, its pathos in the toiling human life that traversed it. Featureless, if you will, it was always under the guidance of its ample sky. Scowling back sometimes moodily enough, but almost never without a remnant of fine weather, about August it was for the most part cloudless. And then truly, under its blue dome, the great plain would as it were "laugh and sing", in a kind of absoluteness of sympathy with the sun.

WALTER PATER.

(To be continued.)

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE REVERBERATOR.¹

XIII.

MR. DOSSON, as we know, was meditative, and the present occasion could only minister to that side of his nature, especially as, so far at least as the observation of his daughters went, it had not urged him into uncontrollable movement. But the truth is that the intensity, or rather the continuity, of his meditations did engender an act which was not perceived by these young ladies, though its consequences presently became definite enough. While he waited for the Proberts to arrive in a phalanx and noted that they failed to do so he had plenty of time to ask himself—and also to ask Delia—questions about Mr. Flack. So far as they were addressed to his daughter they were promptly answered, for Delia had been ready from the first, as we have seen, to pronounce upon the conduct of the young journalist. Her view of it was clearer every hour; there was a difference however in the course of action which she judged this view to demand. At first he was to be blown up for the mess he had got them into (profitless as the process might be and vain the satisfaction); he was to be visited with the harshest chastisement that the sense of violated confidence could inflict. Now he was simply to be dropped, to

be cut, to be let alone to his dying day: the girl quickly recognized that this was a much more distinguished way of showing displeasure. It was in this manner that she characterized it, in her frequent conversations with her father, if that can be called conversation which consisted of his placidly smoking while she poured forth arguments which combined both variety and repetition. The same cause will produce consequences the most diverse: a truth according to which the catastrophe that made Delia express freely the hope that she might never again see so much as the end of Mr. Flack's nose had just the opposite effect upon her father. The one thing he wanted positively to do at present was to let his eyes travel over his young friend's whole person: it seemed to him that that would really make him feel better. If there had been a discussion about this the girl would have kept the field, for she had the advantage of being able to tell her reasons, whereas her father could not have put his into words. Delia had touched on her deepest conviction in saying to Francie that the correspondent of "The Reverberator" had played them that trick on purpose to get them into such trouble with the Proberts that he might see his own hopes bloom again under cover of their disaster. This had many of the appearances of a strained interpretation, but that

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did not prevent Delia from placing it before her father several times an hour. It mattered little that he should remark, in return, that he didn't see what good it could do Mr. Flack that Francie—and he and Delia, for all he could guess—should be disgusted with him: to Mr. Dosson's mind that was such a queer way of reasoning. Delia maintained that she understood perfectly, though she couldn't explain, and at any rate she didn't want the manœuvring creature to come flying back from Nice. She didn't want him to know that there had been a scandal, that they had a grievance against him, that any one had so much as heard of his article or cared what he published or didn't publish: above all she didn't want him to know that the Proberts had cooled off. Mixed up with this high rigour on Miss Dosson's part was the oddest secret complacency of reflection that in consequence of what Mr. Flack *had* published the great American community was in a position to know with what fine folks Francie and she were associated. She hoped that some of the people who used to call on them when they were "off to-morrow" would take the lesson to heart.

While she glowed with this consolation as well as with the resentment for which it was required, her father quietly addressed a few words, by letter, to George Flack. This communication was not of a minatory order; it expressed, on the contrary, the loose sociability which was the essence of Mr. Dosson's nature. He wanted to see Mr. Flack, to talk the whole thing over, and the desire to hold him to an account would play but a small part in the interview. It was much more definite to him that the soreness of the Proberts was a kind of unexpected insanity (so little did his experience match it), than that a newspaper man had misbehaved in trying to turn out an attractive article. As the newspaper man happened to be the person with whom he had most

consorted, for some time back, he felt drawn to him in the presence of a new problem, and somehow it didn't seem to Mr. Dosson to disqualify him as a source of comfort that it was just he who had been the fountain of injury. The injury was a sort of emanation of the crazy Proberts. Moreover Mr. Dosson could not dislike at such short notice a man who had smoked so many of his cigars, ordered so many of his dinners and helped him so loyally to spend his money: such acts constituted a bond, and when there was a bond people gave it a little jerk in time of trouble. His letter to Nice was the little jerk.

The morning after Francie had turned her back on Gaston, and left him planted in the salon (he had remained ten minutes, to see if she wouldn't reappear, and then had marched out of the hotel), she received by the first post a letter from him, written the evening before. It conveyed his deep regret that their meeting in the morning should have been of so painful, so unnatural a character, and the hope that she didn't consider, as her strange behaviour had seemed to suggest, that *she* had anything to complain of. There was too much he wanted to say and above all too much he wanted to ask, for him to consent to the indefinite postponement of a necessary interview. There were explanations, assurances, *de part et d'autre*, with which it was manifestly impossible that either of them should dispense. He would therefore propose that she should see him, and not be wanting in patience to that end, on the following evening. He didn't propose an earlier moment because his hands were terribly full at home. Frankly speaking the state of things there was of the worst. Jane and her husband had just arrived, and had made him a violent, an unexpected scene. Two of the French newspapers had got hold of the article and had given the most perfidious extracts. His father had not stirred out of the house, had not put his foot inside of a

club, for more than a week. Marguerite and Maxime were immediately to start for England, for an indefinite stay. They couldn't face their life in Paris. For himself, he was in the breach, fighting hard and making, on her behalf, asseverations which it was impossible for him to believe, in spite of the dreadful defiant confession she had appeared to throw at him in the morning, that she would not virtually confirm. He would come in as soon after nine as possible: the morrow, up to that time, would be severe in the Cours la Reine; and he begged her in the meantime not to doubt of his perfect tenderness. So far from his distress having made it less he had never yet felt so much that she had, in his affection, a treasure of indulgence to draw upon.

A couple of hours after this letter arrived Francie lay on one of the satin sofas with her eyes closed and her hand clenched upon it in her pocket. Delia sat near her, with a needle in her fingers, certain morsels of silk and ribbon in her lap, several pins in her mouth and her attention wandering constantly from her work to her sister's face. The weather was now so completely vernal that Mr. Dosson was able to sit in the court, and he had lately resumed this practice, in which he was presumably at the present moment absorbed. Delia had lowered her needle and was watching Francie, to see if she were not asleep—she had been perfectly still for so long—when her glance was drawn to the door, which she heard pushed open. Mr. Flack stood there, looking from one to the other of the young ladies, as if to see which of them would be most agreeably surprised by his visit.

"I saw your father down stairs—he says it's all right," said the journalist, advancing and smiling. "He told me to come straight up—I had quite a talk with him."

"All right—*all right?*" Delia Dosson repeated, springing up. "Yes, indeed, I should say so." Then she checked

herself, asking in another manner: "Is that so? father sent you up?" And then, in still another: "Well, have you had a good time at Nice?"

"You'd better all come down and see. It's lovely down there. If you'll come down I'll go right back. I guess you want a change," Mr. Flack went on. He spoke to Delia but he looked at Francie, who showed she had not been asleep by the quick consciousness with which she raised herself on her sofa. She gazed at the visitor with parted lips but she said nothing. He hesitated a moment, then came toward her smiling, with his hand out. His bright eyes were brighter than ever, but they had an odd appearance of being smaller, like penetrating points. "Your father has told me all about it. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"All about what?—all about what?" said Delia, whose attempt to represent happy ignorance seemed likely to be spoiled by an intromission of ferocity. She might succeed in appearing ignorant but she could scarcely succeed in appearing happy. Francie had risen to her feet and had suffered Mr. Flack to possess himself for a moment of her hand, but neither of the girls had asked the young man to sit down. "I thought you were going to stay a month at Nice?" Delia continued.

"Well, I was, but your father's letter started me up."

"Father's letter?"

"He wrote me about the row—didn't you know it? Then I broke. You didn't suppose I was going to stay down there when there were such times up here."

"Gracious!" Delia exclaimed.

"Is it pleasant at Nice? Is it very gay? Isn't it very hot now?" Francie asked.

"Oh, it's all right. But I haven't come up here to talk about Nice, have I?"

"Why not, if we want to?" Delia inquired.

Mr. Flack looked at her for a moment, very hard, in the whites of the

eyes; then he replied, turning back to her sister: "Anything *you* like, Miss Francie. With you one subject is as good as another. Can't we sit down? Can't we be comfortable?" he added.

"Comfortable? of course we can!" cried Delia, but she remained erect while Francie sank upon the sofa again and their companion took possession of the nearest chair.

"Do you remember what I told you once, that the people *will* have the plums?" George Flack asked of the younger girl.

She looked for an instant as if she were trying to recollect what he had told her; then she said, "*Did* father write to you?"

"Of course he did. That's why I'm here."

"Poor father, sometimes he doesn't know *what* to do!" Delia remarked.

"He told me 'The Reverberator' has made a sensation. I guessed that for myself when I saw the way the papers here were after it. That thing will go the round, you'll see! What brought me was learning from him that they *have* got their backs up."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Delia.

Mr. Flack turned his eyes on hers in the same way as a moment before; Francie sat there serious, looking hard at the carpet. "What game are you trying, Miss Delia? It ain't true *you* care what I wrote, is it?" he pursued, addressing himself again to Francie.

She raised her eyes. "Did you write it yourself?"

"What do you care what he wrote—or what does any one care?" Delia broke in.

"It has done the paper more good than anything—every one is so interested," said Mr. Flack, in the tone of reasonable explanation. "And you don't feel that you have anything to complain of, do you?" he added, to Francie, kindly.

"Do you mean because I told you?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't it all spring out of that lovely drive and that walk in the Bois that we had,

when you took me to see your portrait? Didn't you understand that I wanted you to know that the public would appreciate a column or two about Mr. Waterlow's new picture, and about you as the subject of it, and about your being engaged to a member of the *grand monde*, and about what was going on in the *grand monde*, which would naturally attract attention through that. Why, Miss Francie, you talked as if you did."

"Did I talk a great deal?" asked Francie.

"Why, most freely—it was too lovely. Don't you remember when we sat there in the Bois?"

"Oh, rubbish!" Delia ejaculated.

"Yes, and Mme. de Cliché passed."

"And you told me she was scandalized. And we laughed—it struck us as idiotic. I said it was affected and pretentious. Your father tells me she is scandalized now—she and all the rest of them—at their names appearing in 'The Reverberator.' I don't hesitate to declare that that's affected and pretentious too. It ain't genuine—and if it is it doesn't count. They pretend to be shocked because it looks exclusive, but in point of fact they like it first-rate."

"Are you talking about that old piece in the paper? Mercy, wasn't that dead and buried days and days ago?" Delia ejaculated. She hovered there in a fever of irritation, fidgeted by the revelation that her father had summoned Mr. Flack to Paris, which struck her almost like a treachery, because it seemed to denote a plan. A plan, and an uncommunicated plan, on Mr. Dosson's part was unnatural and alarming; and there was further provocation in his appearing to shirk the responsibility of it by not having come up, at such a moment, with Mr. Flack. Delia was impatient to know what he wanted, any way. Did he want to slide back to a common, though active, young man? Did he want to put Mr. Flack forward with a shallow extemporized optimism as a substitute for the alienated Gaston?

If she had not been afraid that something still more complicating than anything that had happened yet might come to pass between her two companions in case of her leaving them together she would have darted down to the court to appease her conjectures, to challenge her father and tell him she should be very much obliged to him if he wouldn't meddle. She felt liberated however the next moment, for something occurred that struck her as a quick indication of her sister's present emotion.

"Do you know the view I take of the matter, according to what your father has told me?" Mr. Flack inquired. "I don't mean that he suggested the interpretation, but my own knowledge of the world (as the world is constituted over here!) forces it upon my mind. They are scandalized, they are horrified. They never heard anything so dreadful. Miss Francie, that ain't good enough! They know what's in the papers every day of their lives, and they know how it got there. They are simply making the thing a pretext to break—because they don't think you're fashionable enough. They're delighted to strike a pretext they can work, and they're all as merry together round there as a lot of boys when school don't keep. That's my view of the business."

"Oh—how can you say such a thing?" drawled Francie, with a tremor in her voice that struck her sister. Her eyes met Delia's at the same moment, and this young woman's heart bounded with the sense that she was safe. Mr. Flack's indelicacy attempted to prove too much (though Miss Dosson had crude notions about the license of the press she felt, even as an untutored woman, what a false step he was now taking), and it seemed to her that Francie, who was revolted (the way she looked at her, in horror, showed that), could be trusted to check his advance.

"What does it matter what he says, my dear?" she cried. "Do make him drop the subject—he's talking very

wild. I'm going down to see what father means—I never heard of anything so flat!" At the door she paused a moment to add mutely, with a pressing glance, "Now just wipe him out—mind!" It was the same injunction she had launched at her from afar that day, a year before, they all dined at Saint-Germain, and she could remember how effective it had been then. The next moment she flirted out.

As soon as she had gone Mr. Flack moved nearer to Francie. "Now look here, you are not going back on me, are you?"

"Going back on you—what do you mean?"

"Ain't we together in this thing? Surely we are."

"Together—*together?*" Francie repeated, looking at him.

"Don't you remember what I said to you—in the clearest terms—before we went to Waterlow's, before our drive? I notified you that I should make use of the whole thing."

"Oh, yes, I understood—it was all for that. I told them so. I never denied it."

"You told them so?"

"When they were crying and going on. I told them I knew it—I told them I gave you the information."

She felt Mr. Flack's eyes on her, strangely, as she spoke these words; then he was still nearer to her—he had taken her hand. "Ah, you're too sweet!" She disengaged her hand and in the effort she sprang up; but he, rising too, seemed to press always nearer—she had a sense (it was disagreeable) that he was demonstrative—so that she retreated a little before him. "They were all there roaring and raging, trying to make you believe you have outraged them?"

"All but young Mr. Probert. Certainly they don't like it."

"The cowards!" said George Flack. "And where was young Mr. Probert?"

"He was away—I've told you—in America."

"Ah, yes, your father told me. But

now he has come back doesn't he like it either?"

"I don't know, Mr. Flack," Francie replied, impatiently.

"Well, I do, then. He's a coward too—he'll do what his papa tells him—and the countess and the duchess and all the rest: he'll just back down—he'll give you up."

"I can't talk to you about that," said Francie.

"Why not? why is he such a sacred subject, when we *are* together? You can't alter that. It was too lovely, your standing up for me—your not denying me!"

"You put in things I never said. It seems to me it was very different," the girl remarked.

"Everything *is* different when it's printed. What else would be the good of papers? Besides, it wasn't I, it was a lady who helps me here—you've heard me speak of her: Miss Topping. She wants so much to know you—she wants to talk with you."

"And will she publish that?" Francie asked gravely.

Mr. Flack stared a moment. "Lord, how they have worked on you! And do *you* think it's bad?"

"Do I think what's bad?"

"Why, the letter we are talking about."

"Well—I don't like it."

"Do you think I was dishonourable?"

The girl made no answer to this, but after a moment she said, "Why do you come here this way—why do you ask me such questions?"

He hesitated; then he broke out: "Because I love you—don't you know that?"

"Oh, please don't!" she almost moaned, turning away.

"Why won't you understand it—why won't you understand the rest? Don't you see how it has worked round—the heartless brutes they've turned into and the way *our* life—yours and mine—is bound to be the same? Don't you see the base way they treat you and that *I* only want to do anything in the world for you?"

Francie made no immediate response to this appeal, but after a moment she began: "Why did you ask me so many questions that day?"

"Because I always ask questions—it's my business to ask them. Haven't you always seen me ask you, and ask every one, all I could? Don't you know they are the very foundation of my work? I thought you sympathised with my work so much—you used to tell me you did."

"Well, I did," said Francie.

"You put it in the past, I see. You don't then any more."

If this remark was, on her visitor's part, the sign of a rare assurance, the girl's gentleness was still unruffled by it. She hesitated, she even smiled; then she replied, "Oh, yes, I do, only not so much."

"They *have* worked on you; but I should have thought they would have disgusted you. I don't care—even a little sympathy will do—whatever you've got left." He paused, looking at her, but she remained silent; so he went on: "There was no obligation for you to answer my questions—you might have shut me up that day with a word."

"Really?" Francie asked, with all her sweet good faith in her face. "I thought I had to—for fear I should appear ungrateful."

"Ungrateful?"

"Why, to you—after what you had done. Don't you remember that it was you that introduced us——" And she paused, with a kind of weary delicacy.

"Not to those snobs that are screaming like peacocks. I beg your pardon—I haven't *that* on my conscience!"

"Well, you introduced us to Mr. Waterlow and he introduced us to—to his friends," Francie explained, blushing, as if it were a fault, for the inexactness engendered by her magnanimity. "That's why I thought I ought to tell you what you'd like."

"Why, do you suppose if I'd known where that first visit of ours to

Waterlow was going to bring you out I'd have taken you within fifty miles——" He stopped suddenly; then in another tone, "Lord, there's no one like you! And you told them it was all *you*?"

"Never mind what I told them."

"Miss Francie," said George Flack, "if you'll marry me I'll never ask a question again. I'll go into some other business."

"Then you didn't do it on purpose?" Francie asked.

"On purpose?"

"To get me into a quarrel with them—so that I might be free again."

"Well, of all the ideas——!" the young man exclaimed, staring. "Your mind never produced that—it was your sister's."

"Wasn't it natural it should occur to me, since if, as you say, you would never consciously have been the means——"

"Ah, but I *was* the means!" Mr. Flack interrupted. "We must go, after all, by what *did* happen."

"Well, I thanked you when I drove with you and let you draw me out. So we're square, aren't we?" The term Francie used was a colloquialism generally associated with levity, but her face, as she spoke, was none the less deeply serious—serious even to pain.

"We're square?" Mr. Flack repeated.

"I don't think you ought to ask for anything more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye! Never!" cried the young man.

He had an air of flushing with disappointment which really showed that he had come with a certain confidence of success.

Something in the way Francie repeated her "Good-bye!" indicated that she perceived this and that in the vision of such a confidence there was little to please her. "Do go away!" she broke out.

"Well, I'll come back very soon," said Mr. Flack, taking his hat.

"Please don't—I don't like it."

She had now contrived to put a wide space between them.

"Oh, you tormentress!" he groaned. He went towards the door but before he reached it he turned round. "Will you tell me this, anyway? Are you going to marry Mr. Probert—after this?"

"Do you want to put that in the paper?"

"Of course I do—and say you said it!" Mr. Flack held up his head.

They stood looking at each other across the large room. "Well then, I ain't. There!"

"That's all right," said Mr. Flack, going out.

XIV.

WHEN Gaston Probert came in that evening he was received by Mr. Dosson and Delia, and when he asked where Francie was he was told by Delia that she would show herself half an hour later. Francie had instructed her sister that as Gaston would have, first of all, information to give their father about the business he had transacted in America he wouldn't care for a lot of women in the room. When Delia made this speech before Mr. Dosson the old man protested that he was not in any hurry for the business; what he wanted to find out most was whether he had a good time—whether he liked it over there. Gaston might have liked it, but he did not look as if he had had a very good time. His face told of reverses, of suffering; and Delia declared to him that if she had not received his assurance to the contrary she would have believed he was right down sick. He confessed that he had been very sick at sea and was still feeling the effect of it, but insisted that there was nothing the matter with him now. He sat for some time with Mr. Dosson and Delia and never once alluded to the cloud that hung over their relations. The girl had schooled her father to reticence on this point, and the manner in which she had descended upon him in

the morning, after Mr. Flack had come up-stairs, was a lesson he was not likely soon to forget. It had been impressed upon him that she was indeed wiser than he could pretend to be, and he was now mindful that he must not speak of the "piece in the paper" unless young Probert should speak of it first. When Delia rushed down to him in the court she began by asking him categorically whom he had wished to do good to by sending Mr. Flack up to their parlour. To Francie or to her? Why, the way they felt then, they detested his very name. To Mr. Flack himself? Why, he had simply exposed him to the biggest snub he had ever got in his life.

"Well, hanged if I understand!" poor Mr. Dosson had said. "I thought you liked the piece—you think it's so queer *they* don't like it." "They," in the parlance of the Dossons, now never meant anything but the Proberts in congress assembled.

"I don't think anything is queer but you!" Delia had retorted; and she had let her father know that she had left Francie in the very act of "handling" Mr. Flack.

"Is that so?" the old gentleman had asked, helplessly.

Francie's visitor came down a few minutes later and passed through the court and out of the hotel without looking at them. Mr. Dosson had been going to call after him, but Delia checked him with a violent pinch. The unsociable manner of the young journalist's departure added to Mr. Dosson's sense of the mystery of things. I think this may be said to have been the only incident in the whole business that gave him a personal pang. He remembered how many of his cigars he had smoked with Mr. Flack and how universal a participant he had made him. This struck him as the failure of friendship, and not the publication of details about the Proberts. Deep in Mr. Dosson's spirit was a sense that if these people had done bad things they ought to be

ashamed of themselves and he couldn't pity them; and if they hadn't done them there was no need of making such a rumpus about other people knowing. It was therefore, in spite of the young man's rough exit, still in the tone of American condonation that he had observed to Delia: "He says that's what they like over there, and that it stands to reason that if you start a paper you've got to give them what they like. If you want the people with you, you've got to be with the people."

"Well, there are a good many people in the world. I don't think the Proberts are with us much."

"Oh, he doesn't mean them," said Mr. Dosson.

"Well, I do!" cried Delia.

At one of the ormolu tables, near a lamp with a pink shade, Gaston insisted on making at least a partial statement. He did not say that he might never have another chance, but Delia felt with despair that this idea was in his mind. He was very gentle, very polite, but distinctly cold, she thought; he was intensely depressed, and for half-an-hour uttered not the least little pleasantry. There was no particular occasion for that when he talked about "watered stock" with her father. This was a language Delia could not translate, though she had heard it from childhood. He had a great many papers to show Mr. Dosson, records of the mission of which he had acquitted himself, but Mr. Dosson pushed them into the drawer of the ormolu table, with the remark that he guessed they were all right. Now, after the fact, he appeared to attach but little importance to Gaston's achievements—an attitude which Delia perceived to be slightly disconcerting to the young man. Delia understood it: she had an instinctive sense that her father knew a great deal more than Gaston could tell him even about the work he had committed to him, and also that there was in such punctual settlements an eagerness, a literalism totally foreign to Mr. Dosson's

domestic habits. If Gaston had cooled off he wanted at least to be able to say that he had rendered them services in America ; but now her father for the moment at least, scarcely appeared to think his services worth speaking of : a circumstance that left him with more of the responsibility for his cooling. What Mr. Dosson wanted to know was how everything had struck him over there, especially the Pickett Building, and the parlour-cars, and Niagara, and the hotels he had instructed him to go to, giving him an introduction, in two or three cases, to the gentleman in charge of the office. It was in relation to these themes that Gaston was guilty of a want of spring, as the girl phrased it to herself, that he evinced no superficial joy. He declared however, repeatedly, that it was a most extraordinary country—most extraordinary, and far beyond anything he had had any conception of. “Of course I didn’t like *everything*,” he said, “any more than I like everything anywhere.”

“Well, what didn’t you like?” Mr. Dosson genially inquired.

Gaston Probert hesitated. “Well, the light, for instance.”

“The light—the electric?”

“No, the solar! I thought it rather hard : too much like the scratching of a slate-pencil.” As Mr. Dosson looked vague at this, as if the reference were to some enterprise (a great lamp company) of which he had not heard—conveying a suggestion that he was perhaps staying away too long, Gaston immediately added : “I really think Francie might come in. I wrote to her that I wanted particularly to see her.”

“I will go and call her—I’ll make her come,” said Delia, going out. She left her companions together and Gaston returned to the subject of Mr. Munster, Mr. Dosson’s former partner, to whom he had taken a letter and who had shown him every sort of civility. Mr. Dosson was pleased at this ; nevertheless he broke out, suddenly—

“Look here, you know ; if you’ve

got anything to say that you don’t think very acceptable you had better say it to *me*.” Gaston coloured, but his reply was checked by Delia’s quick return. She announced that her sister would be obliged if he would go into the little dining-room—he would find her there. She had something to communicate to him that she could mention only in private. It was very comfortable ; there was a lamp and a fire. “Well, I guess she *can* take care of herself!” Mr. Dosson, at this, commented, laughing. “What does she want to say to him?” he demanded, when Gaston had passed out.

“Gracious knows! She won’t tell me. But it’s too flat, at his age, to live in such terror.”

“In such terror?”

“Why, of your father. You’ve got to choose.”

“How, to choose?”

“Why, if there’s a person you like and he doesn’t like.”

“You mean you can’t choose your father,” said Mr. Dosson, thoughtfully.

“Of course you can’t.”

“Well then, please don’t like any one. But perhaps *I* should like him,” added Mr. Dosson, faithful to his cheerful tradition.

“I guess you’d have to!” said Delia.

In the small *salle-à-manger*, when Gaston went in, Francie was standing by the empty table, and as soon as she saw him she said—“You can’t say I didn’t tell you that I should do something. I did nothing else, from the first. So you were warned again and again ; you knew what to expect.”

“Ah, don’t say that again ; if you knew how it acts on my nerves!” the young man groaned. “You speak as if you had done it on purpose—to carry out your absurd threat.”

“Well, what does it matter, when it’s all over?”

“It’s not all over. Would to God it were!”

The girl stared. “Don’t you know what I sent for you to come in here for? To bid you good-bye.”

"Francie, what has got into you?" he said. "What deviltry, what poison?" It would have been a singular sight to an observer, the opposition of these young figures, so fresh, so candid, so meant for confidence, but now standing apart and looking at each other in a wan defiance which hardened their faces.

"Don't they despise me—don't they hate me? You do yourself! Certainly you'll be glad for me to break off and spare you such a difficulty, such a responsibility."

"I don't understand; it's like some hideous dream!" Gaston Probert cried. "You act as if you were doing something for a wager, and you talk so. I don't believe it—I don't believe a word of it."

"What don't you believe?"

"That you told him—that you told him knowingly. If you'll take that back (it's too monstrous!) if you'll deny it and declare you were practised upon and surprised, everything can still be arranged."

"Do you want me to lie?" asked Francie Dosson. "I thought you would like it."

"Oh, Francie, Francie!" moaned the wretched youth, with tears in his eyes.

"What can be arranged? What do you mean by everything?" she went on.

"Why, they'll accept it; they'll ask for nothing more. It's your participation they can't forgive."

"They can't? Why do you talk to me about them? I'm not engaged to them."

"Oh, Francie, I am! And it's they who are buried beneath that filthy rubbish!"

She flushed, at this characterization of Mr. Flack's epistle; then she said, in a softer voice: "I'm very sorry—very sorry indeed. But evidently I'm not delicate."

He looked at her, helpless and bitter. "It's not the newspapers in your country that would have made you so. Lord, they're too incredible!

And the ladies have them on their tables."

"You told me we couldn't here—that the Paris ones are too bad," said Francie.

"Bad they are, God knows; but they have never published anything like that—poured forth such a flood of impudence on decent, quiet people who only want to be left alone."

Francie sank into a chair by the table, as if she were too tired to stand longer, and with her arms spread out on the lamp-lit plush she looked up at him. "Was it there you saw it?"

"Yes, a few days before I sailed. I hated them from the moment I got there—I looked at them very little. But that was a chance. I opened the paper in the hall of an hotel (there was a big marble floor and spittoons!) and my eyes fell upon that horror. It made me ill."

"Did you think it was me?"

"About as soon as I supposed it was my father. But I was too mystified, too tormented."

"Then why didn't you write to me, if you didn't think it was me?"

"Write to you? I wrote to you every three days."

"Not after that."

"Well, I may have omitted a post at the last.—I thought it might be Delia," Gaston added in a moment.

"Oh, she didn't want me to do it—the day I went with him, the day I told him. She tried to prevent me."

"Would to God then she had!"

"Haven't you told them she's delicate too?" Francie asked, in her strange tone.

Gaston made no answer to this; but he broke out—"What power, in Heaven's name, has he got over you? What spell has he worked?"

"He's an old friend—he helped us ever so much when we were first in Paris."

"But, my dearest child, what friends—what a man to know!"

"If we hadn't known him we shouldn't have known you. Remem-

ber that it was Mr. Flack who brought us that day to Mr. Waterlow's."

"Oh, you would have come some other way," said Gaston.

"Not in the least. We knew nothing about any other way. He helped us in everything—he showed us everything. That was why I told him—when he asked me. I liked him for what he had done."

Gaston, who had now also seated himself, listened to this attentively. "I see. It was a kind of delicacy."

"Oh, a kind!" She smiled.

He remained a little with his eyes on her face. "Was it for me?"

"Of course it was for you."

"Ah, how strange you are!" he exclaimed, tenderly. "Such contradictions—*on s'y perd*. I wish you would say that to *them* that way. Everything would be right."

"Never, never!" said the girl. "I have wronged them, and nothing will ever be the same again. It was fatal. If I felt like them I too would loathe the person who should have done such a thing. It doesn't seem to me so bad—the thing in the paper; but you know best. You must go back to them. You know best," she repeated.

"They were the last, the last people in France, to do it to. The sense of excruciation—of pollution," Gaston rejoined, making his reflections audibly.

"Oh, you needn't tell me—I saw them all there!" Francie exclaimed.

"It must have been a dreadful scene. But you *didn't* brave them, did you?"

"Brave them—what are you talking about? To you that idea is incredible!"

"No, it isn't," he said, gently.

"Well, go back to them—go back," she repeated. At this he half threw himself across the table, to seize her hands; but she drew away and, as he came nearer, pushed her chair back, springing up. "You know you didn't come here to tell me you are ready to give them up."

He rose to his feet, slowly. "To give them up? I have been battling with them till I'm ready to drop. You don't know how they feel—how they *must* feel."

"Oh yes, I do. All this has made me older, every hour."

"It has made you more beautiful," said Gaston Probert.

"I don't care. Nothing will induce me to consent to any sacrifice."

"Some sacrifice there must be. Give me time—give me time; I'll manage it. I only wish they hadn't seen you there in the Bois."

"In the Bois?"

"That Marguerite hadn't seen you—with that blackguard. That's the image they can't get over."

"I see you can't either, Gaston. Well, I *was* there, and I was very happy. That's all I can say. You must take me as I am."

"Don't—don't: you infuriate me!" he pleaded, frowning.

Francie had seemed to soften, but she was in a sudden flame again. "Of course I do, and I shall do it again. We are too different. Everything makes you so. You can't give them up—ever, ever. Good-bye—good-bye! That's all I wanted to tell you."

"I'll go and throttle him!" Gaston said, lugubriously.

"Very well, go! Good-bye." She had stepped quickly to the door and had already opened it, vanishing as she had done the last time.

"Francie, Francie!" he exclaimed, following her into the passage. The door was not the one that led into the saloon; it communicated with the other apartments. The girl had plunged into these—he already heard her locking herself in. Presently he went away, without taking leave of Mr. Dosson and Delia.

"Why, he acts just like Mr. Flack," said the old man, when they discovered that the interview in the dining-room had come to an end.

The next day was a bad day for Charles Waterlow; his work, in the

Avenue de Villiers, was terribly interrupted. Gaston Probert invited himself to breakfast with him at noon and remained till the time at which the artist usually went out—an extravagance partly justified by a previous separation of several weeks. During these three or four hours Gaston walked up and down the studio, while Waterlow either sat or stood before his easel. He put his host out vastly and acted on his nerves, but Waterlow was patient with him because he was very sorry for him, feeling the occasion to be a great crisis. His compassion, it is true, was slightly tinged with contempt: nevertheless he looked at the case generously, perceived it to be one in which a friend should be a friend—in which he, in particular, might see the distracted fellow through. Gaston was in a fever; he broke out into passionate arguments which were succeeded by fits of gloomy silence. He roamed about continually, with his hands in his pockets and his hair in a tangle; he could take neither a decision nor a momentary rest. It struck Waterlow more than ever before that he was after all essentially a foreigner; he had the sensibility of one, the sentimental candour, the need for sympathy, the communicative despair. A real young Anglo-Saxon would have buttoned himself up in his embarrassment and been dry and awkward and capable and unconscious of a drama; but Gaston was effusive and appealing and ridiculous and graceful—natural, above all, and egotistical. Indeed, a real young Anglo-Saxon would not have had this particular embarrassment at all, for he would not have parted to such an extent with his moral independence. It was this weakness that excited Waterlow's secret scorn: family feeling was all very well, but to see it erected into a superstition affected him very much in the same way as the image of a blackamoor upon his knees before a fetish. He now measured for the first time the root it had taken in Gaston's nature. To

act like a man the poor fellow must pull up the root, but the operation was terribly painful—was attended with cries and tears and contortions, with baffling scruples and a sense of sacrilege, the sense of siding with strangers against his own flesh and blood. Every now and then he broke out—"And if you see her—as she looks just now (she's too lovely—too touching!) you would see how right I was originally—when I found in her such a revelation of that type, the French Renaissance, you know, the one we talked about." But he reverted with at least equal frequency to the idea that he seemed unable to throw off, that it was like something done on purpose, with a refinement of cruelty; such an accident to *them*, of all people on earth, the very last, the very last, those who he verily believed would feel it more than any family in the world. When Waterlow asked what made them so exceptionally ticklish he could only say that they just happened to be so; it was his father's influence, his very genius, the worship of privacy and good manners, a hatred of all the new familiarities and profanations. The artist inquired further, at last, rather wearily, what in two words was the practical question his friend desired that he should consider. Whether he should be justified in throwing over Miss Francina—was that it?

"Oh, heavens, no! For what sneak do you take me? She made a mistake, but any one might do that. It's whether it strikes you that I should be justified in throwing *them* over."

"It depends upon the sense you attach to justification."

"I mean—should I be miserably unhappy—would it be in their power to make me so?"

"To try—certainly, if they are capable of anything so nasty. The only honourable conduct for them is to let you alone."

"Ah, they won't do that—they like me too much!" Gaston said, ingenuously.

"It's an odd way of liking. The best way to show that would be to let you marry the girl you love."

"Certainly — but they are profoundly convinced that she represents such dangers, such vulgarities, such possibilities of doing other things of the same sort, that it's upon *them* my happiness would be shattered."

"Well, if you yourself have no secret for persuading them of the contrary I'm afraid I can't teach you one."

"Yes, I ought to do it myself," said Gaston, in the candour of his meditations. Then he went on, in his torment of inconsistency—"They never believed in her from the first. My father was perfectly definite about it. At heart they never accepted her; they only pretended to do so because I guaranteed that she was incapable of doing a thing that could ever displease them. Then no sooner was my back turned than she perpetrated that!"

"That was your folly," Waterlow remarked, painting away.

"My folly—to turn my back?"

"No, no—to guarantee."

"My dear fellow—wouldn't you?" Gaston asked, staring.

"Never in the world!"

"You would have thought her capable——?"

"*Capabilissima!* And I shouldn't have cared."

"Do you think her then capable of doing it again?"

"I don't care if she is; that's the least of all questions."

"The least——?"

"Ah, don't you see, wretched youth," said Waterlow, pausing from his work and looking up—"don't you see that the question of her possibilities is as nothing compared to that of yours? She's the sweetest young thing I ever saw; but even if she happened not to be, I should urge you to marry her, in simple self-preservation."

"In self-preservation?"

"To rescue from destruction the last remnant of your independence. That's a much more important matter even

than not treating her shabbily. They are doing their best to kill you morally—to render you incapable of individual life."

"They are—they are!" Gaston declared, with enthusiasm.

"Well, then, if you believe it, for Heaven's sake go and marry her to-morrow!" Waterlow threw down his implements and added, "And come out of this—into the air."

Gaston, however, was planted in his path on the way to the door. "And if she does break out again, in the same way?"

"In the same way?"

"In some other manifestation of that terrible order?"

"Well," said Waterlow, "you will least have got rid of your family."

"Yes, if she does that I shall be glad they are not there! They're right, *pourtant*, they're right," Gaston went on, passing out of the studio with his friend.

"They're right?"

"It was a dreadful thing."

"Yes, thank Heaven! It was the finger of providence, to give you your chance." This was ingenious, but, though he could glow for a moment in response to it Francie's lover—if lover he may in his most infirm aspect be called—looked as if he mistrusted it, thought it slightly sophistical. What really shook him however was his companion's saying to him in the vestibule, when they had taken their hats and sticks and were on the point of going out: "Lord, man, how can you be so impenetrably dense? Don't you see that she's really of the softest, finest material that breathes, that she's a perfect flower of plasticity, that everything you may have an apprehension about will drop away from her like the dead leaves from a rose, and that you may make of her any perfect and enchanting thing you yourself have the wit to conceive?"

"Ah, my dear friend!" Gaston Probert murmured, gratefully, panting.

"The limit will be yours, not hers," Waterlow added.

"No, no, I have done with limits!" his companion rejoined, ecstatically.

That evening at ten o'clock Gaston went to the Hotel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham and requested the German waiter to introduce him into the little dining-room attached to Mr. Dosson's apartments and then go and tell Miss Francina he was awaiting her there.

"Oh, you'll be better there than in the *salon*, which they have villed with their luccatch," said the man, who always addressed him in an intention of English and was not ignorant of the tie that united the visitor to the amiable American family, or perhaps even of the modifications it had lately undergone.

"With their luggage?"

"They leave to-morrow morning—ah, I don't think they themselves know for where, sir."

"Please then say to Miss Francina that I have called on very urgent business—that I'm pressed, pressed!"

The eagerness of the sentiment which possessed Gaston at that moment is communicative, but perhaps the vividness with which the waiter placed it before the young lady is better explained by the fact that her lover slipped a five-franc piece into his hand. At any rate she entered the dining-room sooner than Gaston had ventured to hope, though she corrected this promptitude a little by stopping short, drawing back, when she saw how pale he was and how he looked as if he had been crying.

"I have chosen—I have chosen," he said gently, smiling at her in contradiction to these indications.

"You have chosen?"

"I've had to give them up. But I like it so much better than having to give *you* up! I took you, first, with their assent. That was well enough—it was worth trying for. But now I take you without it. We can live that way too."

"Ah, I'm not worth it. You give up too much!" cried the girl. "We're going away—it's all over." She turned

from him quickly, as if to carry out her meaning, but he caught her more quickly still and held her—held her fast and long. She had only freed herself when her father and sister broke in, from the *salon*, attracted apparently by the audible commotion.

"Oh, I thought you had at least knocked over the lamp!" Delia exclaimed.

"You must take me with you, if you are going away, Mr. Dosson," Gaston said. "I will start whenever you like."

"All right—where shall we go?" the old man asked.

"Hadh't you decided that?"

"Well, the girls said they would tell me."

"We were going home," said Francie.

"No we weren't—not a bit!" Delia declared.

"Oh, not there," Gaston murmured pathetically, looking at Francie.

"Well, when you've fixed it you can take the tickets," Mr. Dosson observed.

"To some place where there are no newspapers," Gaston went on.

"I guess you'll have hard work to find one."

"Dear me, we needn't read them! We wouldn't have read that one if your family hadn't forced us," Delia said to her prospective brother-in-law.

"Well, I shall never be forced—I shall never again in my life look at one," he replied.

"You'll see—you'll have to!" laughed Mr. Dosson.

"No, you'll tell us enough."

Francie had her eyes on the ground; they were all smiling but she. "Won't they forgive me, ever?" she asked, looking up.

"Yes, perfectly, if you can persuade me not to marry you. But in that case what good will their forgiveness do you?"

"Well, perhaps it's better to pay for it."

"To pay for it?"

"By suffering something. For it *was* dreadful."

"Oh, for all you'll suffer——!" Gaston exclaimed, shining down at her.

"It was for you—only for you, as I told you," the girl went on.

"Yes, don't tell me again—I don't like that explanation! I ought to let you know that my father now declines to do anything for me," the young man added, to Mr. Dosson,

"To do anything for you?"

"To give me any money."

"Well, that makes me feel better," said Mr. Dosson.

"There'll be enough for all—especially if we economise in newspapers," Delia declared, jocosely.

"Well, I don't know, after all—'The Reverberator' came for nothing," her father went on, in the same spirit.

"Don't you be afraid he'll ever send it now!" cried the girl.

"I'm very sorry—because they were lovely," Francie said to Gaston, with sad eyes.

"Let us wait to say that till they come back to us," Gaston returned, somewhat sententiously. He really cared little at this moment whether his relatives were lovely or not.

"I'm sure you won't have to wait long!" Delia remarked, with the same cheerfulness.

"'Till they come back'?" Mr. Dosson repeated. "Ah, they can't come back now. We won't take them in!" The words fell from his lips with a mild unexpected austerity which imposed itself, producing a momentary silence, and it is a sign of Gaston's complete emancipation that he did not, in his heart, resent this image of eventual favours denied to his race. The resentment was rather Delia's, but she kept it to herself, for she was capable of reflecting with complacency that the key of the house would after all be hers, so that she could open the door for the Proberts if they should knock. Now that her sister's marriage was really to take place her consciousness that the American people would have been told so was still more agreeable. The party left the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham on the morrow, but it appeared to the German waiter, as he accepted another five-franc piece from the happy and now reckless Gaston, that they were even yet not at all clear as to where they were going.

HENRY JAMES.

THE END.

LORD RODNEY'S BANTAM COCK.

[These verses are supposed to be written later on by a contemporary when Napoleon was in the ascendant.

"The English admiral was aware also that his country's fate was in his hands. It was one of those supreme moments which great men dare to use and small men tremble at. . . . Rodney had on board a favourite bantam cock, which stood perched upon the poop of the 'Formidable' through the whole action, its shrill voice heard crowing through the thunder of the broadsides." — FROUDE, "The English in the West Indies," pp. 33, 34.]

YES : thanks to Rodney's zealous aid,
At last, after that long delay,
With boats on board, with anchors weighed
The fleet stands ready in the bay.

"If we can baffle Fox's crew,
Who hate our country, as we know,
These ships have something yet to do
To shield her from her open foe.

"Off! Off at last!" says Rodney then,
"The gale though fierce, thank God, is fair.
I have no faith in these new men :
They will recall me, if they dare.

"Plough fearless through the raging foam,
And see that every sail is set :
We must fly fast from those at home,
So only Frenchmen can be met.

"They *will* recall me, but too late,
Whig traitors though in power they be,
The flag that carries England's fate
Is safe from them beyond the sea."

These were his words. He spake no more :
Then straight a fowl exulting, shrill,
Flung forth defiance at the shore,
Echoing his master's thought and will.

Yes, after that proud start was won,
Through blood and fire, through storm and shock,
Prophet of triumph still crowed on
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

And still to hearken as they sail
The old salts gather in a flock :
Their faith is kindled, ne'er to fail
In Rodney's bantam cock.

The ships speed on like things alive
Past Ushant, in the tempest's din
Their very timbers thrill and strive,
As from one heart that throbs within.

With the same impulse in each keel
They hurry to their distant goal :
Their chief looks round his fleet, to feel
That there, with him, is England's soul.

"If after victory, as I trust,"
Then said he, "Peace should be restored,
The pen that signs the treaty must
Be our own old ancestral sword.

"The wielders of that will not shrink,
Serving their country day by day,
From dipping it in blood, not ink :
Our only statesmen left are they."

He reached his post, he formed his plan,
He foiled De Grasse's fixed design :
A flash of instinct taught the man
How to break through the frowning line.

Hour after hour the battle stormed,
And during all that early time
Our seamen their grim task performed
In silent energy sublime.

But when the great ship of De Grasse
Hauled down the flag of France—then white—
Like thunder-peals the shoutings pass
From deck to deck in wild delight.

The twelfth of April heard that cheer
At sunset, seven by the clock ;
Heard also, crowing prompt and clear,
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

True, we have lost our colonies ;
But the war ended well, at least
We kept the empire of the seas,
And gained new kingdoms in the east,

Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock.

Whilst France is drowned in blood, and cast
On evils never known before,
Till the long splendour of her past
Is quenched and lost for evermore.

True, Rodney's ships are hulks : the world
Rushes to ruin uncontrolled :
Strong realms are crushed, strange flags unfurled,
New victories blot out the old.

Nelson takes Rodney's place to-day.
North, south, east, west, through Europe's range
Napoleon sheds his lurid ray ;
And all convulsion is, and change.

But yet, through years which have grown dim,
That bird lives on. Though youths may mock,
Still white-haired sailors talk of him,
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

F. H. DOYLE.

ENGLAND'S REAL PERIL.

PUBLIC attention is being loudly called to the need of an inquiry into the efficiency of our naval and military defences. Nor does it seem to sober-minded men unreasonable that this investigation should be demanded, and at once granted by the Government, when official returns make the startling admission that five important ships of war, already built, cannot be utilized because their guns will not be ready for many months, and that vessels now being constructed will, when complete, have to wait long for their armament. Unpleasant rumours are also abroad as to the boilers of many of the line-of-battle ironclads. Nor can we forget the ugly facts which not long ago were brought to light with regard to the efficiency of the swords and bayonets supplied to the troops : while every reader of the newspapers knows that continental nations have equipped their soldiers with magazine-rifles, while to our battalions none have as yet been served out. For these and other reasons it is much to be desired that a calm and careful inquiry should be made into the naval and military requirements of the Empire, and as to the mode in which these requirements can be efficiently and satisfactorily met, without an undue strain or an extravagant waste of its financial resources.

Yet while men's minds are growing uneasy over the peril to which England may be exposed through want of military preparations, few seem to regard a less visible but possibly a more subtle and deadly danger into which the country is drifting. The real strength of England is her wealth, and that wealth depends upon her agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. For many years after the close of the great Napoleonic wars

England was commercially omnipotent—she had few commercial rivals, and no formidable antagonist. To-day the story is very different. Agriculture is confessedly pinched, manufactured goods which were formerly entirely drawn from this country to supply foreign markets are now to a great extent produced in the countries where the markets lie. The construction of harbours, canals, railways, and other great engineering works, which was almost the undisputed prerogative of English contractors is now entrusted in a great measure to continental firms. In England there is a latent discontent among the middle classes, great misery among the lower classes, and unhappily much suffering among some of the landed aristocracy, and a general confession of need. From all sides we hear complaints of falling rents and diminishing trade, failing commerce and waning wealth—that wealth which was our great strength in a military as in every other sense. It was our wealth which enabled us to conduct the great wars at the beginning of this century to a successful issue. It is our wealth which must in future wars enable us to place those ships upon the sea, which may protect our mercantile marine and insure the food supplies of the population of the country. It is our wealth which enables us to keep up an army for defence of our islands, and for the garrisons of our coaling stations and colonies without conscription. If our wealth fades away our military strength must be sapped ; and it is the danger that this wealth may fade which to my mind constitutes the real peril of England.

The state of agriculture is so well known that it is hardly necessary to advert to it. Farms in some instances

cannot be let, and tenants refuse to work them even without rent. How far this loss to the agricultural interest at home falls upon the whole body of the country is very difficult to determine. Food which is not produced at home is brought from abroad ; hence the loss to agriculture is to a certain extent balanced by a greater development of the shipping and carrying industries. It is extraordinary, however, that while the farmer in England cannot produce not only cereals but articles difficult to transport, such as eggs, poultry, &c., at a remunerative price, the foreign farmer and market-gardener is able to produce these and pay the cost of transport, and still compete advantageously in the English markets.

Formerly we were the great manufacturers of the world ; the great distributors and the great warehousemen of the world. Our country was the point on which the great passenger traffic impinged from America and from our Colonies, and from which passengers distributed themselves over the continent of Europe. The products of the world as a general rule came to English ports, and from English ports were distributed to their various markets. All this has much changed. Probably the alteration is more marked in our distributing trade than in that of our manufacturing trade or in any other direction. About twenty years ago all the silk that was manufactured or consumed in Europe was brought to England from the East, mostly in a raw state, and was thence distributed to continental mills. Notwithstanding the increased consumption in Europe, silk now coming to England for distribution is only about one-eighth of the quantity that came here some twelve years ago. This is one single example of an Oriental product. The same diversion of our distributing trade can be traced in almost every other commodity. Many people believe that the opening of the Suez Canal has caused this diminution of our distributing trade,

and it cannot be denied that the Suez Canal has done much to divert Oriental trade from this country, and to send goods direct through the Canal to the continental ports, where they are consumed, or where they can be placed on railways and be forwarded without break of bulk to their destinations. But whatever the Suez Canal may have done to divert trade in Oriental goods such as tea or silk, it cannot account for the diversion of the trade coming from America. Yet we find the same diversion of American products which formerly came to England for distribution. With cotton the same result is found, and with coffee from the Brazil. Nor does the diversion of these articles merely demonstrate that our distributing trade is being lost to us : it also shows that the manufacturers of England now permit the raw material of their industries to be sent straight to the factories of their competitors on the Continent. It shows that the great manufactures of the world are being transferred from England to Belgium, France, Germany, and even to Portugal and Spain. In the train of these manufactures are rapidly following all the complex and complicated businesses which are the handmaidens of commerce. For instance, the financial business which used to centre in London is being transferred to Paris, Antwerp, and Germany, mainly because the goods to which this business relates are now consigned to continental countries instead of as formerly being brought to England to be distributed therefrom. It is impossible to calculate in pounds shillings and pence how much wealth is being lost to the country by this diversion of trade. And side by side with it a social and financial revolution is silently proceeding. Colossal incomes are in a few instances being increased ; but as a general rule large incomes are falling away, and a greater quantity of smaller incomes substituted for them. Of the very large incomes which still exist, with the ex-

ception of a few that fall to the happy lot of some Englishmen who possess the land upon which great towns are built, the majority belong to foreigners who have accumulated them in this country. Of the great houses in the City there are few which have not a foreign name, and most belong to that enterprising, industrious, and able Oriental race which is a nationality but not a nation, and of which the members can transfer their allegiance and their possessions at almost any moment from one country to another. Figures indeed prove that the total wealth of the country is not diminishing; but this, when analysed, is but a poor satisfaction. The unhappy fact remains that, while the population is increasing with enormous rapidity, the wealth of the country does not increase in any adequate proportion. It is not the positive but the comparative wealth of a country that forms its strength, and the comparative wealth of England in proportion to its population, and in proportion to the development of wealth in other countries, is gradually falling away. When such diminution once begins it is apt to progress in geometrical ratio. Each industry, each trade, each interest that suffers, reacts upon others, and as the suffering becomes more acute the reaction is more intensified. The danger of financial distress is the real danger to our country. If our wealth fades neither fortresses nor armies nor navies can be maintained: the commerce and trade of our colonies will pass away from us, and the means of maintaining our possessions will be exhausted.

This may be a pessimist view of the actual state of affairs. If it be so I shall only be too glad to see my doubts dispelled and my misgivings removed. If my calculations be correct it surely is well worth the attention of Englishmen to turn a little of their characteristic energy to some endeavour to prevent the decadence which appears to threaten their country. Legislation and lawgivers can do little, though possibly they may do

something in such matters. It is the energy, the enterprise, the exertions of men, individually and collectively, by which alone wealth can be accumulated and stored up. Some relief may be given to the agricultural interest by legislative enactments with regard to railway-rates which as at present arranged almost prohibit market-gardening or *la petite culture* in this country. Nor does it appear wholly impossible that some assistance might be given to the agriculturist without trenching upon the principles of even the most orthodox free trade. The money that is raised for custom dues in this country is not raised for purposes of protection but merely for purposes of revenue. There seems to be no reason why the revenue which is at present raised from tea or coffee should not be raised from oats or wheat. The idea that tea and coffee are luxuries and thus may be legitimately taxed like cigars or tobacco is now exploded. Tea and coffee are as much necessities of the everyday life of all classes as bread. To tax corn in lieu of tea might assist the agricultural interest and yet not be a protective tax. It would merely be to raise essential revenue by taxing articles, and possibly thereby indirectly assisting our own producers, instead of raising the revenue from articles which cannot be produced in this country. Nor is it probable that, even if this were not so, we shall be able for long, however much we may desire it, to carry out implicitly every article of a free trade creed. The terrible revelations now being made before Lord Dunraven's Commission as to the "sweating" system, will probably lead public opinion to insist on some measures being taken to prohibit the untrammelled importation of foreign labour into this country. Nor will this be unreasonable. An insular country like England, which does not produce food for its own people, might at any moment in case of war fall into the position of a blockaded city, and our Government would be as much justified in preventing the importation of a large

number of hungry paupers into England as would be the commandant of a fortress which might shortly be exposed to a siege ; nor is it easy to perceive for what reason our countrymen should be weighted with rates to support all the improvident, the starving, and the miserable who may be pressed out of foreign countries to seek an asylum among us. A simple organization for the transfer of land would be of great help to landed proprietors. At present, if a proprietor wishes to sell a few acres of land, the cost to the purchaser and to the buyer in investigating the title and other expenses is almost as heavy as if the transaction applied to a large estate.

The loss of our distributing trade is to my mind in a great measure due to the fact that goods consigned to continental ports can be there put upon railways and sent straight to their destination ; while goods sent to English ports must be put upon a railway, taken to our coast, there taken out of the railway, put on board a vessel, taken across to the Continent, there unloaded, then put on the railway and sent off to their ultimate destination. These transshipments from railway to vessel and from vessel to railway are always costly, always involve time, and in the case of some perishable articles render the transaction almost prohibitive. To get over this difficulty and to retain our distributing trade, there appears to me to be only one course open, and that is in some way to obtain direct railway-communication from Liverpool, from London, from Bristol, from Hull, from Glasgow, and from Dundee, to the continental markets where the goods landed at those ports are consumed. For all practical purposes it is of little moment whether coffee, which is to be consumed at Vienna, is disembarked at Havre or at London, provided that direct railway-communication can be secured from London to Vienna. It would make little difference whether cotton, which was to be manufactured in Lancashire or Belgium, were consigned

to Liverpool, to Dunkirk, or to Antwerp, provided that either the raw material or the manufactured goods from Lancashire could be conveyed direct by railway from Liverpool to Belgium.

If this conclusion be at all true, the possibility of constructing a bridge across the Channel becomes important to Englishmen. If a bridge could be made sufficiently strong to stand against the south-west gales which occasionally drive through the Straits of Dover, there can be no doubt that an enormous advantage would be gained by our country. If engineers consider that no bridge sufficiently strong can be constructed, it is then worth considering whether the objections which most Englishmen entertain against the Channel Tunnel are sufficiently valid to outweigh the enormous commercial advantages that it would bring to the country. In all other countries every exertion has been made to complete railway-communication between country and country, or between district and district. Below the St. Lawrence a tunnel has been driven. Bridges have been thrown across the Ohio, the Mississippi, and most of the great rivers of America. The Alps have been tunnelled at the St. Gothard, the Mont Cenis, and again at the Brenner. These mountains were almost as important a strategical boundary between Italy and France, as is the English Channel between England and France. Italians have had no doubt about allowing tunnels to be constructed. Englishmen have much more reason to encourage facilities of communication than either Frenchmen or Italians. By preventing commercial intercourse or direct railway-communication across the Channel we are driving away our distributing trade, barring our markets against continental customers, and preventing our manufacturers from being able to deliver their goods on the same terms to continental customers with their continental rivals.

Some cause of our threatened loss of

wealth is probably due to want of enterprise on the part of Englishmen in pushing their goods in foreign countries. In this direction the German travelling agents everywhere appear to be competing successfully against Englishmen. They penetrate into countries where Englishmen do not penetrate, and they have greater successes where Englishmen are also working. Part of this is due to the Germans working more cheaply and working harder than Englishmen, but much is due to the very superior commercial education which can be obtained in Germany. English boys who adopt commercial life, as a general rule, have a slight smattering of Latin and Greek, which is of no practical use, and a vague idea of mathematics; and even in London it is found necessary to employ foreign clerks in situations where Englishmen would be much more welcome were it not that the latter are incompetent as a rule to correspond even in a European language. Nor can any who travel much on the Continent fail to note how much less conscientious hard work there is in this country than there is abroad; yet conscientious hard work is the key to every success in every position in life. When the foreigner has already been some hours at work

the Englishman has hardly risen from his slumbers. The day of labour which in the time of our ancestors began at eight or nine o'clock is gradually now falling away to eleven, yet the secret of success in business is almost always to be before the time. In society there is enormous luxury. That great and good man whom Germany is now mourning, shortly after his accession to the throne called the attention of his subjects to the too great luxury of private living. If this were necessary in Germany which appears to us an example of frugality, how much more is the same warning necessary to Englishmen.

The insane race after luxury, the keen competition for enjoyment, or supposed enjoyment, leads constantly to prodigality and extravagance, and often to ruin. It blunts the moral principles, it makes people look leniently on debt, that most pernicious canker of society; and it tends in the end to rapidly diminish the total sum of the national wealth. Wherever we look we see indications of wealth passing away from the Englishmen into the hands of those who are now their competitors, and may some day be their enemies. Here is England's real danger.

H. M. HOZIER.

THE VALLEY OF WATERFALLS.

WHEN Mr. Froude reached San Francisco on his homeward journey from that voyage round the world, one result of which was the production of his delightful book "Oceana," he narrates that he was overwhelmed with advice on no account to miss an expedition to the Yosemite valley. Indeed these warnings were pressed upon him, as he pathetically says, with "damnable iteration," a phrase which perhaps describes the somewhat embroidered style of Californian oratory by which the recommendation may have been enforced as accurately as it does the impression produced upon the implacable bosom of Mr. Froude. Unfortunately no method could have been adopted less likely to quicken his curiosity or to arouse his concern. He confesses to a rooted aversion to going out of his way in order to see sights; and his book contains more than one illustration of the singular ease with which he satisfies himself that some place or spectacle which it would very likely have conflicted with his convenience to see is therefore not worth seeing at all. *Non credo quia nolo* seems to have been his test of what is or is not worthy of examination. For instance, his desire to inspect the Sandwich Islands evaporates when it entails leaving his steamer at Honolulu; and finding that his train only pauses for half-an-hour at Salt Lake City, he "does not care to observe Mormonism any closer" than from the precincts of the railway-station. To the same mental listlessness we owe his refusal to visit the Yosemite valley; a decision which we cannot but regret, less for the loss to himself of an emotion, against which he might have rebelled, but which he must have enjoyed, than for the sake of the enormous reading public who followed greedily, like sea-gulls in his

wake, and who have been despoiled of the luxury of a description of one of the greatest masterpieces of Nature by one of the greatest masters of English prose.

Younger travellers may be excused if they are excited rather than deterred by the encomiums, or even by the exaggerations of local or national pride. Not that the Yosemite valley is now in the least dependent for its testimonials upon the luxuriant outpourings of Californian enthusiasm. For, remembering that it was only discovered thirty-seven years ago, I do not suppose that there is another piece of scenery in the world that has spread its fame with anything like the same rapidity, or so soon become the shrine of pilgrimage from all parts of the globe.

In the course of a recent visit to the valley I procured a record of visitors which may be found interesting for more reasons than one. If a larger total should at first thought have been expected, it must be borne in mind that the trip to the valley involves a divergence from the main route of five hundred and twenty miles, there and back, the cost of nearly a week's time and of about sixteen pounds in money, an anterior journey for any but Americans of three thousand miles across the Continent or nearly five thousand across the Pacific, and the swallowing of an inordinate dose of dust and fatigue (as a friend of mine appositely remarked on quitting the valley, *Pulvis et umbra sumus*); factors in the situation with which it is not in the power, or in the inclination, of every one successfully to grapple. Since 1851, when the first stranger entered the Yosemite under circumstances which will presently be described, it has been visited by some forty-three thousand persons. At

first, the facilities of access and accommodation being very scant, the influx was so slow that at the end of ten years it had only reached six hundred and fifty-three for the entire period. Then it began to advance by leaps and bounds, till the yearly average has now risen above two thousand five hundred, a total which, with the improvements in railroads and hotels that are still in course of execution, will be largely augmented in the near future. But more interesting than a mere statement of their extrinsic bulk is an analysis of these figures in the light they throw upon the relative appetites for travel of the various civilized nations of the world. The Englishman, carrying abroad with him what Carlyle called "that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury that for the most part belongs to English travellers," is nevertheless the most indefatigable of the band. He is the heir of the spirit of Herodotus and Hadrian, of Pausanias and Marco Polo. Not only with the Drakes and Frobishers of the sixteenth century, with the Cooks and Mungo Parks of the eighteenth, with the Livingstones and Stanleys of the nineteenth, does he explore dark continents or navigate unfurrowed seas; but in the person of the ordinary, every-day, superbly inquisitive and imperious specimen of the race, humdrum at home but immitigable abroad, he strides hither and thither throughout the earth, scanning the known places and probing the hidden corners, absorbing and, wherever he can, appropriating all that there is of wonderful and new and strange. Everywhere you find him, from the North Cape to the Straits of Magellan, and from China to Peru. He is ubiquitous, omnipotent, indomitable. Next to him in activity of peregrination comes his own kindred, the restless, acquisitive sons of America, or the large-viewed, ambitious citizens of a yet newer world. Lower in the scale, and in the order which even a slight experience of continental travel will corroborate, comes first the Teuton

and then the Celt: the German, just beginning to expand the astonishing vigour of a home-trained intellect by a wider range of experience; and the Frenchman, scarcely as yet emancipated from the belief that there is no country in the world but France, and no city but Paris.

When I spoke of the discovery of the Yosemite valley thirty-seven years ago, I must be understood of course to refer to the first invasion of its borders by the foot of the white man. Long before, perhaps for centuries, it had formed a secure retreat for Indian tribes, who in the pathless glens and gorges of the Sierras conducted an internecine tribal warfare, or pursued an animal quarry scarcely wilder than themselves. It was by collision with these very Indians that the beautiful valley accidentally became known to the pioneers of what we call Western civilization, who at the beginning of the second half of this century poured into California in the mad thirst for gold, sowing in rapacity and lust and crime the seeds from which civilization and religion, too often begotten in a like stormy travail, were at a later date to spring.

At first the Indians did not recognize as enemies the scattered groups of gold-diggers who suddenly alighted upon their borders. But when the groups became a swarm, overspreading the country with lawless violence and sweeping all before them, jealousy and recrimination set in. These strained relations presently culminated in an attack by the Indians upon a trading-camp at Fresno, and the massacre of all the whites there assembled. This was in December, 1850. A company of volunteers was immediately raised among the traders for purposes of self-protection, retaliation, and revenge; but the evil grew so rapidly that more authoritative measures became necessary. Accordingly in January, 1851, by order of the Governor of the State, a company of two hundred able-bodied militia was enrolled, Mr. J. D. Savage, the owner of the trading-station originally de-

stroyed, being elected the first commander. Recognizing, however, the justice of the irritation naturally felt by the Indians at the invasion of their patrimony, and anxious at all hazards to preserve peace, the Government very wisely despatched emissaries among the surrounding tribes, with power to negotiate and distribute gifts; while they set apart a Reserve territory for such Indians as should be found amenable to these pacifying influences. Still there were some who held out, the principal of them being a tribe who were vaguely reported as dwelling in a deep rocky valley to the north-east. Communication was opened with them, and their chief was summoned and came to a "palaver." But the requisite assurances not being obtainable, the order to advance was at length given, and the expedition set out in quest of the mysterious retreat. It was on May 6th, 1851, that from the mountains on the south there burst upon the astonished gaze of the soldiers of the Mariposa Battalion the first sight of the enchanted valley. They gave to it the name Yo-Semite from that of the tribe, the Yo-Semites, or Grizzly Bears, by whom it was inhabited, abandoning the beautiful name of Ah-wah-nee, or the Broad Cañon, by which it had been known in the Indian vocabulary. The difficulty with the Indians was soon at an end, and the war, before it had lasted six months, was concluded in July, 1851. It was a curious sequel to the pacific termination of the struggle that the leaders on both sides, J. D. Savage, and the Indian Chief Ten-ie-ya, each met at a later date with a violent death, the one at the hand of a fellow-white, the other in a foray with a neighbouring Indian tribe.

The discovery of the valley was not followed by an immediate accession of visitors. It was not till four years later that a small body of enterprising men, who had heard the tales circulated by the disbanded militiamen, resolved to make another expedition to the deserted valley. Meanwhile, there

having been no communication in the interim, the trails through the forest had been obliterated and the memory of the militiamen had grown dim. Nor was it till some Indians had been procured as guides from the Reserve, that this pioneer party of tourists was enabled to make its way to the coveted destination.¹ To any one acquainted with the natural features of this Californian scenery—an immense sweep of lofty mountains intersected by ravines and clothed with a dense forest-growth—the long seclusion of the valley, and the difficulty in re-discovering it even when already discovered, will not appear a matter of surprise.

From this expedition, which was thoroughly successful, and by whose members many of the names were given by which the mountains and waterfalls are now known, may be dated the opening of the Yosemite valley to travellers and tourists. The prodigious increase in communication since that date has already been noted.

There yet remained one step before this splendid acquisition could be turned to real account, with a double regard for its own priceless security and for the free but orderly enjoyment of the public. The Government of the United States, which has never been behindhand in acts of similar liberal and far-seeing policy (for there may be statesmanship even in landscape-gardening), took up the question in 1864. In the session of that year Mr. J. S. Conness, Senator for California, very appropriately introduced a bill for the public dedication of the Yosemite valley, which was passed without demur by both Chambers of Congress. In this Bill, which was approved on June 30th, 1864, it was declared: "Be it enacted

¹ Among them was Mr. J. M. Hutchings, who has since embodied his intimate knowledge of the valley, its history and features, in a work entitled "In the Heart of the Sierras" (published at Oakland, California, in 1866); a big volume without any literary merit, but containing a great deal of useful information.

by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that there shall be and is hereby granted to the State of California the cleft or gorge in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, situated in the county of Mariposa in the State aforesaid, and the headwaters of the Merced River, and known as the Yosemite Valley, with its branches or spurs in estimated length fifteen miles, and in average width one mile back from the main edge of the precipice on each side of the valley; with the stipulation nevertheless that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express condition that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; and shall be inalienable for all time." Then followed a similar provision for the neighbouring Mariposa Big Tree Grove.

The valley and its surroundings having thus solemnly been handed over to the State of California, the Governor of that State forthwith appointed a Board of Commissioners for the due administration of the trust, an act which in 1866 received the confirmation of the Senate and Assembly of the same State. The whole machinery was thus set in working order; and by the Board so nominated the valley is guarded and governed to this day.

Any Englishman who does not happen to be among the fortunate twelve hundred who have so far visited the spot, may at this stage very legitimately inquire, "What is the Yosemite Valley, and what are its peculiar features?" Without any desire to usurp the functions, and still less to imitate the style, of the numerous available guide-books, I would briefly answer as follows:—One hundred and fifty miles nearly due east of San Francisco, where the middle ranges of the Sierra Nevada rise from the San Joaquin valley in grand wooded outlines, sweep upon sweep, to a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, there is hewn from east to west a profound ravine between two confronting barriers of precipitous rock. Over

a space varying from three quarters of a mile to two miles in width, and along a line some six miles in extent, these grim natural fortifications look out at each other and down upon a peaceful valley slumbering in the deep trench, three quarters of a mile in sheer depth, below. Many English persons are familiar with the noble spectacle presented by the northern front of the Rock of Gibraltar, on the side where a perpendicular face of rock, twelve hundred feet high, towers gloriously above the flat space known as the Neutral Ground. Conceive this cliff trebled in height, Pelion piled on Ossa and Olympus on both, extended over a line twice the length of the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and confronted at the varying distances I have named by another wall of like character and similar dimensions: conceive these parallel rocky walls, while retaining their uniform abruptness and height, to be shaped into stormy outlines of towers and pinnacles and domes: conceive further the intervening space to be sown with great trees and flowering shrubs, a paltry plantation when viewed from above, but a mighty forest-growth below, and to be traversed by the coils of a winding river: conceive, I say, this startling combination of features, and you will still have but a dim and inadequate likeness of the Yosemite valley.

But what is perhaps the chief characteristic remains to be told. I have called it the Valley of Waterfalls; and herein consists its distinction from all other remarkable valleys, so far as I know, in the world.

Straight over these mountain walls, not down the bed of converging ravines, but from upland valleys unseen above and beyond, come toppling the heaven-sent waters that supply the shining River of Mercy (Rio de la Merced) murmuring so musically below. Almost may we say:

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God who is their home."

For, as with a rush and a leap they spring from the craggy ledges, their forms are intertwined with rainbows and aureoled with light. Thus they descend, soft vaporous shapes, spray-clad, that glimmer along the aerial stairway like spirits passing up and down a Jacob's ladder from heaven to earth, until the phantasy is shivered in the tumult and thunder of the plunge, upon the echoing platform or in the deep hollow pools at the base. From a distance of miles these waterfalls may be seen hung like white streamers against the mountain-walls. Even there a faint whisper sings in the air, deepening as we advance to a hum and a roar, till about their feet the atmosphere is filled and choked with the stunning shocks of sound.

They vary considerably in height, being sometimes intercepted in their descent or broken up into more than one cascade. Fifteen hundred feet is the height of the highest or upper Yosemite fall; but this is the uppermost of a trio of cascades, one above the other, the united fall of which amounts to two thousand six hundred feet, and when seen from a distance can be mistaken for a single uninterrupted fall. Inevitably, too, but unfortunately, they vary in volume according to the season of the year, the depth of rainfall, and the duration of the winter snows. In the early spring, when the feeders are full, each brook becomes a torrent and each fall a cataract. Then the Yosemite is pre-eminently the Valley of Waterfalls; for not a mile of its rocky palisades can be passed but there comes foaming from the sky a precipitous shoot of what looks like molten snow. But in the late summer the bulk is often sadly diminished, the brooks dwindle into rills, and the watery fleeces become ribands and wisps and threads, fluttering feebly and forlornly down the stained tracks of their lost spring-glory.

Of these falls perhaps the most beautiful at all times and seasons is that to which the pioneer tourists of 1855 gave the name of the Bridal Veil.

It falls sheer for nine hundred feet, the rocky rim from which it leaps being outlined as sharply as a razor's edge against the sky. The name is not ill-applied, for as the breeze catches the descending jets, when not in full volume, it puffs them outwards from the rock and wafts them in gauzy festoons from side to side. Hither and thither float the misty folds like a diaphanous veil of tulle. Lower down the water, pouring in miniature cataracts from the ledges, alone shows what is the quantity and what the texture of the material. The Indian name for this waterfall was Pohono, or the Spirit of the Evil Wind. They connected with it some mysterious and baleful influence, hearing the mutter of spirit-voices in the sound, and scenting the cold breath of a destroying angel in the breeze of the enchanted fall. To pass by it was of ill omen, to sleep near it was perilous, to point the finger of scorn at it was death. An Indian woman, who once fell from the slippery ledge at the top and was dashed to pieces, was believed to have been swept away by the Evil One. Unlike the artistic though rationalizing temper of the ancient Greeks, who recognized in the legendary carrying off of Orithyia by Boreas, the North Wind, the metaphor of a tempestuous love, the Indian mind, plunged in sad superstition, could see nothing in a similar fatality but the revengeful finger of doom. This is not the only case in which we cannot help regretting the substitution of a modern for the more significant or traditional Indian name. No great propriety and still less originality was shown in the selection of such titles as the Riband, the Vernal, and the Nevada. How much prettier, in meaning if not in sound, were Lung-oo-too-koo-yah, the Graceful and Slender One, Pi-wy-ack, the Shower of Diamonds, Yo-wi-ye, the Twisting One, and Tu-lu-la-wiack, the Rush of Waters. Gladly, too, would we see Mirror Lake reconverted into Ke-koo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water.

The Indian imagination seems to have been more poetically excited by

waterfalls than by mountains; for the names which they gave to the latter were in some cases fantastic and less worthy of appropriation. The two extraordinary rocks on the southern side of the valley, which from their shape and juxtaposition are aptly called the Cathedral Spires,—being indeed as like the west front of a Gothic minster as the architecture of Nature could be expected to model them—were known to the Indians as Poo-see-na Chuck-ka, the Acorn Baskets, from the receptacle of that name, shaped like an inverted cone, which is carried on their backs by the Indian women. The three pointed rocks on the other side of the valley, now called the Three Brothers, were Pom-pom-pa-sa, or the Jumping Frogs. The Sentinel Rock was Loya, from a plant growing near at hand. The Sentinel Dome was Ho-ko-owa, or the Lizard, from a dark lizard-shaped stain in the rock. The North Dome,—that curious smooth cupola of granite that overhangs the entrance to the northernmost of the two eastern forks,—was To-coy-a, from the covering over the face of a papoose carried in its basket-cradle on its mother's back. More fitly the Half Dome,—most prominent of all the giants of the valley, being as its name implies a great bald hump of rock (four thousand eight hundred feet above the valley-floor and nine thousand above the sea) smooth and rounded on one side, but suddenly cleft in twain through the middle, as though by the slash of some Titan's axe—was named by the Indians Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess of the Valley. Finally El Capitan (a name given by the Mission Indians who had borrowed it from the Spanish padres), that magnificent bluff, so familiar from a hundred photographs and sketches, which stands like a sturdy warder at the western threshold of the valley, was known as Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, the Great Guardian Deity.

There is another respect, besides the waterfalls, in which the late summer and autumn in the Yosemite are the sufferers to the gain of the spring.

This is in the matter of vegetation. At all times a rich forest-growth adorns the valley; and it is only by comparison with the celebrated Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*) that grow in the neighbourhood some thirty miles away, and are usually visited in the course of the same expedition, that these noble Yosemite stems, one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet high, straight as an obelisk and tall as a tower, are not considered giants in the land.

The roadway winds in and out of the solemn sylvan aisles, the light scarcely breaking through the clustered leafy capitals and shedding itself in dust of gold upon the big cones and needles that litter the forest-floor. Here are yellow pines and sugar pines, the red or incense cedar, the Douglas spruce, and three varieties of silver fir. Here, too, are the more familiar figures of the common oak and the evergreen oak, the quaking aspen and the willow, alders, poplars, maples, and laurel. The majority of these continue their bounty right through the summer; but it is in the undergrowth and shrubs and flowers that the visitor in the spring finds such an additional delight. Then the open spaces are gay with the festal bloom of the manzanita, with azaleas, yellow and white and pink, with the soft plumes of the Californian lilac, with dogwood and primroses, with the syringa, the butterfly tulip, and the white lily. The trails are bright with their colours and sweet with their fragrance, and all Nature smiles.

Being even at its base as much as four thousand feet above the sea the Yosemite valley enjoys a very equable temperature, the thermometer seldom pointing to more than 86° in summer. The orientation of the cutting is moreover the source of a twofold charm. Running, as the valley does, almost due east and west, the sea-breezes that pour in at the Golden Gate come swiftly over the intervening plains and blow an incessant draft from end to end of the gorge. To the same accident of site we owe the splendours of sunrise and sunset. Did the valley

face north and south, one face of it would be perpetually in shadow. As it is, when the morning sun has topped the eastern heights, its rays run swiftly from peak to peak right down the full length of the ravine, which in a few moments is flooded with the golden glory. Similarly as the declining orb sinks opposite the western doorway, both faces of rock, from El Capitan to the Half Dome, attend the dying couch and are gilded with the vanishing beam.

If it be asked in what special features, other than the broad structural outlines which have already been described, the wonder of the Yosemite consists, I would reply, in the solemn uniformity of colouring, in the nakedness of the rocky fronts, and in the absolutely vertical cleavage from cap to base. There is none of that gorgeous variety of colouring that results from different rock-strata, or, as in the famous cañon of the Yellowstone, from the chemical action of mineral deposits and boiling springs. The rock is everywhere an ashen grey granite, which in places where the surface layer has scaled off becomes a pale, or under the sunlight a glittering, white. Only here and there, where through the long years streams, too thin to make a waterfall, have trickled down the bare face, are black splashes and streaks like the dishevelled tresses of a woman's hair. But the very absence of variety, the gleaming monochrome of stone, has an indefinable grandeur of its own, and strikes the spectator from below with a peculiar awe. The two other features I have mentioned are closely connected; for it is the verticality of the cliffs that is responsible for the almost total absence of vegetation upon their faces. Now and then a solitary pine has secured a precarious foothold upon some tiny ledge; but for the most part not even Nature is allowed to plant an excrescence. Where the sheer walls are interspersed with slopes, these lend whatever of contrast and colour may be needed, being sufficiently clad with undergrowth and shrubs.

If a single point be named from which a finer view than elsewhere can be obtained, to the rocky height known as Glacier Point should be conceded the honour. It is three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet in sheer height above the valley, which here expands to its greatest width. From east to west its length is laid bare, even to the end of the forks into which it bifurcates at the eastern extremity, and the most important waterfalls are all in view. A big stone pitched from the summit will not strike the rock till sixteen seconds have been counted, and then at a considerable distance from the bottom. A tale is told in one of the guide-books of an antique hen which, for the satisfaction of a party of visitors, was tossed over the precipitous bluff. Down and ever down sank the hapless fowl till it became a tiny ball of feathers, then a speck, and finally vanished altogether in the abyss. The spectators, somewhat chagrined at this gratuitous sacrifice of animal life, ventured upon a remonstrance, but were met with the cheerful reply, "Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies! She's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season." The story goes on to relate that the same party, descending the cliff in the course of the afternoon, encountered the old hen, uninjured, composedly ascending the trail.

Various theories have been advanced to explain the formation of this remarkable valley. There is one school of geologists, headed by Professor Whitney (the author of the best handbook to the Yosemite), who believe it to have arisen, or rather sunk, from a subsidence in the soil between the rocky walls. Others have argued that it is a fissure cleft by volcanic action in the very core of the granite. Were not both these theories unsupported either by local or collateral evidence, there is yet that in the valley itself which testifies irresistibly to a different origin. The mysterious handwriting of Nature is

engraven upon the crags; and we must believe that the Yosemite, like many another deep valley and grim gorge, has been fashioned by the gigantic agencies of frost and ice. On the northern wall may be traced in many places the print of icy fingers, those unmistakable lateral striations that show where the remorseless touch has passed. The rounded surface of the domes, the polished faces of rock, the burnished recumbent boulders, the evidence of summits and sides and base, all tell the same tale. In the northern fork, near the Mirror Lake, may be seen heaps of colossal *débris* which, detached from the Half Dome, have slid down some pre-historic ice-slope and have been deposited, not at the foot of the precipice from which they fell, but on the opposite side of the ravine. In more than one place are palpable relics of vast glacial moraines. There cannot be much doubt that at some remote period (we need not attempt to estimate when) the entire valley from roof to floor was packed with a huge ice-field, over a mile and a half in depth, that easily overlapped the rim and extended to the summits of the adjacent and superior heights. Then when the age of disintegration set in, how mightily must the giant fingers have torn and wrenched, have split and riven, have scraped and ground! What a work of cleaving precipices and snapping projections, of crushing obstacles and pulverising fragments! With what superhuman strength was the great ploughshare driven through the heart of the everlasting hills! We crawl like ants in the furrow, happy if in our day some Daniel arises to interpret to us the mystic hand-writing on the wall.

The Yosemite is often spoken of as though it were the greatest natural phenomenon in the American continent, and the wonder of the New World. My language has been sufficiently eulogistic to redeem me from any suspicion of bias if I state a contrary opinion. There exists, also in America and at a distance of about

six hundred miles from the Yosemite, a natural spectacle, akin yet different, less beautiful but infinitely more grand, to which I believe no parallel can be found on the face of the globe. This is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in the State of Arizona, a region rarely visited by the traveller, and almost unknown to Englishmen. Here are the same features reproduced on a vastly larger scale, over a much greater extent, and amid surroundings unequalled for gloomy impressiveness and awe. This astonishing cleft in the surface of the earth runs for two hundred and twenty miles through an elevated mountain plateau, in which it cuts a deep serpentine gash from three to six thousand feet deep, the average height of the mountain walls being five thousand feet, or a perpendicular mile. At the bottom of this appalling gorge is no smiling valley or wooded glade; nothing but a great river surging angrily along a rocky bed and chafing with eternal thunder against its prison walls. But once has the passage of that terrible defile from end to end been accomplished. The story is contained in a Parliamentary paper, but it reads like some weird romance.¹ The spectator from above sees nothing but what might be a silken skein twisted along the bottom of the abyss: his ear, if strained, hardly catches a dim and fretful murmur. But below is the everlasting roar of waters, and from there the canopy of sky upheld by the pillared walls looks unutterably remote. I know of nothing in the world at all comparable to this. The cañons of Yosemite and the Yellowstone are great; but a greater than either is here.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

¹ "Exploration of the Colorado Rivers of the West in 1869-70-71 and 72." By Prof. J. W. Powell. Conducted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, by order of Congress, and published among the Government papers at Washington in 1875.



JACQUES TAHUREAU.

THE middle of the sixteenth century in France saw a literary revolution which, regarded in its inception, extent, and effects, is almost without parallel in history. With this revolution the name of the *Pléiade* is inseparably connected. Seven men—Ronsard, Du Bellay, Belleau, Baif, Daurat, Jodelle, and Pontus de Thyard—banded themselves together with certain well-defined aims, which included nothing less than a complete reform of the language and literature of their country. Up to this time French poetry had not broken off its connection with the Middle Ages; alike in matter and in form, in thought and the medium of thought, it still exhibited all the essential peculiarities of its mediæval origin. The object set in view by the members of the *Pléiade* (*La Brigade* as they more modestly began by calling themselves) was simply to cut off all poetic association with the traditions of the immediate past, and for inspiration and example to go right back to the great writers of Greece and Rome.

That which was exceptional in all this was not the object itself, but the strangely conscious and deliberate manner in which the work of reform was set about. Elsewhere changes of the same kind were in progress; elsewhere men were in the same way, if not to the same extent, forsaking the paths of their predecessors; elsewhere the old canons of criticism were falling into disrepute, and fresh standards of taste were being set up. But elsewhere, the men who threw themselves into the work of reform, were content, in large measure at least, to be governed by the conditions in which they found themselves. They either abandoned their native language altogether for that of Horace and Virgil,

or, choosing to speak in their own tongue, allowed themselves in the main to be ruled by its genius and peculiarities. The *Pléiade* would do neither the one nor the other. They would not give up French for Latin, as Mellin de Saint-Gelays did when forced at last to forsake the old style for which he had fought so long; and yet, on the other hand, French as they found it was by no means the idiom to suit their purposes. Hence nothing was left them but to attack the language itself root and branch as they were preparing to attack the matter and form of contemporary literature; to take the French of Marot and his school; to enrich it with a fresh vocabulary (for that purpose "pillaging without scruple the sacred treasures of the Delphic temple," and, like William the Testy, making "gallant inroads . . . into the dead languages," and taking captive "a host of Greek names and Latin verbs"); to strengthen the current idiom with new forms and turns of speech; and, in a word, to mould it upon the fashion and make it, as far as might be, conform to the peculiar genius of the classic tongues.¹

The manifesto of the league was issued in 1549, in the shape of a volume from the pen of Joachim du Bellay, entitled "*La Deffense et*

¹ The bastardising of a language has never been carried further than it was carried by the *Pléiade*, save perhaps in Holland during the sixteenth century.

"Bastaerd woorden vreemt,
Uitlands niet neemt";

said Kops, that is, "Take not strange bastard word from foreign tongues". But the injunctions of such purists have frequently been disregarded; and, during the period referred to, Gallic influences were so strong that the idiom in use for literary purposes became a perfect jargon—a well-nigh incomprehensible mixture of Dutch and French.

Illustration de la Langue Françoise." In the following year Pierre de Ronsard, Prince of Poets as he was enthusiastically called, and undoubtedly the greatest verse-writer of his age, brought out a little volume of odes, and furnished a practical illustration of the principles enunciated in the Defence. From this time forward, the Pléiade carried on the war with great activity ; and though there was at first some opposition to their methods from writers of the older school, their influence was so great that they had things pretty much their own way for nearly half a century, and left a permanent impress on the literature of their land.

The literary revolution thus initiated was not likely to fail from any lack of enthusiasm for the new cause. The principal poets of the day, the younger poets especially, hastened to enroll themselves under the banner of the reformers ; and the consequence was that before long Ronsard found himself at the head of an army of which La Pléiade formed only the nucleus. The modern reader, who has patience to turn over the works produced during this period of intellectual activity, will soon discover that in the outer circle of the reformers' ranks there were men who, judged by individual merit alone, deserve a higher place than some of their nominal leaders ; in other words, that the Pléiade as a body did not represent the highest poetic water-mark of the time. It is of one of these free lances that I desire here to speak ; of Jacques Tahureau, who, though intimately connected with the literary movement in question, is but little known to English readers of the present day.

This young poet himself has told us how

" Many in verse and chronicle
Have lightly passed the memory
Of those who fought exceeding well
For truth and right and victory,
And who, as judged by bloodshed bold,
The foremost place might fairly hold :
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" And thus have given all the praise
Of their untruthful pens to those
Who in their country's stormy days
Have turned their backs upon her foes ;
Ignoring all the credit due
To men of valour good and true."

To some extent an injustice of this kind has been done to Tahureau. While so much has been written and said about the various members of the Pléiade, those *immortaliseurs d'eux-mêmes*, as they were scornfully called by Charles Fontaine, Tahureau has been virtually forgotten, notwithstanding the fact that his talent was probably equal to that of any of the coterie save Ronsard and Du Bellay, and that he was, taken as a whole, the most fresh, graceful, and unaffected of the lesser verse-makers of the time.

Jacques Tahureau was born at Le Mans in 1527, only three years after the birth of Ronsard. His father, also named Jacques, was lieutenant-general of Maine, and his mother was connected with the ancient family of the Tiercelins, various members of which he has celebrated in his verses. While still a mere youth he gave himself up with ardour to classical studies, and showed signs of a strong literary taste. These pursuits were, however, cut short when Jacques suddenly determined to follow his elder brother, Pierre, into Italy, where the war between Henry the Second and the Emperor Charles was then raging. He went through several campaigns, but presently growing weary of his adopted life, he relinquished the military career, and began once more to turn his attention to matters of greater interest to him. He had gone to Italy as a soldier ; he remained there as a student. Before long his poetic instincts began again to assert themselves : and beneath the clear southern sky and amid the sacred associations of the past, he set himself to learn the sweet language *del bel paese là dove il si suona*, and to study the ancient masterpieces with renewed enthusiasm.

As it turned out, this journey to Italy was an important factor in Tahureau's career; for at Rome he met Joachim du Bellay who was there writing his "*Antiquités de Rome*" (translated by our own Spenser), and young Olivier de Magny who had been sent thither on a diplomatic errand. In this agreeable society Jacques spent some time. On his return to France he visited Ronsard, by whom he was graciously received. Pierre Ronsard's elder brother, Claude, had married Catherine Tiercelin, sister of Mary Tiercelin, Tahureau's mother. Hence the two poets were connected; and from the time of their introduction remained firm friends till death stepped in and broke up the association. The numerous references to Ronsard in Tahureau's writings show how fully the younger poet appreciated his distinguished friend. More than once he classes him among the great poets of the past; and in some verses addressed directly to him he says that the greatest gratification which had ever befallen him was, not to have been praised by the provinces or to have been well received by princes, but simply to have contented Ronsard's ear. "It is this alone," he says, "which has enabled me unblushingly to lift my face."

From this time onward Tahureau lived on the best of terms, not only with Ronsard himself, but also with other distinguished writers of the day, with De Baïf, Du Bellay, Jodelle, La Péruse, and even Mellin de Saint-Gelays, who, now an old man, had made peace with the Pléiade which he had once so fiercely attacked. It was with De Baïf, however, the author of "*Les Amours de Francine*" and "*Les Passe-Temps*" that Tahureau seems to have contracted the greatest intimacy; which was perhaps due to the fact, as fact it seems to have been, that the two young men were at that time in love with two sisters at Tours. The ladies sung and celebrated by the poets of the sixteenth century had often the dubious fortune never to

have enjoyed an existence more tangible than that given to them in their lovers' verses; but in the case of Tahureau's lady-love—L'Admirée, as he so prettily dubbed her—we may, I think, safely believe that she was no mere fancy mistress—no "solemn vision and bright silver dream," but,

"A real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed".

Tahureau himself has told us that he fell in love with L'Admirée (so must we call her, for otherwise, in spite of much conjecture, she is nameless) while still very young.

"My fourteenth year had scarce begun to
press me
Forth from the bounds of infancy,
When lo! I fell in gentle slavery
To those dear glances that did then caress
me."

Whether or not this version of the story represents the sober truth, unfortunately we cannot say; though there is nothing outrageous in believing that it does, remembering as we must the juvenile love-experiences of Dante, Byron, Heine, and others of the poetic brotherhood. What we do know is, that the young poet sang the praises of his lady-love, and the fullness and constancy of his own affection, in many sonnets, odes, and *mignardises amoureuses*, which gained for their author the enviable title of the French Catullus. It is pleasant, of course, to imagine that this poetic affection proved lasting and reaped its just reward; that after having chanted her beauty in verses of exceeding sweetness, the young poet should by and by take her to himself, and find in her possession the joy and satisfaction which he used to fancy must everywhere follow her steps. But I cannot find that there is any ground for believing that this ever occurred. It has indeed been said that Jacques did afterwards marry her; but upon what authority the statement is made, I am at a loss to know. That he presently took to himself a wife, we are specifically informed; but we are left in

the dark as to who or what she was. There does not at any rate appear to be any reason for supposing that she was *La Belle Admiree*. What evidence there is rather points the other way, and to the probability that, before his marriage, all intimacy with his old mistress had for some time been broken off.

But whoever the wife may have been, it is clear that Jacques did not long enjoy the pleasures of married life. In his little volume of "*Premières Poésies*," published some time before, he had spoken of the happiness which must attend those "who die in their ladies' arms" and who yield their last sigh upon the beloved lips. This happiness, at least, was reserved for him. Shortly after his marriage he fell sick, and died in 1555 at the early age of twenty-eight years.

Of his person and character we know but little, but that little is very favourable. One momentary glimpse we get of him in the pages of *M. La Croix du Maine*, who, in "*Les Bibliothèques Françaises*," writes of him thus :

"I never had the pleasure of seeing or knowing him myself, for when he died I was still too young ; but I have heard from those who had seen him that he was the finest gentleman of his time, and the most apt in every kind of graceful exercise."

Somehow—we should perhaps be at a loss to say how—there is that in his poems which seems to tell us that this description is not very wide of the mark.

It is hardly necessary to state that the works of Jacques Tahureau belong rather to the category of promise than to that of achievement. A poet whose career of development is cut short on the hither side of thirty, can scarcely, save in some few very exceptional cases, leave behind him much that bears the stamp of maturity ; and everywhere in Tahureau's verses we are reminded of the writer's youth by the presence alike of a young man's worst faults and of a young man's greatest excellences. That he would have grown out of many of the former, and deve-

loped many of the latter, seems at least likely ; for, judging even from his earliest writings, it is evident that he realised the responsibilities of a poet's career, and was not one to rest satisfied in easy mediocrity. He was ambitious, he was conscious of power, he determined to do something worthy of the talent that had been given to him. "Why should not I," he asks,

"Why should not I, even I, hereafter claim
Honour from Maine and from the country
round,
For having there first spread abroad the
fame
Of sacred song and the lute's pleasing
sound ?

"For as for me, my hope has still been this :
To live Apollo's favourite, and to sing—
His chosen poet—all his gentleness,
Quenching my thirst at Helicon's bright
spring.

"So that my head the poet's crown may wear,
And leaves of laurel may my brow entwine,
And honours such as glorious verses share
With deeds as glorious, may sometimes be
mine.

"And still I hope, in spite of youthful fears,
In spite of growls from many a jealous
hound,
In spite of death, some place in future
years
For these my verses shall at last be found."

Had Jacques Tahureau lived to reach his full powers, who shall say that the hope so naïvely expressed in these stanzas would not have been accomplished ? But it is idle to speculate on what might have been, had death spared the young poet. As it is, we have from his pen little but trifles—some of them very delicate, some of them very sweet ; but all of them showing the author as having so much in common, as regards form with other writers of his time, and as regards thought with youthful poets of all ages, that it is useless to search through his verses for any impress of his individual character.

Tahureau was, of course, in general sympathy with the reform initiated and carried forward by Ronsard and his followers. But it is worthy of remark that he never so far gave in his allegiance to the methods of that

reform as to adopt the worst extravagances of the Pleiads. He was never guilty of the distortions of language in which Du Bellay, for instance, so often indulged. Indeed, Tahureau in the preface to his "*Premières Poésies*," made it sufficiently clear that he had no desire to follow those who sought, not reform, but revolution. Warning the reader that he is not to be surprised if in the book he should come across "a few new words" introduced, he explains, only "through necessity or for the sweetness of the language," he goes on to say that he has seldom made such innovations, not wishing to imitate the affectations of those, "who do not fancy that they have written anything good unless at every turn they lard their books with an infinity of terms, new, rude, and out of the way, making themselves, by these and other such means, to be esteemed of those who admire nothing so much as what they the least understand." This is not the language of the thorough-going Pleiad. Indeed, Tahureau had too great an appreciation of what constitutes a poet ever to be beguiled into the worst habits of the leaders of fashion, or even to relapse into a mere lifeless and colourless imitation of classic writers. Read how he himself speaks of the poet's functions and aims in some verses which he wrote to Mellin de Saint-Gelays.

"Listen, Mellin! He who would
Be esteemed a poet good,
Must do more than merely task
All his powers to deftly mask
Some old fable, almost spent,
Beneath a specious ornament.
A poem to be really fine
Must resemble the design
Of a painter, whose great strife
Is to picture nature's life
Sentient, full . . . 'Tis not enough,
Then, to heap up ancient stuff—
Fables of the antique years—
Merely to surprise our ears,
If that which one would fain present,
Or great or little, be not blent,
And touch'd, and rounded, all and part,
With the poet's gentle art.
To-day, where'er we may be turning,
A thousand show their foolish learning,

Thinking to dig poetic glory
Out of a mass of ancient story;
Who write confusedly and ill,
Lacking alike both taste and skill,
Whose lazy verses halt and mend,
Possess no charm, and know no end."

One who could write thus was certainly likely, however much he might be coloured by the intellectual influences of the time, at any rate to escape some of the worst characteristics of those who, in their zeal for the classics, were neglecting their own individual and immediate sources of inspiration, and were thus doing their best to put dry imitation in the place of Nature.

The poetic works of Tahureau consist of the "*Première Poésies*," and the "*Sonnets, Odes et Mignardises Amoureuses de l'Admirée*," both published in 1554. In addition to these he wrote a prose oration to the King, "*De la Grandeur de son Règne et de l'Excellance de la Langue Françoisse*," and left behind him the manuscript of two satirical dialogues, "not less profitable than facetious," which were published ten years after his death. To give some idea of the general style of his work, let me here translate from his second volume of verse the ode (No. V.) commencing, "*Si en un lieu solitaire*."

"If to some lonely refuge I
Should with my weight of sorrow fly,
And there should seek retreat,
Were it upon the mountain's side,
Or where through verdant pastures glide
Slow brooklets murmuring sweet;

"The secret things about the place,
Though dumb to all the human race,
At once beholding me,
Would mutual join in pitying strain,
And breathe my plaints in plaints again,
Sighing in sympathy.

"Behold, wherever I should turn,
Nature responsive still would mourn.
The streamlet in its bed
Would swell in answer to my grief,
While many an herb to seek relief
Would flowery tear-drops shed.

"The fishes, too, would gather round;
The strongest oak would bow to ground
To hear my piteous cry;
And the wild satyr of the place
Forget the coyness of his race
To give me sigh for sigh.

" I watch a while the bird which now
Pensive doth perch on yonder bough,
Until, with sudden start,
She fills the forest's deep recess
With accents of a plaintiveness
To touch the hardest heart.

" I watch the sheep with silent gaze,
And even these forget to graze
To listen to my song ;
While caverns dark where echoes sleep,
With voices terrible and deep,
Join in to wail my wrong.

" Yet what avails that these attend
While I my heart with sorrows rend ?
How helps their sympathy,
While one I love denies relief,
Is deaf to all my bitter grief,
And heedless of my cry ? "

This translation, it may be perhaps well to add, must be taken as approximating very remotely to the flow and lilt of Tahureau's verse, which is easy and graceful in the extreme. His poems are indeed as a whole by no means easy to render into English. Let any one who wishes to test his abilities as a translator experiment upon the following stanzas from "Baiser I." in the "Sonnets, Odes et Mignardises." The poet is expending the wealth of his vocabulary in fancy names for his lady-love :

" Ma jazarde, ma mignarde,
Trepillarde, fretillarde,
Mon âme, mon cœur, mon mieux,

Toute belle, colombelle,
Passerelle, tourterelle
Ma perle, mon riz, mes yeux.

" Ma Nimphette, Driadette,
Ma doucette, ma garcette,
Mon teton, mon nombrillet,
Ma mignonne, ma belonne,
Mon doux myrthe, ma couronne,
Mon petit tendron douillet."

Strange to look back and think that once the warm brain of a young poet was beating out such verses as these in praise of the woman he loved ; and that to him and to her life was as real and as earnest, as full of thought and hope and ambition, as it is to him who writes these words and to those who read them ! Strange to think that now the fond lover and the beautiful beloved have passed into the everlasting silence and are forgotten ; while the volumes in which her praises were written and his thoughts were registered lie dusty upon the shelf. Well indeed might Tahureau exclaim :

" For all the thoughts and deeds of human-kind
In this poor world, are yet
Naught but an empty breeze, which leaves
behind,
Dying, a vain regret."

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

(*Tertium Quid.*)

As the careful meteorologist is content to mark the daily and hourly facts of the weather, not boasting himself to be by far the best of prophets and forming no theories upon the phenomena of the heavens, but satisfied to leave his notes for some king of men amongst the meteorologists of the future to expand into a great weather-theory; so it is possible that a pedagogue may perform a useful task in recording certain known facts and realities of the scholastic world, to be used hereafter by some great professor of pedagogy in setting forth a comprehensive and accepted theory of that science. The existing conflict of opinions on this subject forbids the expression of the hope that such a theory is likely to be made in the immediate future. On the one hand we are told that classical education has had its day, and must make room for a general education in the natural sciences: on another, that it is not classical education that needs to be got rid of, but the existing methods of classical education; that we want not less but more of it, and that we have been these many years beginning at the wrong end in teaching the classics. Again, it is urged that, admitting language to be the most useful of educational subjects, we should devote our attention to the living rather than to the so-called dead languages. And when we look at the great divergence between the educational theories which have recently attracted attention, and the educational practices mostly in vogue in our largest educational centres, we must be persons of an extremely sanguine temperament if we can persuade ourselves that we are at all near the dawn of that day which is to shine on

a comprehensive and accepted theory of pedagogy.

It will be my object in this paper, as in those which have preceded it, to perform the humble but possibly useful task of recording certain actual and veritable occurrences in the school-world; but perhaps I may be allowed, as before, to use these experiences as a peg on which to hang a few remarks on some of the educational ideas which are before the world: not, I hope, in a spirit of narrow prejudice, though experience has taught me that to criticize a theory is too often to incur the reproach of bigotry and stupid conservatism. And to avoid a misconception that I have suffered from before, let me remark that, in writing of boys, I am writing mainly of those who are willing to be so styled; not of those "emphatically called men", who are members of Sixth Forms and hard to distinguish from the Freshmen of the Universities; but rather of those happy beings who do not mind being called what they really are: boys, whose ages range, say, from twelve to sixteen, and who are in that irresponsible and, too often, happy-go-lucky state of life that lies between childhood and early young-manhood.

No method in classical education has been more repeatedly and more severely attacked than that well-established one which we may call the method of the grammar and the dictionary. With some it is a favourite idea that the study of grammar should be a finishing rather than, as it is generally, an introductory step in learning languages. This is maintained in spite of the fact, which I suppose is generally recognized, that young boys are naturally gifted with

small powers of understanding and considerable powers of memory. If a grown man enters upon the study of a language new to him, he will probably find himself much mistaken if he proceeds to learn it as he learnt Latin or Greek when a boy. If he attempts first of all to master the inflections of the language, he will probably find that he cannot retain them, and that his best plan will be to take some book in the language he is intending to master, and to read it *pingui Minerva*, with the help of a grammar and dictionary to be used merely as books of reference. Boys cannot use a grammar as a book of reference: they have not the necessary intelligence and experience. It is far easier to them to get inflection by rote. Nature has given them retentive memories, and learning by heart is no great difficulty to them. Why should we attempt to treat them as men, and to teach them in a manner which is not adapted to their capacities? It is frequently said that the scientific study of grammar is one for mature intellects; but that is not enough to prove that boys do not learn best by a process that presents them with easy sentences for translation, and the main features of accidence and syntax.

The Hamiltonian system is from time to time quoted and praised, though Hamilton's books are now not easily met with, and the "total change in the primary schools throughout the civilized world", as Hamilton modestly puts it (that change being the adoption of his system) has not yet taken place. More than sixty years have passed since Hamilton wrote his rather angry and confused preface in English which is not what one would expect from a teacher of language. But in making his attack on the grammar and dictionary system, he is certainly too severe on that system as it existed in his day, while his arrows fly harmlessly over the head of the modern pedagogue. Surely, even in his day, masters (as distinguished from the

Hamiltonian teachers) were men and not monsters. Bad as a good deal was at that time in the educational world, it can hardly be anything but exaggeration to say, "to prevent the pupil from going too fast, he is strictly prohibited from getting assistance from any other source than his dictionary". His criticism of that book, too, is altogether unsound. He maintains that with an exceedingly few exceptions, "one word in any language can be translated by one word only into another; that consequently, when a dictionary gives fifty meanings to the same word, forty-nine are absolutely false and wrong". That book, on the contrary, if it be a decent specimen of its class, recognizes, indeed, that a word has a fixed original meaning, but from usage gets a considerable number of implied or figurative meanings; and those derived meanings it is only reasonable to give.

Sydney Smith's essay on the Hamiltonian system is not very convincing. It may be true that in his school-days the grammar and dictionary system was carried out in a blundering manner, and that many a boy became "lexicon-struck" rather than enlightened. But a vigorous attack on the blunders committed in one system is not the same thing as a successful defence of another.

Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to agree with the author of the Hamiltonian method, that it is in truth the only tolerable method, and that Hamilton was, so to speak, "the one and only Jarley". It is a far cry from Mr. Spencer to Archdeacon Denison; and at first sight it is a little surprising to find the Archdeacon on the side of Hamilton. He tells us in his Autobiography how badly he was taught French at school (and we need not doubt it), and how delighted he was with his progress in the same when he joined the Hamiltonian class. But the future Archdeacon learning Latin and Greek at the age of ten or twelve was a very different person from the future

Archdeacon learning French at seventeen or eighteen. For a person of discriminating age whose education has been neglected, I imagine the Hamiltonian system, with some modifications, might be found extremely useful. But granting its usefulness in certain circumstances, one is rather amused by the claims made for it by its author and the woe he denounces on the head of the impenitent master.

Nature gives boys retentive if not quick memories, and only limited powers of understanding. But it would be a great mistake to allow boys to trade entirely upon their memories, and to make their work only a matter of rote. While we encourage them to use the memory in season, we have much to do to guard against their using it out of season. Most boys, in their desire to save themselves trouble, will endeavour to palm off the results of memory as the achievements of understanding. It is of no use attempting to prevent this altogether. To do so would be to reduce results to a minimum. But while we are careful not to force the understanding, we are bound to induce them to put it to some use, and to more and more use as they grow older. They will try to outwit us in this matter, and probably will succeed in doing so more often than we think. For example, if we do not take means to prevent it, they will learn Euclid by heart rather than by sense; and no doubt much of their work in Euclid is and must be more of the nature of rote-work than we think it. At the end of a lesson in Euclid the pupil is too often in a state of mind like that of Mr. Woodhouse over his accounts: "Mr. Woodhouse had been talked into what was necessary, told that he understood, and the papers swept away". Still we persist in our endeavour to make our boys follow the argument intelligently, and our reward is that a time arrives when Euclid, as they say, "comes to them". This is the result of their own efforts of memory combined with gradually successful attempts to follow

our explanations. It is a result likely to last, and surely a valuable one. There seems to be no good reason for thinking that the grammar and dictionary method in language may not be equally valuable. Of course it may be so applied and often has been so applied as to be comparatively worthless; but it is to be hoped that in these days no teacher allows a boy to use a dictionary without constantly trying to guide him to a sensible and restricted use of it, and never hears a lesson in grammar without adding to his pupils' rote-work illustration and explanation adapted to their capacities.

One can hardly doubt that the best parts of the Hamiltonian system were in vogue long before Hamilton's time, and are still in common use. Our lessons in construing and translation are to a certain extent Hamiltonian: what we call "unseen translation" is very much so. But the modern pedagogue has not yet been brought to share Hamilton's prejudice against the early study of the elements of grammar; nor do we agree with him in condemning the writing of those exercises which more than anything else give an insight into the meaning of syntax. Nor does the idea seem to gain ground that the natural sciences are the most desirable studies for the young. He would be a bigot indeed who should find a boy with a decided bias in that direction and still should keep him rigorously to the classics; but even in the case of a boy with a natural bent for science it is very doubtful if he could afford to dispense with an introductory training in language. I will quote from a correspondent, a gentleman engaged to a certain extent in teaching science; it will be noticed that both he and I use the word science in that restricted sense which some love to put on it.

"I am decidedly of opinion that science as an educational instrument is absolutely useless. It forms an admirable *need*, but a wretched *plough*. If a boy's mental powers are developed by plenty of Latin, Greek, and

mathematics, he will soon outstrip on his own ground a boy who has had a couple of years' start in science to the neglect of these studies. Before I became a practical schoolmaster I agreed with the views of Herbert Spencer as expressed in his essay on education; but I now consider the methods he suggests altogether fallacious. . . . I think a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who has mastered a sufficient amount of mathematics, may study certain branches of physics with very great advantage. I may mention light and heat as being capable of exact mathematical treatment from the very beginning. . . . The reason why science forms a poor educational instrument is clear enough. It is because it consists of generalizations far too wide and deep for young boys to grasp".

And what pedagogue would not be glad to quote the following words from an address delivered by Dr. Thomas King Chambers, at St. Mary's Medical School, some three or four years ago? "No means has yet been discovered so potent for educating, that is, bringing out the power of the mind, as the grammatical study of the scientifically formed dead languages, especially if that study be combined with that concentration of the thoughts upon abstract ideas which is gained by mathematics". In our large public schools a laboratory, with instruction in natural sciences, forms a part of the curriculum, and were this instruction reserved for boys with a real taste for it, it would be a most desirable thing; but it is hard to see upon what principle boys, whose bent and whose definite aims are literary, should be brought in numbers to attend lectures in which they can be expected to take little or no interest.

One remark of Mr. Herbert Spencer's makes a severe demand upon literary men, and a demand which I imagine is not likely to be readily granted. He maintains that a knowledge of natural science adds very greatly to our powers of appreciating poetry. As a case in point, he instances a rock that has slid down a glacier in the Ice-Age; and he remarks how much more poetical a sight is that rock to one who can interpret the seams and scars upon it than to one who knows nothing of geology.

Possibly it may be so; but I cannot think the remark capable of more than a very narrow application. What has science to say to the "Prometheus Vincit", to the fourth Georgic, and the sixth Æneid; to "The Tempest"; and "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; to "Paradise Lost" and "Comus"? Mr. Herbert Spencer personifies Science as a very grand goddess, as no doubt she is; but she must not be suffered to trespass on the lawful domains of the Muses, else we shall see Orpheus and his Eurydice, Oberon and his Puck, Prospero and his Ariel, bidden to pack. "The parting genius" of Milton will be "with sighing sent", if the creatures of Imagination are to be called upon by Science to stand and deliver; to render to her a satisfactory account of themselves or for ever to hold their peace. Verily Science, as a critic of poetry that has charmed the world for centuries, will be constrained to make use of a formula not unknown in the history of literary criticism, "This will never do".

But it is time to pass from theories to experiences, to certain isolated facts which have been witnessed in the scholastic world, and which may serve to throw some light on the nature of those who are but a little way advanced in the paths of education. But as soon as we begin noting down phenomena for the use of the great prophet of pedagogy yet to be born, we foresee the difficulties that will beset his path. What shall we say of the following? Did the perpetrator, in utter ignorance, imagine a vain thing, or is the achievement due to a matter-of-fact temperament? Plutarch says of Themistocles, ἤλειπεν ἑαυτὸν ὑπὲρ ὅλης τῆς Ἑλλάδος, where, for the benefit of those who have little Greek, it may be well to remark that the verb implies "exerted himself"; and this is the translation which I am doubtful how to spell as it was given *viva voce*, "He greased himself all over grease [Greece?]" Perhaps the same temperament was at work in this, *Hirundo fingit luteum opus*, "The swallow does

her dirty work"; but the following is capable of elucidation, ὁ σεμνὸς μάντις, "The prophet of June". The fact is, that the boy, looking out σεμνὸς in his dictionary, found "august", but got confused in his months. The much-too-good boy also is apt to go wrong from an excess of conscientiousness. I have known one of this kind, when required to render the following into Latin, "He had promised to lead them into battle, [and had said] that he was ready", &c., do so thus, *Promiserat se eos ad proelium ducturum* [] *velle*, &c. which he then explained: "I knew that the words in brackets were to be left out, but I thought I had better put the brackets in". This reminds me of a fine instance of what one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" calls "the dashing style of writing". The nervous vigour of it would seem to be due to the writer's limited vocabulary, but it certainly reads rather too much in the style of our armies in Flanders. *Per ducis Evandri nomen, devictaque bella, Spemque meam . . . Fidite ne pedibus!* "In the name of your leader Evander and your —, and by —, do not fight with your feet"!

A few eccentric translations may here be enshrined. Πλάτων φιλόσοφος ἦν πένης, "Plato was a poor philosopher". *Pisces nactus sum ex sententia*, "I was born a fish by preference". *Pollicebaris te venturum* (1) "Pollicebaris ventured to be": (2) "Venture to be Pollicebaris": [apparently a classical parallel to "Dare to be a Daniel".] *Raros testantia mores*, "Bearing witness to his unaccustomed customs." *Coluber mala gramina pastus*, "A snake fed on good-for-nothing hay". A correspondent vouches for the following: *Les papes sont toujours des Italiens blanchis dans les affaires*, "The popes are nearly always Italian washerwomen in business"; but the next, like most of the blunders quoted in this paper, happened within my own experience: κάλυμμα ἔλε δία θεῶν κνάειν, "The goddess took the blue veil". Ποδόμενος ὤκεία Ἴρις, is

rendered by one, "Swift-footed, long-winded Iris". When the Pedagogue in "Ion" advises Creusa to take vengeance on Apollo, she asks and he answers as follows:

ΚΡ. καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσω, θνητὸς οὖσ',
ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑ. πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

which has been thus Englished; C. "And how shall I, a mortal, surpass the stronger?" P. "Blow the solemn shrines of Loxias"!

The following also have their points of interest. Πάντες δὲ οἱ τῶν βαρβάρων ἄρχοντες μέσον ἔχοντες τὸ αἰτῶν, "All the Persian rulers holding their own middles". *l'espertinus circumgemit ursus ovile*, "The evening bear goes for the olives". Cicero said of the brother of the murdered Clodius with reference to the corpse, *In curiam potissimum abiecit*; but he did not mean, as one boy would have it, "He staggered very drunk into the senate-house". *Magna deum genetrix* I have known translated "Great governess of the gods", and "Great grandmother of the gods". Never did Mrs. Malaprop derange an epitaph better than a boy who, knowing the truthful to be identical with the beautiful, produced this version of "O let me hear thy voice, *Longis auriculis carmina mitte tua*".

Most of us are familiar with the lyric in "The Princess", beginning "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums". I knew a boy write out the lyric correctly from memory, except for a ludicrous change of preposition which upset the whole.

"A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood across thy knee".

Parallel to this is a quotation I got from Gray to illustrate *Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati*. I had hoped for, "And climb his knees the envied kiss to share", but I got

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play".

Naturally boys are more at home and less absurd in their prose exer-

cises ; but even here they sometimes break out. The author of the aforementioned *Longis auriculis* justified his choice of that epithet by the following rendering of "The dog uttered a horrible howl", *Canis ululatum diabolicissimum vocavit*. When I remonstrated with him for using such strange language, he very reasonably excused himself by saying, "I wanted to make it strong".

Boys' themes or essays are generally worth reading, for, dull as they are for the most part, they abound in literary surprises. The following obscure passage is from a junior theme on Robinson Crusoe. "There have been many claims as to the authorship of this volume as a gentleman assured the Rev. Benjamin Holdby that Lord Somerset told him that Lord Oxford wrote it when he was in prison, and that Lord Oxford had given it to Defoe. . . . Then as to the place where this interesting book was written. Some say that Defoe was under the frowns of the government when he wrote it; others say that it was written in a little village in Kent, and others in a field at Stoke Newington, but that it was written when he was under the frowns of government is thought most probable". And here is a remark apparently directed against the Church Militant, occurring in a theme on Ancient and Modern Warfare: "Fighting is not so much now man against man as canon against canon". But it would be an endless task to record the absurdities produced by bad spelling. One of my essayists had an eloquent passage on a short-lived genius: "Kirke White was soaring upwards to try and make a distinguished man of himself, when Death's sting struck him, and in the words of the poet Byron, 'O what a noble heart was here undone'". The next specimen is from a history-paper: "He got into a row for dressing up like a girl and going into some sort of Woman's Rights Meeting". The boy was aiming at the rites of the *Bona Dea*.

This entirely irrelevant answer was on one occasion given to the demand, "Describe the translation of Elijah": "I do not know what the translation of Elijah is, but the translation of Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin is as follows". Unfortunately it did not follow at all. The boy who produced the next answer had been hoaxed, but I am assured it is a genuine product of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. Q. "What do you know of Isaac Walton?" A. "He wrote the complete Angler, and was such an enthusiast in his art that he was termed the Judicious Hooker". A note will be needed to elucidate the next sample. Q. "What is the Ecliptic?" A. "An imaginary line going round the Equator. It seems to be the path which the Earth goes round, but it is really the path to Heaven." This is due to a misconception of the definition given in the text-book, "The apparent path of the Sun through the heavens".

I shall make no attempt to classify the authors of the miscellaneous blunders that follow. "Jenny Lind", says one, "sang at Exeter Hall, and gave the proceeds to the London Hospital, also called Miss Florence Nightingale". The boy who started a proposition of Euclid with these words, "Let A B be a straight line, which is impossible", was plainly something of a philosopher. *Candente nitens elephanto*, "Leaning on a fiery elephant", is a graphic picture from the battle-field; but I have my doubts whether the following, related from a public school, is not apocryphal, *Rusticus quidam publicos ludos spectabat*, "A country gentleman was inspecting the National Schools". *Vere fabis satio*, says Virgil: "Truly I am full of beans", says a translator. *Vivax apium* has been not unnaturally rendered "The busy bee", but this was the work of an Oxford undergraduate. More boylike, perhaps, is the following, *Vêtue à la Grecque*, "Virtuous in Greek". Many of my readers will remember the expression used by Virgil of the warrior's

chariot in the Happy Fields, *Similisque est currus inani*; but this rendering, a genuine one, will be new to them, "And the chariot is like an empty". And this perhaps will be also a surprise, *Immundum odorem*, "an unearthly smell".

Of course I am far from maintaining that this record of school-room blunders will throw any clear light on the nature of the schoolboys. They are offered less in the didactic spirit than in the hope that they may afford others, as they have afforded me, some diversion. Still, as I have said before, it is just possible that being facts, they may have their uses. The record of a blunder in the educational world, may be as useful as the gauging of a given day's rainfall in the meteorological world.

The late Head of my college used to say (whether at first or second hand, I do not know): "When you enter upon the study of any wide subject, you may expect to find yourself in three successive states of mind: first, that in which you think you will soon know all about it; second, that in which you feel that you will never know anything about it; third, that

in which you trust you know a little, and humbly hope that eventually you may know a little more." On the vast subject of the schoolboy I am certainly not in the first of these three stages. On a previous occasion I ventured to classify the perpetrators of academical blunders, but on reviewing my attempts in that direction, I am painfully reminded that "he who classifies, invents". As I have said before, I am content to record my experiences, and leave it to more philosophical heads to use the materials here supplied. Some twenty years, however, spent among boys do give one some claim to write and speak of them as one has found them. Their minds are not as their teachers' minds. There is a great deal about them that is and must remain very puzzling even to those who have the clearest recollection of their own boyhood. On observing their eccentricities, and their openness on the one hand and their excessive reticence on the other, one is inclined to speak of them as Waggle spoke of Wiggle: "Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues? . . . What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!"

J. H. RAVEN.

THE LOST MATCH.

(A Tragedy of the Cricket-Field.)

It needs some courage in the face of this athletic generation to confess an antipathy to the game of cricket; and when the confession comes from one who has been in his day an enthusiastic (if not very competent) cricketer, the feeling it will doubtless stir in the hearts of about nine-tenths of the English-speaking race will probably be something much stronger than pity. Critics (it has been an article of their victims' faith long before Lord Beaconsfield was born) are the men who have failed in literature and art: a man can only hate cricket, it will be said, because he has failed to achieve distinction in the game, so falsely (as I now think) called noble. Well, let it be frankly owned that I never did achieve distinction as a cricketer—at least never in the form most commonly desired, though men have talked about me (when playing on their side), and I have even been written about in a local newspaper; but publicity was never to my taste—another point of difference between me and my generation. Yet though undistinguished, and content to be so, I have enjoyed the game and played it for many years as vigorously as a temperament and a frame more fitted for feats of repose than of agility would permit me, and at any rate with much (though not always unmixed) happiness to myself. And now the very name of cricket is as detestable to me as was cold boiled veal, or Mr. Croker, to Lord Macaulay.

Some years ago ("my salad days, when I was green in judgment") an old school-fellow was pleased to rally me at his dinner-table on my fondness for the game, especially in the unenterprising character of spectator; whereupon one of his guests (previously, and indeed since, a stranger to

me) snorted out some scornful observations on the intellectuals of a man who could carry such childish tastes into the serious business of life. I remember to have been a little ruffled with the Grobian at the moment, but am tempted now to find excuses for him. Perhaps he had suffered even as I. It is the story of those sufferings that I now propose to tell, if any sympathetic editor will grant me hearing. These Australian matches have set all England so mad on the game (even the sober "Times" must plunge into a leading-article on it!) that it may not be amiss to remind my countrymen that even cricket has its dark and dangerous side, like all other human institutions. And I believe that the man (no matter how firm a player he may be, even be he Lord Harris himself) who reads this pitiful tale (and it is as true as pitiful) will own that, making due allowance for the frailty of human nature, my antipathy, however un-English, is not unreasonable.

Batson and I had been friends from earliest youth. Some envious fellows used to say that it was due to his friendship more than to his judgment that I was given a place in the Eleven during my last summer-half at C——, that nursery of famous cricketers; and it may be (though they were a terribly jealous lot at that school) that the fellows were in this instance right. At Eton Batson continued his victorious career, but in the larger issues of the Playing-Fields friendship had to go to the wall. He did manage to get me a place in the Twenty-two one year, and bowled down my leg-stump with the first and only ball I received in the match,—a piece of unfriend-

liness which I more generously requited (for I was never a spiteful player) by letting him off in the slips before he had scored ten out of the hundred and odd runs for which he carried out his bat. There was a momentary coolness (on my part) between us after this, for I did think he might have given me a chance (as I gave him one) for friendship's sake. But as he pointed out to me that the fatal ball was an arrant long-hop which might, and should, have been hit into Fellow's Pond, I said no more about it, and for the future solaced myself with the more convenient society of Middle Club. At Oxford it was the same. Batson won his colours in his freshman's year, while I celebrated his triumphs in some very neat verses, which the Oxford "*Spectator*" (a most overrated periodical) persistently refused to print, and was occasionally given a place in our college eleven, when our opponents were not too strong and a place was vacant.

After taking our degrees—or rather, as I wish to be quite truthful, my tale not being one which allows, or indeed needs ornament, after Batson had taken his degree, for mine was left behind me—our friendship suffered no check. Our homes were in the same county and not far apart. Batson, always Fortune's favourite, had no more arduous future before him than to be his father's eldest son, for which he qualified by the sedulous study of all field-sports and unfailing attendance at all the balls, race-meetings, and other gatherings of the country-side. His paternal acres were numerous, and in those days not unremunerative, besides that there was money in the family from other and less transitory sources. For myself, though my lot had fallen in no such golden places, I had not then much to complain of. My mother (who was a widow with no other child) was for a woman something of a philosopher, and came early to acquiesce in my reasonable view of life. Genius, I used to remind her,

does what it must, and Talent what it can. Now I have been always on the side of the Talents, but never a partisan; and I wished, before taking some irretrievable step, to satisfy myself what my talent could do. For my own part, I have long believed my bent to be distinctly literary; but as yet there has been some divergence of opinion on that point. However, they say, Fortune comes to him who can wait, and some day I trust to prove the adage true. Meanwhile, having a small but certain independence, I am content to wait. So my time too passed pleasantly enough, if not so triumphantly as Batson's. Filial duty (no less than economy) prompted me to give much of my time to my mother in the country; but it was also necessary for my affairs to keep touch of London (which was at no great distance), especially in the summer, when life is briskest in the great city. Then I was a constant attendant at Lord's and the Oval (as a spectator), frequented such and as much society as I cared for, and having some acquaintance with the actors was generally able to see what new plays were worth seeing. Altogether I enjoyed not immoderately the pleasures natural to my age and position, which, if not distinguished, has always, let me here observe, been eminently respectable. I have always been moderate in everything; so moderate that Batson was pleased to observe, after the publication of the class-lists at the end of my second year at Oxford, that it was curious I should not have satisfied the Moderators better than I did—a very paltry jest to my mind, but Batson was always a better cricketer than humourist.

Among my London friends was a worthy couple of the name of Noble. Mr. Noble was my banker (Noble, Wyde & Co.) and besides keeping my account, kept also a very pleasant house, an excellent cook, and—a daughter! It is prudent to be on some little social footing with one's

banker, and in such circumstances prudence has no hard part to play. I was never one of those who think plain living indispensable to high thinking. If the thoughts won't come of their own accord, starving will not bring them. I have never wasted money on my own private stomach, but no man has ever enjoyed a good dinner at a friend's table more keenly than I, and Mr. Noble's dinners were certainly very good indeed. And then, his daughter! Angelina Noble—but her name is not Noble now, and I have no wish to return evil for evil and hurt her feelings by a description (description has always been my forte, as it was Byron's) of what she was when I first knew her.

Angelina was very fond of cricket, in a maidenly way. She had brothers, horribly nimble little imps, who used to make me play single-wicket matches with them in the garden of the square where they lived. I bore it for her sake (she used to score)—I would have borne much for her sake then. Dancing was never to my taste, but I went to every ball (when invited) where I knew she would be, for the pleasure of sitting out a dance with her (in the supper-room if possible); and many a time have I foregone a quiet day with my dear mother in the cool, pleasant country for the sake of her company in hot, dusty London. But it was at a cricket-match that Angelina shone above all other girls. She did not profess to know all about the game, as is the habit, I hear, of young women now; but she did know enough about it to understand my explanations and commentaries. I have (that is, I had in the days when I chose to exercise it) a quick eye for detecting the foibles of a player and a pretty wit for ridiculing them; and as I knew all the principal performers by sight, and the colours of all the principal clubs, and had moreover all the history of the game by heart, I was of course a most interesting companion for an eager and intelligent girl. Mrs. Noble was an easy-tem-

pered old lady, and as she always went to sleep during her afternoon's drive, Lord's was as convenient a place for that amusement as any other. So whenever there was a good match to the fore, the Nobles' carriage was to be seen on the ground, and I also was to be seen in attendance. Sometimes there were some stupid young dandies in attendance too, for Angelina was a very popular girl; and often, poor thing, have I seen her turn away with impatience from my animated criticisms on the game to answer a silly question from some brainless young guardsman about a dance or a flower-show, or any other equally unidea'd entertainment.

Angelina had often expressed a wish to see my individual prowess, of which she had (I cannot tell how) formed the most exalted ideas. She was pleased to say that one who talked so much about the game must be a good player. An aggressive self depreciation has always seemed to me the most offensive form of conceit, so I used to content myself with smilingly deprecating her flatteries, and perhaps with a little quotation from one of Lord Tennyson's poems, something to the effect that

"We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven".

An offensive young puppy (who had nearly been in the Cambridge eleven, and pretended to write in the "Saturday Review") once seriously annoyed Angelina by finishing the last line: "That which we are, we are". The dear girl (ah, she had a heart then!) bit her lips and turned her pretty head away to hide her anger at the impertinence. I never did like Cambridge men,—but this is a digression. As a matter of fact, I had almost given up active cricket, except in the garden-square. I had offered two or three times to play for the Marylebone Club, and had indeed been asked once to fill a vacancy against the policemen, but as I was putting on my flannels

in the pavilion, the missing man came on the ground. It has always been my way to give the lads a chance, and when I found some aspiring young hero from the public schools or the universities anxious for a place in a good match I invariably made a point of waiving my claim. However, it so happened, when my pleasant friendship with Angelina was drawing to the close of its second summer, and when I was seriously beginning to speculate whether a good marriage might not after all be my true destiny, that Batson insisted on my playing for his annual match against the neighbouring garrison of Oisterton. I mentioned this to her one evening at the theatre (where she and I, under the ample and drowsy wing of her mother, had been laughing at Toole in "The Cricket on the Hearth"), and to my astonishment she told me that she was to be there. That her parents knew the Batsons I was aware—in fact Mr. Noble was their banker as well as mine—but I was not aware that there was any intimacy between the two families. I had never heard Angelina talk of Batson, and somehow or other I had never mentioned him to her. He very rarely came to London, and I don't think he had ever played at Lord's since he had helped to win his last match against Cambridge. However, it seemed now that she did know him, and knew of his prowess in the cricket-field. "I am *so* glad he is such a friend of yours", she said (though I had never said he was). "He is *such* a nice fellow, and *such* a good cricketer". (Angelina was nothing if not appreciative.) "He is a *great* cricketer, is he not"? I acknowledged that he had always been a very fortunate cricketer, but reminded her that he did not play very much now, and that she must not expect any very great things from him. "Oh, but I do", was her reply; "from him and from you too. How nice it will be for you old friends playing together again"! I thought of that fatal day at Eton when we had played together

in Upper Club, and felt glad to think that this time at any rate he would not be able to bowl me out first ball. Angelina was then proceeding to ask me who else was to be at Bowlsover (the Batson's place), when the curtain came down and her mother woke up, and I was sent off to look for the carriage.

I was not altogether pleased to think, as I walked home that night, of Angelina's being a spectator of my performances. That sentence of hers (pleasant enough to hear when there was no chance of its being put to the proof) that a man who talked so much about cricket must needs be a good player, kept running in my head. She knew such a lot about the game too, thanks to my teaching! And then, fond as I was of her company, and fond as I was of my old friend Batson, I thought it quite possible that I might be happier with either in the absence of the other. Batson had a confoundedly popular way with women. I really don't know why, for I never thought him very good-looking and his jokes were always insufferably tedious to me. But so it was; and as for Angelina she was a terrible little hero-worshipper; if Batson got a big score, or did anything wonderful, I should never hear the last of it. However, there was no help for it. I was to play for Batson's eleven in a week's time, and Angelina—my pupil with whom I had so often laughed at another's pain—Angelina was now perhaps to have the chance of laughing—no, the thought was decidedly not pleasant.

The intervening days did not pass very gaily. I only saw Angelina once, and then she would do nothing but talk of Bowlsover and wonder whether Batson or I would get the largest score. I reminded her that the best players sometimes failed to make runs; all she said was (and it is astonishing what silly things even clever women will sometimes say), "Oh, but I shall be *quite* content if you make some". Then I went up to

Lord's one morning for some practice at the nets, thinking it well to get my eye in with something more serious than the play in the garden-square, and uncommonly nearly got my eye out with a short bumping ball at which I had played forward, the stupid bowler having just previously taken my wicket with a pitched-up one I had played back to. This did not add to my gaiety, and as the day drew near I heartily wished I had never promised to play in this confounded match, and almost that I had never met Angelina.

Bowlsover Hall was big enough to house all our eleven besides a full complement of guests. So when I drove over from home on the afternoon before the eventful day I found a large party gathered on the lawn for tea; men and women, boys and girls, to say nothing of dogs, an animal for which I by no means share the general passion. Angelina had brought down with her a dachs-hound of which she was absurdly fond and insisted on carrying about with her everywhere: a loathsome little beast I had always thought it, but was of course careful to dissemble my feelings in the presence of its mistress, though I had occasionally ventured to express some surprise at the extravagant caresses she was wont before my very eyes to lavish on the ridiculous little monstrosity. Most of our eleven were known to me, being composed chiefly of the neighbouring young gentry, with an Eton boy (who, if impudence can make a cricketer, should have been the best in the land), a young Guardsman (whose Zingari cap appeared to be his chief title to play), and a professional bowler from the county-club.

After tea the players went out on the ground for practice. I did not join them, though Angelina was very anxious that I should do so. But I explained to her that it would be imprudent, merely for the sake of hitting the ball about for the amusement of the company, to run the risk of getting

too stiff for the real work on the morrow. So we sat and watched the fun, the ground being only divided from the garden by a wire fence and ha-ha, while I entertained my pretty companion with some lively biographies of the players. Very pleasant it was, till the young Guardsman (as arrant a young puppy as ever blundered over his goose-step) joined us, and began to pester Angelina with his empty prattle.

At dinner our large party was still further increased by the parson and his wife. My place was next to his (between him and the Eton imp), and as I always make a point of being civil to a parson in his own parish we got on very well together. Of course our talk ran chiefly on cricket. Poor fellow! he told me he was very fond of it, and as he seemed to have some intelligent ideas about the game, and had doubtless little chance of seeing it well played now, I gave him all my best *ana*. It was in the middle of one of my liveliest stories—the description of a famous university match some years ago which was only won a few minutes before time on the third day by one wicket—that greatly to my astonishment he ventured to correct me on a certain point. Now, as a matter of fact, I had not myself been present on the occasion, but I had heard and read so much about it that I had no mind to be contradicted on a subject which was really my own by a mere country parson. Curiously enough, however, he turned out to be right, having in fact been the very man who made the winning hit. I was much amused—and so was the little wretch on my other hand. “I say, old chap”, he said afterwards (before Angelina, too!) “the parson rather bowled you out at dinner, eh?” It is absurd to be angry with a boy, especially with a boy considerably bigger than yourself; but I could not help thinking that when Mr. Sala described (in one of his voluminous works, but in which I forget, only remembering to have read it when

I was at the school, when it was unanimously voted a gratuitous piece of impertinence) an Eton boy as the most offensive creation on earth (or words to that effect) he must have foreseen such a specimen as this.

The next morning rose with every promise of a real cricketer's day, bright and warm and windless. The garrison-team arrived on the ground in good time, bringing with them their band and, to my intense disgust, Mr. Blower, the great (at any rate, the large) Australian cricketer, then temporarily resident in England. They had been disappointed of a man at the last moment, and Mr. Blower (being on a visit to Oisterton) was impressed to fill the vacancy. I urged Batson to object to him, but he said it would not be courteous. For my part I have always thought courtesy a most misplaced virtue in the cricket-field, and I suspect Batson was of the same opinion before the game was done. Our opponents, being mostly cavalry officers, were a showy lot of men. Some of them turned out to be friends of Angelina, who, I may here observe, was very fond of soldiers as well as cricketers. One of them, a huge overgrown sort of a lout with moustaches to match, had been at C—— with me, and hailed me by a silly nickname that should have been long ago forgotten. I flatter myself I rather turned the tables on him by asking him if he remembered the caricature I drew of him and his brother—Cherubim and Seraphim we used to call them, because when they first came they did nothing but cry continually. He said he did, and also the “jolly good hiding” (vulgar beast!) he gave me for it.

We won the toss, and of course went in. Batson and I led off: “To break the bowling, Miss Angelina”. (Why not Miss Noble? But Batson was always rather too familiar in his manners with the other sex for my taste; and indeed it had become clear to me that the acquaintance between him and Angelina was much more

confidential than she had led me to suppose.) “Mougher's a wonderful fellow for that”. I smiled deprecatingly, and had begun my favourite quotation from Lord Tennyson, when the Eton boy (Hogg *minor*, and rightly named) broke in with—“Oh, blow your poetry, old cock. We don't want any verses out of school. Go in and smack 'em”. I pitied the delicate and intelligent Angelina being left to such society, and walked with Batson to the wickets.

We were very successful. For, though the first wicket fell before a run had been scored, ninety were up on the board for the second, when Batson was bowled for fifty, made rather flukily I thought. It was all very well for that young jackass of a Guardsman to maintain that the proper business of a batsman is to make runs, and that the man who scores fifty with any amount of chances is a better man than he who plays in the correctest form possible for nothing. At cricket, as at everything else, it was my maxim that style will always tell in the long run. “But if you don't get a run at all”, was the flip-pant answer, “what has your style got to tell?” and I was much vexed to see Angelina smiling at such nonsense. After Batson was out we didn't do so well. However, the professional played steadily, and that wretched little Hogg managed to make some runs in a village-green sort of fashion, which was of course vociferously applauded by the onlooking rustics. How curious it is that in England, where every man is supposed to be born a cricketer (as in Wales every man, they say, is born a liar) the common mind should be so extremely unintelligent on the subject. Look at the newspaper reports of a match; to say nothing of the grammar and the language (for which no sensible man of course ever looks in a newspaper), consider its ridiculous ignorance of the very rudiments of the game. In his account of this very match, for example, the local reporter (after maundering through a couple

of columns on the beauty of the weather, the ground, the music, and the ladies' dresses, with a lot of fulsome adulation of Mr. Batson's good lunch and Mrs. Batson's good manners and their son's good play) observed that, "the very first ball of the match, a *low shooter*, sent Mr. Mougher back to the tune of a round O". A low shooter, indeed! And I had made a point of being introduced to him, and even accepting a glass of beer from him, for the express purpose of explaining how it had all happened; the real fact being that just as I was about to come down smartly on the ball (a very common-place one) I saw a wretched little worm wriggling out of the ground on the very spot. I was particularly happy afterwards in my quotation to Angelina of Wordsworth's caution,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels".

One hundred and fifty was a very tolerable score, but not magnificent. Some of our opponents had great regimental reputations (with soldiers all their geese are swans), and there was no saying what the Australian might not do if he got well set. They were all out for sixty! The great Mr. Blower falling first ball to a catch in the long field—really a very easy one, though little Hogg made it look a hard one by having to run for it (through not being in his proper place), tumbling down and rolling over like an absurd little white rabbit. The only one who made a double figure was my old schoolfellow; and he (said that sagacious reporter!) "should have been snapped first ball had Short-leg been a little quicker on his pins". He certainly did play a very poor innings, but that was pure nonsense. I knew well enough there was no catch, and by not swaggering to make it one (as little Hogg would have done) should have saved the run if that fool of an umpire had not got in the way. Batson bowled with

wonderful luck, and we were all loudly cheered as we came in. The rustics crowded round little Hogg, punching and slapping him on the back as if he had been a prize pig; and Angelina's congratulations to Batson were positively almost nauseous. Young people nowadays are very thoughtless, and I am afraid rather selfish, and I always make a point of setting them a good example by going even out of my way to be civil to the old folk. So while all the fussing and complimenting was going on, I went off with a cup of tea to old Mrs. Noble, who was dozing away by herself in a shady corner. What with the sun, and the crowd, and the music, and the lunch, the old lady had grown a little stupid. She woke up with a start, spilled the tea over my flannels, and asked me what I had been doing with myself all the afternoon. Certainly it is not always easy to reverence old age.

There was still an hour and a half left for play when the garrison went in for their second innings to the bowling of Batson and the professional. This time things went by no means so smoothly. Blower and a stout little Major Blockham went in first and made a lot of runs. Blower hit like a kangaroo kicking, and the Major made singles on the on-side with the most aggravating persistency. The bowler has of course the right to give laws to his field, but Pilcox (our professional) was certainly the fussiest bowler I ever had to do with. To please him I good-naturedly went from short-leg into the slips; from the slips he subsequently transferred me to "silly" point (where that hulking brute Blower hit me very painfully in the stomach with a ball no other man on the ground would have had the pluck, I flatter myself, to stop in that fashion); and then, after having moved all over the field without a protest, I actually heard the rude fellow say to Batson, "Blowed if I know, sir, where that there Mr. Mougher's like to do least mischief".

They say cricket promotes good-fellowship and brings the classes and masses together, but for my part I think our professionals are getting a great deal too much above themselves.

The hundred was up and not a wicket down when, as a last resource, the Guardsman was put on to bowl lobbs, and, after Blower had been missed in the long-field off his first ball (the sun was right in my eyes, as any one but a reporter would have seen), got the Major stumped. He had only scored thirty after all, and precious badly, too. But of course I joined in the applause (as is the rather absurd fashion of the cricket-field), and then heard him say to Angelina (who must needs pretend to congratulate him!) with an odious affectation of modesty, "If it hadn't been for your friend Mr. Mougher, Miss Noble, I am afraid it would have been all over with me long ago".

It was foolish of Batson to keep that Guardsman on. He had played his part (small thanks to him!) and ought to have been taken off at once. But he was not, and, as any one might have guessed, Blower began to hit him all over the place. I was still in the long-field, just in front of the ladies, when there occurred one of those unfortunate misadventures against which no man is safe. Blower had opened his shoulders to one of the Guardsman's guileless half-vollies, and the ball was soaring through the blue sky right for my hands. I waited for it with admirable judgment and in another moment it would have been all up with Mr. Blower, when Angelina's dachs-hound ran yelping out at me. I saw one step back was necessary and made it—right on to the beast! Down we came, dog and man, amid the laughter of the crowd, the shrieks of Angelina, and the squeals of the little brute, while the ball pitched within an inch of my head, and then flew among the ladies, knocking old Mrs. Noble's parasol out of her hand and half clearing the tea-table. I am happy to say my spikes

stirred up the abominable cause of all this woe pretty smartly, which went far to console me for a shrewd nip I got in a delicate part of my person during my struggles on the ground. This was the last prominent incident of the day. One more wicket fell, and when play ceased the garrison were sixty runs on with eight more wickets to fall.

I must say that Angelina was extremely provoking that evening. She was unreasonable enough to ask me if I did not intend to apologize to her darling; and on my answering (for I was really sore, in more places than one) that in my opinion the apology had not to come from me, she went off in a huff to flirt disgracefully with every one who came in her way. As Oisterton was only some half-dozen miles away our opponents had no need to hurry back after dinner, and Angelina had ample time to disgrace herself,—even to the extent of professing to be vastly interested in Mr. Blower's narrative of his triumphs on his native cricket-fields, which as they seemed to have been mostly won in a curious and remote corner of the Australian continent (sounding like Mullygrubidgee) whereof no man present had ever heard, he was able to give in a highly decorated manner. I was so disgusted with her petulance that I turned my back on her and sought the company of Mrs. Spiridion, a most intellectual woman who, having abolished Christianity in a three-volume novel, was naturally superior to the common vanities of her sex. She was very much impressed with my views (detailed at some length) both on religion and romance, and certainly I was not the sufferer by Angelina's folly.

I rose early next morning, proposing to have a little cricket on the quiet before the rest were about. Of course the persistent ill-luck of the previous day might just as well have happened to a Steel or a Grace as to me; still I felt that half-an-hour or so of gentle unruffled practice would do me no

harm. One of the garden-boys could bowl sufficiently well for my purpose, slow, easy things, just the sort to get an unused hand and eye into trim again. It was a beautiful morning and I enjoyed myself extremely; so did the little boy, who naturally found running after my hits and his wides an agreeable change from eternally pottering among his stupid flowers. No one was about, except Akers, the bailiff, an impudent fellow who was made much of in the family for his quaint speech, which was merely gross impertinence. He watched me for some time in silence, till I let the boy (it was always my way to encourage young players) bowl me out with a ball that might have gone, had I pleased, into the next parish. Then he broke out with: "Well, I do say—I was a saying to the Squire on'y yesterday, when you was bowled out fust ball, Squire, I says, it's queer, ain't it? that a gen'leman so won'erful fond of the game as Mr. Mougher should make such an uncommon poor show at it." Of course I did not answer the brute; and the little imp of a boy lost sixpence (which I had intended to give him) by grinning at the impertinence.

At breakfast Angelina evinced a desire to atone for her past misbehaviour by expressing (though she need not have done so in a room full of people) a hope that my wound was not painful and that to-day would make amends to me for yesterday. I really liked the girl, so ignoring the slight want of taste shown in the place and manner of her apology, I answered very graciously and we became good friends again. I proposed a stroll together round the garden after breakfast that I might read to her a few witty little trifles in the manner of Praed that had lately been occupying my leisure moments. Nothing could have given her more pleasure, but (unfortunately for her) she had promised to play lawn-tennis with Batson against the Guardsman and the inevitable little Hogg. She asked

me to take her mother to the kitchen-garden, anything that had to do with the nourishment of the human frame being particularly interesting to that old lady. I did so; and heard afterwards that the gardener (there is no such insufferable member of the menial classes as a pampered gardener) had complained severely to Mrs. Batson of the havoc I (I!) had wrought among the wall-fruit.

Twelve o'clock found us all out on the cricket-field again; and half-past one found the Garrison all out, too, with only sixty runs more to their score—and those might have been considerably reduced had the wicket-keeper chosen to take a catch which he impudently declared to belong to short-leg. I had no intention of allowing a young jackanapes to teach me a business learned long before his nurse had done spanking him, and the next time occasion served I returned the ball to him in a manner that would have made him remember me for some time to come, had it not gone over his head to the boundary for four. Batson's luck was quite extraordinary. He bowled down five wickets clean, and got two others caught off him. Of course I was very glad to see my friend distinguish himself; but had I been in his position I should have been better pleased to see some share of this fortune fall to others—who certainly had deserved success, and perhaps might have commanded it had they been allowed a chance.

One hundred and twenty-one runs was no great score to make on that wicket and against such bowling, and we went into lunch with no forebodings. Batson wished me again to go in first with him, but I declined. It was better that the youngsters should play their part before the pinch came, if it was to come, when older heads and steadier nerves would be wanted. There was no spark of envy in my composition; and if victory was destined to smile on our colours without help from me, so much the better for lads who were naturally more

eager to shine than one who had left long behind him the petty triumphs of youth.

It was a pretty scene. The bright cloudless sky, the smooth green turf dotted with the white-robed, quick-glancing players, the tents with their gay fluttering flags, (and old Batson's claret-cup was really excellent), the ladies in their many-coloured dresses, the music and the cheering rustics. Certainly I could have preferred some other time for advising Mrs. Spiridon on her next novel. But she felt it her duty to provide mankind with a religion in the place of that she had abolished, and wished to consult me on the propriety of a modified form of Paganism. Other folks' business moreover has always been of paramount importance to me; and then there was really no knowing what nonsense the poor woman might not be writing without a masculine intelligence to help her. So I paced the silent alleys of the old garden with her for a good hour, recalling somewhat misty memories of Bohn and old Lempriere to her great edification.

Meanwhile the game went merrily on in our favour, till seventy runs had been made with the loss of only two wickets. But then came a grievous change. A sudden weakness seemed to have seized our players, and five more wickets fell for an addition of only twenty runs. With only three men left to get thirty-one runs, things looked much less rosy. But Batson was still there, and little Hogg and the professional were to come, besides myself. The score had reached one hundred and fifteen when I walked out, the last man, to join Batson and win the match. I was not in the least nervous—that I never was—and remember every incident of the scene. The band was playing that pretty old Scottish air, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming"; and curiously enough I had kept them waiting a little, having been obliged to ask the butler for some brandy and seltzer-water in con-

sequence of a sudden faintness to which I have from a child been liable in moments of excitement. Batson received a maiden over, and then my turn came. The bowler was an artful fellow, but he had met his match. Three slow half-vollies running did he pitch up to me a little off the leg-stump, which most players would have hit out at and very likely been caught; and three times running did I carefully cover my wicket and let the idle ball go by. The fourth was faster, with a nastyish break, and if I had not got smartly out of the way might have inflicted a severe blow on me. "Stand up to 'em, old cock," shouted that wretched Hogg *minor* from the tent, and the wicket-keeper had the bad taste to laugh; but of course I took no notice of either. In the next over Batson made a very fluky hit for four, which he wanted to make five, obviously for the purpose of getting the ball, a piece of presumption on his part to which I did not feel called to respond. He aggravated his fault by reviling me—me, his father's guest, on his own ground, who certainly knew as much about cricket as he did if I made less show about it! However I held my peace: the game was in our hands and I had made up my mind to win it. Only two runs were wanted now, and those two would have been made in the very next over (by two beautiful strokes in the slips) had not Batson actually refused each time to run. To my not unnatural remonstrance he answered that it was not "my call", and that there was no run. Not my call! Perhaps not; but it *was* my hit, and that was why there was no run! I felt really hurt to see my friend, at his age and at such a moment, exhibiting the contemptible jealousy of a school-boy. The last ball of the next over Batson played forward between point and mid-off who was standing rather far out on purpose, as I knew, to provoke some rashness. He shouted to me, and came pounding down the wicket—

Of course I was sorry, but Batson was rightly served. If he had not been so greedy to secure the honours for himself, he could easily have got back to his wicket in time. It was a very near thing as it was, but he was out, and we had lost the match by one run. I did not upbraid him, though it was certainly hard upon me to lose my triumph through another's folly; and my forbearance might at least have kept him quiet. It did not however, nor anybody else; and really, if brawling had not been always particularly distasteful to me, I should have felt myself obliged to speak sharply to that young Guardsman when I heard him say to Angelina, "There's that fellow Mougher" (*fellow* was not really the word) "run old Batson out, and 'pon my honour I believe he did it on purpose". Angelina can have believed no such thing, but she had the incredible baseness to pretend to do so; and really the behaviour of everybody was so contemptible that I determined to have no more to say to them. I shook the dust from off my shoes at the whole jealous lot, went back to the house, packed up my things, ordered my cart, and drove away home without saying good-bye to anybody—except to Mrs. Spiridion, whom I found in the hall making notes for her new novel from a translation of Lucian.

That, no one will be surprised to hear, was my last cricket-match. It was also my last visit to Bowlsover; for feeling myself obliged as a gentleman to explain to Mrs. Batson the reasons for my sudden departure, I received in reply a very curt note from her son which, though I passed

it by in silence, my self-respect would not allow me to forget. Angelina is now Mrs. Batson. I wish her no ill, nor her husband; though I believe that the extremely stale egg with which I was greeted on recording my vote against him at the last election for our division of the county was thrown by that identical little gardener's boy whom I had allowed to bowl to me. On my return to London I wrote her a manly, generous, forgiving letter, in which I felt myself obliged to warn her against the evil nature Batson had revealed in his note to me. Her answer was couched in tones which surprised and pained me excessively, and since that time I have held no further communication with her or any member of her family,—except to acknowledge a purely official letter from her father calling my attention to the state of my account.

For myself, I am still a bachelor. Perhaps I shall never marry; but should I do so, on one point I am adamant. No child of mine shall ever play cricket. Squails, lawn-tennis, knur-and-spell, golf—he may solace his young hours with each or all of these amusements: he may even go about to break his neck from a bicycle, if he will; but no cricketer shall ever call me father; and Mrs. Spiridion—of whom I see a great deal now, and of whose new novel (not yet published) I am writing a review (of which she is obligingly correcting the proof-sheets) for an American magazine—entirely approves my resolution.

AURELIUS MOUGHER.

A SCOTTISH CHANCELLOR.

To every right-minded Scot there is a peculiar charm in the ruins and remains of St. Andrews; while for the Southron they have also an interest, historical, antiquarian or picturesque. A building in that old cathedral city, now occupied as a young ladies' boarding-school, was once the dormitories of a learned college, and close by are the roofless ruins of its chapel and hall. Nought remains of St. Leonards in fact but its name, which is coupled with that of St. Salvator in the title of the so-called United College—its revenues were appropriated long ago by reforming nobles and pious politicians, who thought thereby to do God service.

The founder of this ancient College, whose work has thus been made foolishness, was a royal Stuart, and in spite of his bar sinister, one of the noblest of the race. Under more favourable biographical auspices he might have become a national hero. Historians have treated him but scurvily, and his niche in the Scottish Walhalla is almost out of sight.

The Boyds of Bonshaw were a proud and a powerful family, rich in lands and possessions. They were related to the celebrated Chancellor Boyd, and a daughter of this house, Mary Boyd, was one of that numerous band of young Scotchwomen of all ranks who fell a prey to the affections of their gallant King,—James, fourth of the name. In the year 1493 her son was christened Alexander, the King standing sponsor, in no wise ashamed of this addition to his large illegitimate family. Educated as a prince, watched over by carefully chosen tutors, the boy grew up to charm and fascinate all with whom he came in contact. His father recognized that he was a youth of no common promise, and, as he could not make him a king, determined that he

should be the first subject in the kingdom. In 1503 the King's younger brother (also called James), the Archbishop of St. Andrews, died at the early age of twenty-eight, and the young Alexander, then only ten years old, was chosen by his father to be his uncle's successor in the Primacy. This was no very unusual selection in those golden days of nepotism. The deceased primate had been consecrated when only twenty-one, and the Cardinal de' Medici (Leo the Tenth) was in holy orders at the age of seven and a member of the Sacred College at eighteen.

The learning of Scotland has in all times had in it a foreign element, sometimes imported from the Sorbonne and sometimes from England or Germany. But in 1505 Scottish students were unwelcome at Oxford, and the civilization of Germany was at no very attractive stage in its development. So after being instructed in pure Latin by Panter, afterwards Latin Secretary to the King, the young Alexander was sent forth from Scotland to knock at the gates of those temples of learning which had been reared in the land of Petrarch. About the same time the attractions of Italy induced that great Dutchman who "learned Greek at Oxford and taught it at Cambridge," to set forth from England to a journey to that same El Dorado. Neither in the letters of Erasmus nor in the scraps of literary remains left by Stuart is any record to be found of how these two first met. We first find them at Padua for a short time in 1508 in the relation of tutor and pupil, Erasmus instructing Stuart in Greek, Latin Composition and Rhetoric. The description of his pupil's outward appearance is given by Erasmus in a letter from Padua: "He is of heroic stature and extremely hand-

some, as his father also is, very dignified in his carriage and of a most gentle and amiable temper."

Erasmus was now regularly intrusted with the education of the young Scotsman, and in 1509 removed with him to the University of Siena. Siena is one of the most charming towns in all Italy. Perched on the top of a hill in the midst of a lovely country, with its quaint sinuous streets, its gorgeous tiger-striped cathedral and old-world houses, it has to this day all the appearance of a mediæval University town, and can have altered but little since the time that Erasmus and his young savage from beyond the North Sea first found a resting-place within its walls.

In a letter written from Siena Erasmus gives a charming picture of the young prince and of his manner of life. He says :

"I was at one time domesticated with him in Siena where I instructed him in Greek and Rhetoric. Good Heavens! how quick, how attentive, how persevering in his studies! how many things he accomplished! At one and the same time he learned law—not a very agreeable study on account of its barbarous admixtures, and the irksome verbosity of its interpreters: he heard lectures on rhetoric, and declaimed on a prescribed thesis, exercising alike his pen and his tongue; he learnt Greek, and in the afternoon applied himself to music, to the virginals, the flute or the lute, accompanying them sometimes with his voice. Even at meals he did not intermit his studies. The Chaplain always read some useful book, such as the decretals of the Popes, or St. Jerome or St. Ambrose. At other times he would listen to tales, but short and connected with literature. In this manner no part of his life was exempt from study, except what he devoted to piety and sleep. And, if he had any spare time he employed it in reading history, in which he took great delight. Thus it happened that, though a very young man scarcely out of his eighteenth year, he excelled not only in every kind of learning, but in every quality which one can admire in a man. Nor did that happen to him which sometimes happens to others, the more apt to letters the less apt at morals; for his morals were pure yet mixed with uncommon prudence. His mind was noble, and far above sordid affections; yet so constituted that there was nothing forward or fastidious about him . . . He greatly enjoyed wit and humour, but it was of a literary kind, and not too caustic,

that is he loved not the wit of Momus so much as that of Mercury. If any discord arose among the servants of the household it was admirable with what dexterity and candour he would allay it. In a word he was religious without being superstitious. No king was ever blessed with a more accomplished son."

Thus, and at still more length, does the great scholar give evidence of the friendship he bore to his young pupil, and on reading it one is almost inclined to believe that before the days of Crichton there was a young Scotsman as admirable as the Dumfriesshire paragon.

After studying for some time in this way at Siena, ransacking doubtless the stores of that library whose walls the young Raphael only six years before had made beautiful with his frescoes, Stuart turned his face towards the Holy City and paid his respects to the Pope. Julius the Second at that time occupied St. Peter's chair, as hot-tempered and belligerent a Christian as the Apostle himself, in consequence of whose warlike policy all Europe was disturbed by wars and rumours of wars. He received Stuart with great kindness, granted him a dispensation permitting him to hold the Archbishopric in spite of his youth, and entered into a treaty with Scotland whose plenipotentiary Stuart had been constituted. This was not the young man's first experience in diplomacy, for in 1508, before he went to Padua, he was sent along with the unfortunate Earl of Arran on a mission to Lewis the Twelfth of France, and it is almost certain that he took advantage of this occasion to study for a short period at the University of Paris.

Yet another honour, that of Chancellor, was to be conferred by the King on his favourite son. Though the office of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland was never one of such power, or even quite of such dignity, as that of the Keeper of the Great Seal of England, it was from very early times one of the greatest positions a subject could occupy, and the constant intercourse between Scotland and the Eng-

lish as well as foreign courts resulted in a tendency, manifested in a growing degree both by the sovereigns and by the various holders of the office, to magnify it and increase its powers, emoluments, and dignities. In the words of an ordinance of later date, "The Chancellor shall at all times assist the King in giving him counsel more secretly nor the rest of the nobility to whose ordinances all officers as well of the realm as of the King's house should answer and obey. The Chancellor shall be lodged near unto the King's grace for keeping of his body and the seal, and that he may be ready both day and night at the King's command." Even in the reign of the fourth James there is no doubt that though the personal attendance on the sovereign here enjoined was not insisted upon, it was as a matter of fact usually the case that the Lord High Chancellor was nearest to the King's person of all officers of state, not excluding even the Lord Chamberlain. Thus in appointing the young Alexander to that office the King sought not merely to give him high position in the state, but also secured that his son should by his office be closely attached to his court and person. It was a position of such trust that he dared commit it to but few of his turbulent barons; and it was thus peculiarly gratifying to James to be able to place it in the hands of one whose abilities and education fitted him, even at this early age, to discharge its duties with credit and dignity, while his near relationship and the tender affection between them insured to the King the presence of one devoted friend in the inner circle of the court. That this devotion was not imaginary the last act in the drama of Alexander's life will show.

Educated at the most famous schools of learning in Europe and in the society of the wisest men of his century, the son of Mary Boyd returned to his native country in 1510 to enter upon his duties as Metropolitan and Lord Chancellor of Scotland. His

home at St. Andrews was not the building now known in its ruins as the Castle—that was built by Archbishop Hamilton; but it was on the same weather-worn rock looking out on the same stormy ocean that from the earliest times the residence, or rather the stronghold of the Scottish Primate was to be found.

From the marble cloisters of Siena and the orange and ilex groves of Padua to the wave-washed cliffs of St. Andrews and the wild storms of our eastern coast is change enough; but when we consider what life in Italy was at that time and what the life in Scotland, we must feel that all the patriotism of a Stuart would be needed to reconcile the young student to his new position. Italy was still instinct with the new life of the Renaissance, and, though the great Lorenzo de' Medici had passed away, the glorious revival of the *cinque cento* had not yet culminated. But a short while ago Savonarola had held all Florence spell-bound by his eloquence and inspired it with his patriotism, while at the very time that Stuart was in Siena, Raphael, a few miles off in Florence, was painting his "Belle Jardinière" and his "Entombment of Christ". For letters as well as for art it was a glorious time, and the thirst after the new learning drove crowds of eager students to the Universities of Italy. In Scotland all was different. The gallant King (whose model in the field, though not as regards the purity of his life, was the Chevalier Bayard) spent his time in putting down rebellions in the Hebrides, in attempting to remedy the terribly rude administration of justice which prevailed during his minority and in his unfortunate father's days, and in holding tournaments, gorgeous indeed but with a gorgeousness that must have seemed barbaric to one who had seen the luxury of Florence and the chivalry of France. The Scottish Universities were little more than monkish schools, where a few boys were taught Latin grammar, and the

correct method of singing Gregorian chants ; and while Aldus at Venice was issuing from his press those marvels of the printer's art now valued far above rubies, it was only in 1508 that a printing-press was established in Scotland at all.

Founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and nursed during the whole of his reign by its earliest benefactor, good King James the First, the University of St. Andrews was still far behind the great schools of the Continent. According to the original foundation the lecturers, twenty-one in all, received no remuneration for their lectures in the shape either of endowment or of fees, but were simply beneficed clergy who devoted some, often the whole, of the time due to their parishes to the education of young divines in the philosophy and theology of the Middle Ages. In 1548 the celebrated Bishop James Kennedy increased the prosperity of the University by the foundation of the College of St. Salvator. Bishop Kennedy was one of the greatest statesmen of his time, a man of wide culture, considering the days in which he lived, and of enlightened patriotism ; and the benefits he conferred on St. Andrews were worthy of himself. He provided endowment out of the revenues of the archiepiscopal see sufficient for the maintenance of thirteen persons—a Provost, Licentiate, and Bachelor, four Masters of Arts, and six *pauperes clerici*, or scholars.

This then was the state of affairs in St. Andrews when Stuart returned to Scotland. There was the old "pedagogie" of Bishop Wardlaw, where an uncertain number of beneficed clergy and monks trained some few boys in the mysteries of scholastic philosophy, or in the theology considered necessary for the education of a country priest ; and there was also the College of St. Salvator, where, in addition to the theological and philosophical courses, instruction was also given to the six students on the foundation, and pro-

bably to some few others, in what they were pleased to term physics. Yet there were even then signs of an awakening to a better state of things. In Aberdeen Hector Boece had done much to make the new University successful, and in St. Andrews itself Stuart found the Prior, James Hepburn, a man of wide views and patriotic sentiments who was only waiting for the opportunity to push on the work of the higher education in his native country. In 1494 a statute had been passed whereby it was "made imperative on all barons and freeholders under a fine of twenty pounds to send their sons at the age of nine years to the schools, where they were to be competently founded in Latin, and to remain afterwards three years at the schools of 'Art and Jury' so as to insure their possessing a knowledge of the laws." But this did not do so much for the Universities as might at first be supposed. Doubtless many young men who were not going to be priests continued their philosophical or even legal studies after they left the schools, but the number even of those who found their way to the Scottish Universities was small, and it is not till after the foundation of Stuart's College of St. Leonard's that we find it recorded that the sons of the nobility and gentry resorted to St. Andrews in large numbers.

In setting about the foundation of the new college the enthusiastic young archbishop and the wary old Prior Hepburn doubtless took as their model the existing College of St. Salvator ; but Stuart's experience of the universities of other countries suggested alterations in the original plan which greatly helped their undertaking. There had been for many years in St. Andrews a hospital of St. Leonard, originally erected and endowed in order to accommodate the pilgrims who flocked yearly in large numbers on November 30th to worship the relics of the Scottish patron-saint and to benefit by the miracles they wrought.

But in course of time either the bones of the Apostle must have got worn out, or else the faith of the people must have grown weak, for the numbers of the pilgrims decreased immensely and the hospital stood empty all the year round. This of course could not be suffered for long, and, as no inducement could prevail on the pilgrims to return, the building was turned into a home for aged and infirm women, and with, or more probably without, the aid of an endowed institution's commission the revenues were devoted to their support. These old ladies seem to have been sadly ungrateful, or else they have been scandalously misrepresented, for we find Archbishop Stuart writing to the King to inform him "that they exhibited but little fruit either of godliness or virtue," and that therefore it was expedient that the endowment should again be diverted to some other use. The King gladly consented to this proposal, and accordingly the old women were turned out and the hospital became the College of St. Leonard. Prior Hepburn and his canons contributed additional endowments of considerable value, and the Archbishop granted it the tithes of a parish. The statutes provide for the maintenance of one Principal and four Chaplains, "two of whom, being regents, shall say daily masses for the souls of both the old and new founders; with twenty poor scholars, who shall all be well instructed in the Gregorian cantus and discantus, and six of whom shall be students of theology."

There was no want of order in the arrangements, for an elaborate set of statutes were drawn up, from which we learn that, "No student was to be received into the College under fifteen or above twenty-one years of age; that everybody in the College except the cook and his boy had to speak Latin; that the students were not to wear tight hose, but were to cover their limbs decently with a gown." There was no pampering or luxury about St. Leonard's either, for "Every Sunday

the whole place shall be swept and cleaned by four of the students in turn. Two of the students shall serve at table in turn, one issuing the drink, the other in the kitchen, who shall both eat their meals with the cook." Of course these regulations applied to the foundationers; but even for those students who lived in lodgings in the town and only came inside the College for lectures, the regulations as to wearing gowns and speaking Latin were strictly carried out.

This work happily achieved, the energetic young churchman at once turned his attention to another department of the University. The original teaching-body, the Pedagogium of Bishop Wardlaw, not having been provided with any endowment gradually became decrepit and at this time was said to be "lying almost extinct." Stuart at once set about the work of restoration. He first re-built the old chapel of St. John, where the scholars worshipped, and then he made provision for the endowment by annexing to it the living of St. Michael de Tarvet, near Cupar. Thus this youth of twenty may be said to be the founder of one college and the second founder of another, while his plans for the future development and enrichment of St. Andrews show that even at that age he had a thorough appreciation of the educational wants of his country, and a patriotic desire to aid in providing for them. But that work was not to be done by him, nor has it been properly done by any that have come after him.

The Cathedral of St. Andrews, consecrated in 1318 in the presence of the victorious Bruce himself and of a vast concourse of the nobility and clergy of Scotland, was now to be the scene of another imposing though not equally well-omened ceremony.

War has been declared against Henry the Eighth, and the Scottish army is assembling. In that army the Lord Chancellor, priest though he be, must take his place at the head of his vassals; but before he sets out he holds

a solemn service in that beautiful minster whose ruins are at once the glory and the shame of Scotland, and the standards are blessed. It was Alexander Stuart's last mass in his own church. In a few weeks Flodden was fought, and amongst the slain lying not far from the body of his own father was found that of the boy Archbishop, one of the fairest of the flowers of the forest that withered on that fatal day.

His work was but begun. His high aims and noble ambitions perished

with him, and the loss was for St. Andrews and for Scotland. In the words of his old tutor, "His was a high-souled nature far above every vulgar passion, yet without pride."

In the Anatomical Museum of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard there may be seen a skull with a deep sword-cut over the left eye-brow. It is labelled "Archbishop Stuart, 1506-1513." *That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once!*

R. F. BELL.

A SONG OF THE THAMES.

FORTH of the wolds where the west-winds are blowing,
Stealing unnoticed by coppice and lea,
Winds the young Thames, of his errand unknowing,
Wanders and wonders in infantine glee.
Ho! for the River, brave little River,
Ho! for the River that starts for the Sea.

Then, where the swimmers' limbs plunge in the noontide,
Then, where the racing oars flash as they flee;
Friend of our youth! in the joy of the Junetide
Oxford and Eton are lovers of thee.
Ho! for the River, friendly old River,
Loving to linger, but bound for the Sea.

Many his islets, but one on our loyalty
Calls like a trumpet while Britain shall be:
Many his islets, but Runnymede's royalty
Stands ever crowned for the faith of the free.
Ho! for the River, famous old River;
Runnymede's River, roll proud to the Sea!

Then, for his close—What were Tiber beside him,
Danube or Neva, the Seine or the Spree?
Heaving the fleets of the world that o'erride him,
Broad and august as a nation's decree.
Ho! for the River, regal old River;
River of England, sweep on to the Sea!

ERNEST MYERS.

GASTON DE LATOUR.

CHAPTER II.

"I had almost said even as they."

LIKE a ship for ever asail in the distance, thought the child, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible, with the passing light or shadow upon its gray, weather-beaten surfaces. The people of La Beauce were proud, and would talk often of its rich store of sacred furniture, the wonder-working relics of "Our Lady under the Earth," and her sacred veil or shift, which kings and princes came to visit, returning with a likeness thereof replete in miraculous virtue for their own wearing. The busy fancy of Gaston, multiplying this chance hearsay, had set the whole interior in array—a dim, spacious, fragrant place, afloat with golden lights. Lit up over the autumn fields at evening, the distant spires suggested the splendour within, with so strong an imaginative effect that he seemed scarcely to know whether it was through the mental or physical eye that he beheld. When he came thither at last, like many another well-born youth, to join the episcopal household as a kind of half-clerical page, he found (as happens in the testing of our ideals) at once more and less than he had supposed; and his earlier vision was a thing he could never precisely recover, or disentangle from the supervening reality. What he saw, certainly, was greater far in mere physical proportion, and incommensurable at first by anything he knew—the volume of the wrought detail, the mass of the component members, the bigness of the actual stones of the masonry, contrary to the usual Gothic manner, and as if in reminiscence of those old Druidic piles amid which the Virgin of Chartres

had been adored, long before the birth of Christ, by a mystic race, possessed of some prophetic sense of the grace in store for her. And through repeated dangers good-fortune has saved that unrivalled treasure of stained glass. Then, as now, the word "awful," so often applied to Gothic aisles, was for once really applicable. You enter, looking perhaps for a few minutes' cool shelter from the summer noon-day; and the placid sunshine of La Beauce seems to have been transformed in a moment into imperious, angry fire.

It was not in summer, however, that Gaston first set foot there: he saw the beautiful city for the first time as if sheathed austere in repellent armour. In his most genial subsequent impressions of the place there was always a lingering trace of that famous frost through which he made his way, wary of petrifying contact against things without, to the great western portal, on Candlemas morning. The sad, patient images by the doorways of the crowded church seemed suffering now chiefly from the cold. It was almost like a funeral—the penitential violet, the wandering taper-light, of this half-lenten feast of Purification. His new companions, at the head and in the rear of the long procession, forced every one, even the Lord Bishop himself, to move apace, bustling along, cross-bearer and acolyte, in their odd little copes, out of the bitter air, which made the jolly life Gaston now entered on, around the great fire of their hall in the episcopal palace, seem all the more winsome.

Notre Dame de Chartres! It was a world to explore, as if one explored the entire Middle Age: it was also one unending, elaborate, religious function—a life, or a continuous drama, to take

one's part in. Dependent on its structural completeness, on its wealth of well-preserved ornament, on its unity in variety, perhaps on some undefinable operation of genius, beyond, but concurrently with, all these, the church of Chartres has the gift of a unique power of impressing. In comparison, the other famous churches of France, at Amiens for instance, at Rheims or Beauvais, may seem but formal, and to a large extent reproducible effects of mere architectural rule on a gigantic scale. The somewhat Gothic soul of Gaston relished there something strange, or even *bizarre*, in the very manner in which it set itself, so broadly couchant, upon the earth; in the natural richness of tone on the masonry within; in its vast echoing roof of timber, the "forest", as it was called; in the mysterious maze traced upon its pavement; its maze-like crypt, centering in the shrine of the sibylline Notre Dame, itself a natural or very primitive grotto or cave. A few years were still to pass ere sacrilegious hands despoiled it on a religious pretext: the catholic church must pay, even with the molten gold of her sanctuaries, the price of her defence in the civil war. At present, it was such a treasure-house of mediæval jewellery as we have to make a very systematic effort even to imagine. The still extant register of its furniture and sacred apparel leaves the soul of the ecclesiologist athirst. And it had another very remarkable difference from almost all Gothic churches: there were no graves there. Its emptiness in this respect is due to no revolutionary or huguenot desecration. Once indeed about this very time, a popular military leader had been interred with honour within the precinct of the high altar itself. But not long afterwards, said the reverend canons, resenting on the part of their immaculate patroness this intrusion, the corpse itself, ill at ease, had protested, lifting up its hands above the surface of the pavement, as if to beg interment elsewhere; and Gaston could remember

assisting, awakened suddenly one night, at the removal of the remains to a more ordinary place of sepulture. And yet that lavish display of jewellers' work on the altars, in the chapels, the sacristies, of Our Lady's church, was but a framing for little else than dead people's bones. To Gaston, a piteous soul with a touch also of that grim humour which, as we know, holds of pity, relic-worship came naturally. At Deux-manoirs there had been relics, including certain broken children's toys and some rude childish drawings, taken forth now and then with almost religious veneration, with trembling hands and renewal of old grief, to his wondering awe at the greatness of men's sorrows. Yes! the pavement under one's feet had once been, might become again for him, molten lava. The look, the manner of the person who exposed these things, had been a revelation. The abundant relics of the church of Chartres were for the most part perished remnants of the poor human body itself, but, appertaining to persons long ago and of a far-off, immeasurable kind of sanctity, stimulated a more indifferent sort of curiosity, and seemed to bring the distant, the impossible, as with tangible evidence of fact, close to one's side. It was in one's hand—the finger of an Evangelist! The crowned head of Saint Lubin, bishop of Chartres, long centuries since, but still able to preserve its wheat-stacks from fire; bones of the "Maries", with some of the earth from their grave: these, and the like of these was what the curious eye discerned in the recesses of those variously contrived reliquaries, great and small, glittering so profusely about the dusky church, itself ministering, by its very shadows, to a certain appetite in the soul of Gaston for dimness—for a dim place like this—such as he had often prefigured to himself, albeit with some suspicion of what might seem a preference for darkness. We love, most of us, physical twilight. To him, that perpetual twilight came

in close identity with its moral or intellectual counterpart, as the welcome requisite for that part of the soul which loves twilight, and is, in truth, never quite at rest out of it, through some congenital uneasiness or distress, perhaps, in its processes of vision.

As complex, and not less perfectly united under a single leading motive,—its sister volume,—was the ritual order of Notre Dame de Chartres, a year-long dramatic action, in which every one had, and knew, his part—the drama or “mystery” of Redemption—to the necessities of which the great church had shaped itself. All those various “offices” which, in Pontifical, Missal and Breviary, devout imagination had elaborated, from age to age, with such a range of spiritual colour and light and shade, with so much poetic tact in quotation, such a depth of insight into the Christian soul, had joined themselves harmoniously together, one office ending only where another began, in the perpetual worship of this mother of churches, which had also its own picturesque peculiarities of “use,” proud of its maternal privilege therein. And the music rose—warmed, expanded, or fell silent altogether—as the order of the year, the colours, the whole expression of things changed, gathering around the full mystic effulgence of the pontiff in his own person, as the sacred theme deepened at the great ecclesiastical seasons, when the aisles overflowed with a vast multitude, and like a court, combed, starched, rustling around him, Gaston and his fellows “served” Monseigneur—they, zealous, ubiquitous, more prominent than ever, though for the most part profoundly irreverent, and notwithstanding that, one and all, with what disdain of the untowered laity!

Well! what was of the past there—the actual stones of the temple, that sacred liturgical order—entered readily enough into Gaston’s mental kingdom, filling places prepared by the anticipations of his tranquil, dream-struck youth. It was the present, the un-

calculated present, which now disturbed the complacent habit of his thoughts, proposing itself importunately, in the living forms of his immediate companions, in the great clerical body of which he was become a part, in the people of Chartres itself (none the less animated because provincial) as a thing, alien at a thousand points from his preconceptions of life, to be judged by him, to be rejected or located within. How vivid, how delightful they were!—the other forty-nine of the fifty lads who had come hither, after the old-fashioned way, to serve in the household of Monseigneur by way of an “institution” in learning and good manners, as to which a grave national assembly, more than three centuries before the States-General of 1789, had judged French youth of quality somewhat behind-hand, recommending king and nobles to take better care for the future of their education, “to the end that, enlightened and *moralized*, they might know their duties, and be less likely to abuse their privileges.”

And how becomingly that cleric pride, that self-respecting quiet, sat upon their high-bred figures, their angelic, unspoiled faces, saddened transiently as they came under the spell for a moment. As for Gaston, they welcomed him with perfect friendliness, kept their best side foremost for an hour, and would not leave his very dreams. In absolute unconsciousness, they had brought from their remote old homes all varieties of hereditary gifts, vices, distinctions, dark fates, mercy, cruelty, madness. Appetite and vanity abounded, but with an abundant superficial grace, befitting a generation which, as by some æsthetic sense in the air, made the most of the pleasant outsides of life. All the various traits of the dying Middle Age were still in evidence among them, in all their crude effectiveness, only blent, like rusty old armour wreathed in flowers, with the peculiar fopperies of the time, shrewdly divined from a distance, as happens with com-

petent youth. To be in Paris itself, amid the full delightful fragrance of those dainty visible things which huguenots despised:—that, surely, were the sum of good-fortune! Half-clerical, they loved nevertheless the touch of steel; had a laughing joy in trifling with its latent soul of destruction. In mimicry of the great world they had their leaders, so inscrutably self-imposed:—instinctively, they felt and underwent that mystery of leadership, with its consequent heats of spirit, its tides and changes of influence. On the other hand also, to Gaston, dreamily observant, it was quaint, likeable, the way they had of reproducing, unsuspectingly, the humours of animal nature. Does not the anthropologist tell us of a heraldry, with a large assortment of heraldic beasts, to be found among savage or half-savage peoples, as the “survival” of a period when men were nearer than they are, or seem, now, to the irrational world? Throughout the sprightly movement of the lads’ daily life it was as if their “tribal” pets or monsters were with and within them. Tall Exmes, lithe and cruel like a tiger—it was pleasant to stroke him. The tiger was there, the parrot, the hare, the goat of course, and certainly much apishness. And, one and all, they were like the creatures in their vagrant, short memories, alert perpetually on the topmost crest of the day and hour, transferred so heartlessly, so entirely, from yesterday to to-day. Yet out of them, sure of some response, human heart did break:—in and around Camille Pontdormi, for instance, brilliant and ambitious, yet so sensitive about his thread-bare home, concerning which however he had made the whole company, one by one, his confidants—so loyal to the people there, bursting into wild tears over the letter which brought the news of his younger brother’s death, visibly fretting over it long afterwards. Still, for the most part, in their perfect health, nothing seemed to reach them but their own boyish ordinances, their own arbitrary “form”. It was an absolute indiffer-

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ence, most striking when they lifted their well-trained voices to sing in choir, vacant as the sparrows, while the eloquent, far-reaching, aspiring words floated melodiously from them, sometimes, with truly mediæval license, singing to the sacred music those songs from the streets (no one cared to detect) which were really in their hearts. A world of vanity and appetite, yet after all of honesty with itself! Like grown people, they were but playing a game, and meant to observe its rules.—say, rather, a world of honesty, and of courage! They, at least, were not preoccupied all day long, and, if they woke in the night, with the fear of death.

It was part of their precocious worldliness to recognise, to feel a little afraid of their new companion’s intellectual power. Those obviously meditative souls, which seem “not to sleep o’ nights”, seldom fail to put others on their guard. Who can tell what they may be judging, planning, in silence, so near to one? Looking back long afterwards across the dark period that had intervened, Gaston could trace their ways through the world. Not many of them had survived to his own middle life. Reappearing from point to point, they connected themselves with the great crimes, the great tragedies of the time, as so many bright-coloured threads in that sombre tapestry of human passion. To recall in the obtuse, grieved, marred faces of uninteresting men or women, the disappointments, the sorrows, the tragic mistakes of the children they were long ago; that is a good trick for taking our own sympathy by surprise, which Gaston practised when he saw the last, or almost the last, of some of them, and felt a great pity, a great indulgence. Here and now, at all events, carrying their cheerful tumult through all those quiet ecclesiastical places—the bishop’s garden, the great sacristy, neat and clean in its brown, pensive lights, they seemed of a piece with the bright, simple, inanimate things, the toys, of nature. They made one lively picture with the fruit

and wine they loved, the birds they captured, the buckets of clear water drawn for pastime from the great well, and Jean Sémur's painted conjuring book stolen from the old sorceress, his grandmother, out of which he told their fortunes; with the musical instruments of others; with their carefully hidden dice and playing-cards, worn or soiled by the fingers of the older gamesters who had discarded them. Like their elders they read eagerly, in racy new translations, old Greek and Latin books, with a delightful shudder at the wanton paganism. It was a new element of confusion in the presentment of that miniature world. The classical enthusiasm laid hold on Gaston too, but essayed in vain to thrust out of him the mediæval character of his experience, or put on quite a new face, insinuating itself rather under cover of the Middle Age, still in occupation all around him. Venus, Mars, Æneas, haunted, in contemporary shape, like ghosts of folk one had known, the places with which they were familiar. Latin might still seem the fittest language for oratory, sixteen hundred years after Cicero was dead; those old pontiffs, draped grandly, sat in the stalls of the choir; Propertius made love to Cynthia in the raiment of the foppish Amadée; they played Terence, and it was but a play within a play. Above all, in natural, heartfelt kinship with their own violent though refined and cunning time, they loved every incident of soldiering; while the changes of the year, the lights, the shadows, the flickering fires of winter, with which Gaston had first associated them, so full of artificial enjoyment for the well-to-do, added themselves pleasantly by way of shifting background to the spectacular effect.

It was the brilliant surface with which the untried world confronted him. Touch it where you might, you felt the resistant force of the solid matter of human experience—of human experience in its strange mixture of beauty and evil, its sorrow, its ill-assorted fates, its pathetic acqui-

escence; above all in its overpowering certainty, over against his own world of echoes and shadows, which perhaps only seemed to be so much as echoes or shadows. A nature with the capacity of worship, he was straightway challenged, as by a rival new religion claiming to supersede the religion he knew, to identify himself conclusively with its suppositions, its issues, its risks. Here was a world, certainly, which did not halt at meditation, but prompted one to make actual trial of it, with a liberty of heart which might likely enough traverse this or that precept (if it were not rather an old scruple) of his earlier conscience. These its children, at all events, were, as he felt, in instinctive sympathy with its motions; had shrewd divinations of the things men really valued, and waited on them with unquestioning docility. Two worlds, two antagonistic ideals, were in evidence before him. Could a third condition supervene, to mend their discord, or only vex him perhaps from time to time with efforts towards an impossible adjustment?

At a later date, Monseigneur Charles Guillard, then Bishop of Chartres, became something like a huguenot, and ceased, with the concurrence of ecclesiastical authority, from his high functions. Even now he was but a *protégé* of King Charles in his relations to a more than suspicious Pope; and a rumour of the fact, reaching somehow these brisk young ears, had already set Gaston's mind in action, tremblingly, as to those small degrees, realisable perhaps one by one, though so immeasurable in their joint result, by which one might part from the "living vine"; and at times he started back, as if he saw his own benighted footsteps pacing lightly towards an awful precipice. At present indeed the assumption that there was sanctity in everything the kindly prelate touched was part of the well-maintained etiquette of the little ecclesiastical court. But, as you meet in the street faces that are like a sacrament, so there are faces, looks, tones of voice, among dig-

nified priests as among other people, to hear or look upon which is to feel the hypothesis of an unseen world impossible. Smiling amiably out of the midst of his pontifical array on Gaston's scrupulous devotion, it was as if the old Roman augur smiled not to his fellow augur but to the entire assistant world. In after years Gaston seemed to understand, and, as a consequence of understanding, to judge his old patron equitably: the religious sense too had its various species. The nephew of his predecessor in the see, with a real sense of the divine world, but as something immeasurably distant, he had been brought by a maladroit worldly good fortune a little too close to its immediate and visible embodiments. Afar, you might trace the divine agency on its way. But to touch, to handle it, with these fleshly hands—well! with Monseigneur it was not to believe because the thing was "incredible or absurd." He had smiled, not certainly from irreverence, nor (a prelate for half his life) in conscious incredulity, but only in mute surprise at an administration of divine graces—this administration in which he was a high priest—in itself, to his quite honest thinking, so unfitting, so improbable. And was it that Gaston too was a less independent ruler of his own mental world than he had fancied, deriving his impressions of things not directly from them, but mediately from other people's impressions of them, and that he needed the pledge of their assents to ratify his own? Only, could that, after all, be a real sun at which other faces were not irradiated? And sometimes it seemed, with a riotous swelling of the heart, as if his own wondrous appetite for these matters had been deadened by surfeit, and there would be a pleasant sense of liberty, of escape out-of-doors, could he be as little touched as almost all other people by Our Lady's church, and old associations, and all those relics, and those dark, close, fragrant aisles.

At such times, to recall that winged visitant, gentle, yet withal sensitive

to offence, which had settled on his youth with so deep a sense of assurance, he would climb the tower of Jean de Beauce, then fresh in all its array of airy staircase and pierced traceries, and great uncovered timbers like some gigantic birdnest amid the stones, whence the large, quiet, country spaces became his own again, and the curious eye at least went home. He was become well aware of the power of those familiar influences in restoring equanimity, as he might have used a medicine or a wine. At each ascending storey, as the flight of the birds, the scent of the fields, swept past him, till he stood at last amid the unimpeded light and air of the watch-chamber above the great bells, some coil of perplexity, of unassimilable thought, fell away from him. He saw the distant paths, and seemed to hear the breeze piping suddenly about him under the cloudless sky, on its unseen, capricious way through those vast reaches of atmosphere. At this height, the low ring of blue hills was visible, with suggestions of that southwest country of peach-blossom and vine which had sometimes decoyed his thoughts towards the sea, and beyond it to "that new world of the Indies," which was held to explain a certain softness in the air from that quarter, even in the most vehement weather. Amid those vagrant shadows and shafts of light must be Deux-manoirs, the deserted rooms, the gardens, the graves. In mid-distance, even then a funeral procession was on its way humbly to one of the village churchyards. He seemed almost to hear the words across the stillness. They identified themselves, as with his own earliest prepossessions, so also with what was apt to present itself as being the common human prepossession—a certain finally authoritative common sense upon the quiet experience of things—the oldest, the most authentic, of all voices, audible always if one stepped aside for a moment and got one's ears into what might after all be their normal condition. It might be heard, it would

seem, in proportion as men were in touch with the earth itself, in country life, in manual work upon it, above all by the open grave, as if, reminiscent of some older, deeper, more permanent ground of fact, it whispered oracularly a certain secret to those who came into such close contact with it. Persistent after-thought! Would it always survive, amid the indifference of others, amid the verdicts of the world, amid a thousand doubts? It seemed to have found, and filled to overflowing, the soul of one amiable little child who had a kind of genius for tranquillity, and on his first coming hither had led Gaston to what he held to be the choicest places, as being impregnable by noise. In his small stock of knowledge, he knew, like all around him, that he was going to die, and took kindly to the thought of a small grave in the little green close, as to a natural sleeping-place, in which he would be at home beforehand. Descending from the tower, Gaston knew he should find the child seated alone, enjoying the perfect quiet of the warm afternoon, for all the world was absent—gone forth to receive or gaze at a company of distinguished pilgrims.

Coming, sometimes with immense prelude and preparation, as when King Charles himself arrived to replace an image disfigured by profane huguenots, sometimes with the secrecy and suddenness of an apparition vanished before the public was aware, the pilgrims to "Our Lady under the Earth" were the standing resource of those (such there were at Chartres as everywhere else) who must needs depend for the interest of their existence on the doings of their neighbours. A motley host, only needing their Chaucer to figure as a looking-glass of life, type against type, they brought with them, on the one hand, the very presence and perfume of Paris, the centre of courtly propriety and fashion; on the other hand, with faces which seemed to belong to another age, curiosities of existence from remote provinces of France or Europe, from

distant, half-fabulous lands remoter still. Jules Damville, who would have liked best to be a sailor, to command, not in any spiritual ark, but in the French fleet—should half-ruined France ever come to have one—led his companions one evening to inspect a strange maritime personage, stout and square, returned, contrary to all expectation, after ten years' captivity among the savages of Florida, kneeling among the lights at the shrine, with the frankness of a good child, his hair like a mat, his hands tattooed, his mahogany face seamed with a thousand weather-wrinklings, his outlandish offerings lying displayed around him. Looking, listening, as they served them in the episcopal guest-chamber, those young clerks made wonderful leaps, from time to time, in manly knowledge. With what eager shrewdness they noted, discussed, reproduced, the manners and attire of their pilgrim guests, sporting what was to their liking therein in the streets of Chartres. The more cynical or supercilious pilgrim would sometimes present himself—a personage oftenest of high ecclesiastical station, like the eminent translator of Plutarch, Amyot, afterwards Bishop of Auxerre, who seemed to care little for shrine or relic, but lingered long over certain dim manuscripts in the canonical library, where our scholarly Gaston was of service, helping him directly to what he desired to see. And one morning early, visible at a distance to all the world, risen betimes to gaze, the Queen-mother and her three sons were kneeling there—yearning, greedy, as ever, for a hundred diverse, perhaps incompatible, things. It was at the beginning of that winter of the great siege of Chartres, the morning on which the child Guy Debreschescourt died in his sleep. His tiny body—the placid, massive, baby head still one broad smile, the rest of him wrapped round together like a chrysalis—was put to rest finally the same day, in a fold of the winding-sheet of a very aged person, deceased about that time.

For a hard winter, like that famous

winter of 1567, the hardest that had been known for fifty years, makes an end of the weak—the aged, the very young. To the robust how pleasant had the preparation for it seemed—the scent of the first wood-fire upon the keen October air; the earth turning from gray to black under the plough; the great stacks of fuel, come down lazily from the woods of Le Perche, along the winding Eure; its wholesome perfume; the long soothing nights and early twilight. The mind of Gaston, for one, was touched by the sense of some remote and delicate beauty, like magicians' work, like an effect of magic as being extorted from unsuspected sources. What winter really brought however was the danger and vexation of a great siege. The householders of catholic Chartres had watched the forces of their huguenot enemies gathering from this side and that; and at last the dreaded circle was complete. They were prisoners like the rest, Gaston and the grandparents, shut up in their little hotel; and Gaston, face to face with it, understood at last what war really means. After all, it took them by surprise. It was early in the day. A crowd of worshippers filled the church of Sainte-Foy, built partly upon the ramparts; and at the conclusion of the mass the Sacrament was to be carried to a sick person. Touched by unusual devotion at this perilous time, the whole assembly rose to escort the procession on its way, passing out slowly, group after group, as if by mechanical instinct, the more reluctant led on by the general consent, Gaston, the last lingerer, halting to let others proceed quietly before him, turning himself about to gaze upon the deserted place and church, and half tempted to remain, ere he too stepped forth lightly and leisurely, when under a shower of massy stones from the *coulervines* or great cannon of the besiegers, the entire roof of the place sank into the empty space behind

him. But it was otherwise in a neighbouring church, in a similar way crushed with all its good people, not long afterwards.

And in the midst of the siege, with all its tumult about her, the old grandmother died, to the undissembled sorrow of Gaston, bereft, unexpectedly as it seemed, of the gentle creature to whom he had always turned for an affection that had been as no other in its absolute incapacity of offence. A tear upon the cheek, like the bark of a tree, testified to some unfulfilled hope, something wished for but not to be, which left resignation, by nature or grace, still imperfect, and made death at four-score years and ten seem after all like a premature summons in the midst of one's days. For a few hours the peace which followed brought back to the face a protesting gleam of youth, far antecedent to anything Gaston could possibly have remembered, moving him to a pity, a peculiar sense of pleading helplessness, which to the end of his life was apt to revive at the presence (it might be in an animal) of what must perforce remember that it had been young but was old.

That broken link with life seemed to end some other things for him. As one puts away the toys of childhood, so now he seemed to discard what had been the central influence of his earlier youth, what more than anything else had stirred imagination and brought the consciousness of his own life warm and full. Gazing now upon the "holy and beautiful place," as he had gazed on the dead face, for a moment he seemed to anticipate the indifference of age. And when not long after the rude hands of catholics themselves, at their wits' end for the maintenance of the "religious war", spoiled it of the accumulated treasure of centuries, leaving Notre Dame de Chartres in the bareness with which we see it to-day, he had no keen sense of personal loss.

WALTER PATER.

(To be continued.)

LUCIAN.¹

LORD BYRON, we know, was under the impression that he hated Horace because that delightful classic had been forced so unmercifully down his throat by the instructors of his youth. The treatment of which he complains and the implied patience of his submission to it are not strikingly in accord with the earlier reputation either of the particular schoolboy or of the particular school; and one would like to have interrogated a few of the noble poet's contemporaries at Harrow on the point. But assuming the fact to have been as stated in the well-known stanza of "*Childe Harold*," one may venture perhaps to dispute the inference. The truth is that the belief which Byron there avows is too suspiciously common to be accepted with ready credence. The man who believes that only injudicious training at school has spoilt a fine scholar in his person doth greatly abound. A little less insistence on the stock Virgilian *cruces*, and he would never, he thinks, have contracted his self-defensive passion for that particular athletic exercise in which he has subsequently achieved fame. A little more forbearance in the matter of corrupt choruses, and he might have risen on a masterly edition of *Æschylus* to the Bench of Bishops, instead of becoming merely an ornament of the Stock-Exchange. Such pleasing illusions of middle age it would be cruel to disturb, and humane men for the most part treat them with respect. The truth however, in at least ninety-nine out of every hundred such cases,

is that the early blighted scholar was not really any more disgusted with his youthful experiences of the Greek and Latin tongues than was the school-fellow who has actually ripened into a Professor. It is an error to suppose that "the rudiments" of anything can be made agreeable to anybody, least of all to the young. What is true of the dead languages is equally true of the immortal game of cricket. Many excellent men of mature years no doubt entertain the firm conviction that they would probably have "played for the Gentlemen" if compulsory "fagging out" had not early inspired them with a distaste for the noble game. They fail to explain how it is that the cricketer who has risen through his public school and university elevens to the deathless honour of being one of eleven amateurs selected to do battle with the Australians did his "scouting" too as a boy, and hated it: hated it at the time perhaps as much as many a now accomplished scholar detested his Latin *Accidence* and his Greek irregular verbs.

No; there is not often much in the complaint that the steady and tiresome drill to which the raw recruit of scholarship has to submit disgusts him out of all capacity for appreciating those beautiful and stately evolutions of thought and language which that training alone enables him to follow. Those who do not care for these things in mature years never would have cared for them, however their boyhood had been spent; and those who do care for them know well how much of their pleasure they owe to the slow and laborious transit of their boyhood through the mill of the gerund-grinder. It will at any rate hardly be contended, I think,

¹ Lucian's Dialogues. Namely, the Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea-Gods, and of the Dead," &c. Translated with notes and a Preliminary Memoir, by Howard Williams, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. London, 1888.

that the keenest sensibility to the charm of the classical masterpieces is to be found (except in one such instance out of a thousand as that of Keats) in the man who has made his first acquaintance with them as an adult; though according to the theory I have been examining, he certainly ought to enjoy them the most. Keats, as we know, has imperishably recorded his emotions on first hearing: "Chapman speak out loud and bold," (and one may add with a freedom amounting to licence) in his translation of Homer. The poet felt like stout Cortez surveying the Pacific from a peak in Darien; but that was because he *was* a poet. And though I do not for a moment suggest that the average schoolboy feels at all like stout Cortez on first looking into the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey" in the original, I suspect that the like effect of Chapman's translation upon an average adult would be every bit as rare. The truth is that not only the vast Pacific of the Homeric poems, but even such a smaller matter as the sunny Archipelago of the Horatian Odes, by no means breaks upon most of us in the form of a sudden revelation. It is only by a gradual dispersion of the veiling mists of language, accompanied by as gradual an education of the imaginative eye, that most of us ever attain to any clear view of these great sights at all; and other things being equal, he whose faculty of literary vision has had the longest training is likely to see them best.

But though I do not admit that the strictly critical, or even the minutely grammatical study of the Latin and Greek classics which is or was exacted from schoolboys before they are or were of an age to appreciate the literary excellence of those works is really responsible for the consequences sometimes sought to be attached to it, I would not go so far as to deny that English scholastic traditions may somewhat too rigidly prescribe the selection of text-books. I would not take upon me to maintain

that they concede as much as they might to that natural desire of the student for what he can understand and in a great measure appreciate at the moment; and that they do as much as they might in the way of supplying him with that most potent of all incentives to the study of a language, a lively interest in the subject-matter of the work in which that language is being studied. Such a reflection solicits one with peculiar importunity at sight of the latest addition to Bohn's Classical Library, a translation of certain selected Dialogues of Lucian, by Mr. Howard Williams. Mr. Williams, having regard to what may be assumed to be the purpose he had in view, has acquitted himself fairly well. His English rendering is clear, faithful, and sufficiently readable, if at times a little wooden; his notes opportune and serviceable; his prefatory biographical memoir concise and to the point; and his criticisms as a rule well considered. But the very sufficiency of the book for all the lawful purposes of a "crib" makes us wonder all the more at its late appearance in the familiar purple covers. How comes it, we ask ourselves, that so many schoolboys have been breaking their teeth for generations past over "craggy" bits of Thucydides, or plodding along uninterested through the Ionicisms of the Father of History, while these delightful colloquies, abounding, even for those who are too young to relish their inimitable satire, with the fascination of dramatic life and movement, have been permitted to slumber on the pedagogic shelves? For a slumber to all intents and purposes it has been, since it was never worth while to have disturbed the neglected humourist for the mere sake of the snippets of dialogue which I recollect as helping to furnish forth the school "Analecta" of thirty years ago. Why should not our schoolmasters have put their sixth forms through the whole three sets of Dialogues—the Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea Gods, and of the Dead, together with

"Zeus the Tragedian" and one or two, if not all, of the other pieces given in Mr. Williams's volume? Why, above all, should not the University of Oxford have long since opened the door of Moderations (let us hope it has done so by this time) to Lucian, as an author who may be "taken in" to the schools as a whole? What indeed has excluded him? Not his unorthodoxy surely, for that can hardly shock any one but a Polytheist. Not his Greek, for it is excellent, a genuine Platonic revival, in the literary instead of the philosophical sense—a revival effected by that best of revivalists, the writer who has saturated himself with the thought and style of the original. And its stimulating power for a student of the undergraduate age would of course be much greater than it is for the schoolboy who, though he is or should be able to understand and appreciate a straightforward joke, is hardly at home with irony of the graver kind. Why too should not schoolboys be introduced to the "True History", first of human essays in the humorous-imaginative, archetype of so many a later effort of satiric fancy, founder of the family of which the immortal Captain Lemuel is the most illustrious son? Or why not to the Icaro-Menippus, that ironical Sindbad whose aerial flight on the borrowed wings of an eagle and a vulture would surely be as full of narrative charm even for the youngest reader as his sardonic survey of our ants'-nest of an earth is full of philosophic pungency for the adult? Many of us have found it difficult to determine whether the delight of Gulliver is greater for the young than for the old—greater for those to whom Liliputians and Brobdingnagians are merely creatures of a new and wonderful world in no allegorical relations with our own, or to those who are of an age to understand its inner meaning and to wonder at the triumphant art by which every fresh stroke of the fancy is made to drive home the barb of the satire. Lucian as a satirist

is not of course to be compared with Swift, but he possesses Swift's rare power of combining the fascinating story-teller with the grave humourist; and minor as is the degree in which he exhibits this combination, it is sufficient to give him an absolutely unique place among the writers of the ancient world.

Let me here remark that in the foregoing sentence "grave" is the emphatic word. There is nothing which so pointedly distinguishes Lucian from all his predecessors, Greek or Latin, in the field either of poetic or pedestrian satire—nothing which more brings him into such close kindred with the greatest satirists of modern times, than the invincible gravity of his manner. It is this which makes his elaborate and pertinacious ridicule of the Polytheistic legends in his *Dialogues of the Gods* and of the *Dead* so curiously effective. Unlike Voltaire, with whom he is often, though not always I think judiciously, compared, he never allows himself to interpolate any irrelevant witticism of his own in his exposure of the mythical absurdities of the decaying creed at which he mocked. Dramatic propriety is always strictly maintained. His Zeus, his Hera, his Aphrodite, his Hermes, are the Zeus, Hera, Aphrodite, Hermes of the "ages of faith." The admirable comedy of their presentment is produced and preserved by the simple but essentially artistic device of exhibiting these survivals of a childlike and unmoral period of human thought in all their gross and glaring repugnancy to the intelligence of a refined and cultivated and sceptical era. The amours of Jove, the jealousies of his consort, the miraculous births of Minerva and Bacchus, are recounted or commented upon in a demurely matter-of-fact fashion which is infinitely more effective for the purpose than the broadest burlesque. In so far as we may regard Lucian as writing with a deliberately rationalistic purpose, he could not have adopted a better method.

But it is a mistake, I think, of the over-serious in all ages to suppose that this deliberately rationalistic purpose was always present to Lucian's mind. He was a born scoffer—not merely at holy or reputedly holy things, but at all things profane as well as sacred. For instance, much superfluous ingenuity has been expended on the question as to which, if any, school of philosophy Lucian belonged, the worthy debaters of this question having been greatly exercised in their minds by his indiscriminate ridicule of every philosophy without exception in the "Auction of Lives". Of course the simple explanation of the puzzle is that he was a humourist first and a philosopher afterwards. Such preferences as he might have for any particular philosophical systems would not in the least have prevented him from sharpening his wit upon them, and might indeed have very likely induced him to give it a keener edge. He says of Alexander the Impostor, in his vivid sketch of that singular charlatan, that of all philosophers he hated Epicurus the most. "As well he might", adds Lucian with honest warmth. "For with whom else should a juggler, a sham miracle-monger, and a truth-hater more rightly wage war than with Epicurus, the philosopher who has penetrated into things, and alone among men discovered their hidden truth"? Yet the Epicurean in the "Auction of Lives" is knocked down for a couple of minæ—only a little more than eight pounds English! If it be asked how we know that this is a poor price for a philosopher, the answer is that Socrates is bought by Dio of Syracuse for four hundred and eighty-seven pounds ten shillings; that even Pythagoras, who is the most unmercifully ridiculed of all, goes for over forty pounds; and that if the Cyrenaic has to be "reserved", it is not so much because of the moral defects of his theory as because of the costliness of reducing it to practice. "You will have", says a half-intending bidder candidly, "to look about for a

wealthier purchaser. I am simply not in a position to buy the 'merry life' of this philosophy". "It looks, Zeus", observes Hermes "as if this lot would remain on our hands". "Let him stand on one side," replies the Father of gods and men promptly, "and put up another", whereupon Democritus and Heraclitus take their places on the stand to be sold "in one lot"; and as I find it impossible to get away from the "Auction of Lives", without an attempt at Englishing its excellent drolleries, I shall take leave to give a brief extract (freely paraphrased where the jest is untranslatable) from Lucian's report of the proceedings.

"Hermes. Come forward, if you please, you two. I have here two most excellent Lives to offer. We put them up as the wisest of them all.

"Buyer. Good heavens, what a contrast! One of them is continually laughing; while the other has apparently lost a friend, for he is as incessantly weeping. What does it all mean? You, sir, I am addressing. What are you laughing at?

"Democritus. What am I laughing at? What a question! Why, at the ridiculous human race and their ridiculous affairs.

"B. What? You are laughing us and our affairs to scorn?

"D. Most assuredly. There is nothing serious about them. Vanity are they all: a rush of atoms through the infinite void.

"B. Vanity yourself! You and the infinite void you have got in your head. Still laughing, eh? What impudence! But you, my good sir, to whom it seems better to address myself,—what are you weeping for?

"Heraclitus. My friend, I regard all the affairs of men as miserable and tear-worthy, and wretched in their subjection to death. That is why I pity and weep over them. I have but a small opinion of the present, and the future I regard as absolutely dreadful—a future of conflagration and cosmic catastrophe. I lament, too, that there is no fixity or stability anywhere, but that things are whirled round as if they were in a barley-stirabout—pain and pleasure, knowledge and ignorance, the great and the little, dancing up and down and changing places,—a sort of a puss-in-the-corner of Eternity.

"B. What is Eternity?

"H. Eternity? A schoolboy at play with his draught-board, or wrangling with his school-mates.

"B. What then are men?

"H. Men are mortal gods.

"B. And gods?

"H. Immortal men.

"B. You repeat riddles, sir, or you are yourself an inventor of conundrums. You are as obscure as Apollo himself.

"H. I care nothing for you.

"B. Indeed? Then no sensible man will buy you.

"H. Weep all of you, from your youth upwards. Buyers or not, I adjure you all to weep.

"B. This gentleman's complaint does not widely differ from melancholy. I shall not buy either of them.

"Herm. Again, an unsold lot!

"Zeus. Put up another."

And Socrates is then brought forward to be valued by Lucian (who certainly knew his Plato well, and must have admired him) with an amount of irreverence which would of itself suffice to show that there was no malice or even serious purpose in this particular jest.

And so, I am persuaded, it often is with Lucian. It is no doubt true enough that where the specific Polytheistic faith is a gross or demoralizing one, he may have been inspired to his ridicule of it by some contemptuous indignation at the thought that the vulgar believed it; but in much the larger majority of cases there is no trace of any such feeling. This distinction is plainly to be seen in his dealing with the nether world. No doubt he was as desirous as Lucretius to discredit the belief in Hades as a place of material torment; as for instance in the curious dialogue between Menippus and Tantalus, in which the Cynic, after pointing out with admirable good sense to the Phrygian king, that having no body he could not possibly thirst, he then proceeds to dispose of what were evidently contemporary efforts to spiritualize the meaning of the Pagan legend. But when the myth was mere harmless poetry,—such for example as that of Charon and his ferry-boat, of whom and which Lucian makes such continual fun,—it is unnecessary to suppose that the pleasantries were meant to be particularly hostile. It is indeed unlikely that a writer who had his Homer literally at his fingers' end, with a line

from the "Iliad" or "Odyssey" ready for every possible occasion, and who dearly appreciated the poetic beauty of those immortal ballads, should, as Mr. Williams's notes seem occasionally to suggest, have deliberately set to work to bring the poet into contempt. Much more reasonable is it to suppose that it was simply the strong instinct of burlesque which impelled Lucian to bring out for mere mirth's sake the anthropomorphic side of the religious legend, which he himself does not scruple to employ, allegorically of course, for the serious purposes of his often profound satire on the vanities of human life. He quite sees for instance, as the "Charon" dialogue shows, how much might be made in the serious vein out of the old ferryman of the Styx; but that does not prevent him from getting fun out of a matter-of-fact application of the legend which makes him receive a toll from the dead for ferrying them over, and represents him as "in account with" Mercury for goods supplied. The quaint commercial gravity of the short dialogue between the two on that subject could evidently have had no didactic afterthought of any kind.

"Herm. Let us go through our accounts, if you please, Mr. Ferryman, and see at once what you owe me, in order to prevent disputes hereafter.

"Char. Let us go through them by all means, Hermes; it will be better to ascertain them at once and save future trouble.

"H. Very well, then. To one anchor, procured by me to your order, five drachmæ.

"Ch. A stiff price!

"H. It's what I had to give, though, by Pluto; five drachmæ, no less. Then the oar-thong, two obols.

"Ch. Right. Put down five drachmæ and two obols.

"H. And a darning-needle for the sail. That I had to give five obols for.

"Ch. Down with the five obols.

"H. And wax for stopping leaks, and nails, and the rope you made a brace of—two drachmæ the lot.

"Ch. Good; you got those a bargain.

"H. Well, that is all, unless something has escaped my memory. And now, when are you going to pay up?

"Ch. At present, Hermes, I regret to say I am not in a position to do so. Times are too bad. If a good plague now, or a war were to send

me down a crowd of passengers, I might turn an honest penny on the whole number of them by cooking the accounts of the fares.

"*H.* Then I suppose I must sit down and hope for the worst,—that I may get my debt paid out of these calamities.

"*Ch.* I am afraid there is no help for it. You see yourself what business is like: how few arrivals there are. These are the piping times of peace.

"*H.* Well, 'tis better so, even if it does somewhat delay the payment of my debt. But think of the old times, Charon. You remember in what sort of plight the men of those days used to come down to us—sturdy fellows all, bathed in blood most of them, or riddled with wounds. But nowadays it is some one who has been dosed out of the world by a wife or a son, or who has swollen himself to death, by way of stomach and lips, with gluttony—pallid miserable wretches, not to compare with their forefathers. Most of them, to judge by their appearance, find their way here through plotting to get each other's money.

"*Ch.* Yes, 'tis an article in considerable request.

"*H.* To be sure; but how then could you blame me if I were sternly to demand payment of my debt?"

The iconoclastic satirist—the writer who sets himself to "sap a creed," whether "solemn" or not, even with a sneer which is not solemn but lively—is not as a rule a very attractive personality. Many worthy people, quite capable of admiring his extraordinary and many-sided genius, have never succeeded in taking Voltaire thoroughly to their hearts. Even the tolerant Charles Lamb admitted just so much want of sympathy with the brilliant Frenchman as is implied in the remark that he would not care to "read 'Candide' in a church". But I cannot understand any one reading the works of Lucian—dialogues, rhetorical exercises, burlesques, romance, or what not—intelligently and appreciatively, and feeling anything of that kind of half-repugnance which, even while he dazzles, the scoffer at the religious weaknesses of his fellows excites in so many minds. To my thinking he is saved from that by a thorough geniality of humour which in most of the scoffers, and in the very greatest of them all, is almost or altogether wanting. No one, I should think,

could read the charming little autobiographical sketch which he has left us in the "Dream" (would that many another by many another hand of ancient times had been written and survived!) without feeling attracted to the man who wrote it. The touch is so light, the style so frank and unaffected, that one cannot imagine the author to have been other than a good fellow.

Lucian adds another to that tolerably numerous list of great names in literature whose owners had been destined in the parental counsels for quite a different walk in life. His account of this matter is delightful. He was the son of parents in poor circumstances, and when he had reached his fifteenth year his father was advised by friends of the family, officious in all ages, to take him from school and apprentice him to his uncle, a statuary—probably not in a very flourishing way of business, but who at any rate, as did many more distinguished artists then and since, combined the profession of the sculptor with something like the handicraft of a working mason—the scheme was thought the more hopeful because the youth was supposed to have shown a turn for art. In his play hours, he says, "I had been accustomed to model oxen, horses, or even, Heaven save the mark! men, out of wax, and as my father thought, cleverly. I was caned for my performances by my master, but still they obtained me the praise of native genius, and my plastic dexterity raised good hopes that I should speedily master my art". To his maternal uncle's studio or workshop accordingly was the little Lucian sent, thinking with what pride he would bear himself before his school-fellows when he could model gods, or portraits of himself or of whomsoever he pleased among them. His uncle began by giving him a chisel, and bidding him use it gently on a marble slab before him, sentimentously delivering himself at the same time of the gnome that the "beginning is half of the whole." The beginning in the

youthful apprentice's case was more than half of the whole: it was the whole itself. Bearing too hard upon the instrument, Lucian broke the slab which he had been set to polish, and the indignant statuary caught up a leathern thong which lay near him, and administered chastisement in "no very mildly persuasive manner, so that tears were my introduction to the art. I ran home choking with sobs, and overflowing with tears; and there I recited the pathetic story of the thong and showed my stripes, and complained of the great cruelty of my uncle", adding (this is a delicious touch), "that it was due to his envious fear of my excelling him in his art. My indignant mother heaped reproaches upon her brother, and I retired still in tears to my bed, there to pass a night of sleepless cogitation".

Thus far, continues Lucian, who evidently composed and delivered the "Dream" as a lecture, perhaps to an audience of his own fellow citizens of Samosata, after his return from his travels, "I have been recounting to you merely ridiculous and boyish incidents; but what follows, gentlemen [the ὁ ἀνδρὲς stamps the character of the piece] is not to be as lightly accounted". And what does follow is the finely told story of a vision, in which Paideia and Techne (Learning and Handicraft) contend for him like Virtue and Vice for Hercules in the Fable of Prodicus. Handicraft was "dressed in artisan's garb, a masculine-looking, shock-headed, horny-handed creature, covered with marble dust, like my uncle at the stone-polishing work." Her rival was fair to look upon, graceful of figure and comely of dress. Handicraft, who is the first to address Lucian, warns him not to condemn her for her squalid appearance, "since from such beginnings came Phidias who revealed Zeus to the world, and Polycletus who wrought the Hera, and the much-praised Myron and Praxiteles the wonderful—men who are now

honoured next to the gods". Learning, however, reminds him that everybody cannot be a Phidias or a Praxiteles, and that even those who admire the art of those masters do not envy them the actual practice of their calling; and Learning wins the day. Lucian quitted the workshop for ever, and rose, as he tells his audience, to fame and fortune by letters. And he concludes his lecture with the moral, possibly of doubtful wisdom in those days as in these, that youth should always follow the supposed bent of its genius, and with the moral no more doubtful in those days than in these, that the mere dread of poverty ought not alone to be sufficient to deter him from following it.

From the date of this fortunate accident at his uncle's—how thankful we ought to be that the marble slab was not a little more tough, or the leathern thong a little less so!—until some thirty years later, that is to say from about 135 A.D. to about 165 A.D., Lucian led the wandering life of the sophistes, or paid rhetorician, of those days. In his twentieth year, or four years after quitting his native Syria, he seems to have visited Greece and to have made the acquaintance of the Platonic philosopher Nigrinus, who gives the title to one of the Dialogues. Other passages from his writings—for it is of course from these alone that our scanty knowledge of his life has been built up—show that he practised for some time at the bar in Antioch, but abandoned the profession of the law in disgust at the dishonesty of its practitioners; that he visited Rome in about his thirtieth year; that from Italy he passed into Southern Gaul, where he remained to exercise his calling of rhetorician or public lecturer, for some ten years; that thence he returned to his native place; and that finally, about the age of forty-five, he migrated with the surviving members of his family to Athens, where he passed nearly the whole of the remainder of his life. All that is further known of him is

the curious and interesting fact that at an advanced age his circumstances became reduced; that he was only saved from poverty by the timely interference of some imperial patron—which of the Roman emperors it was is not quite certain—and that the most famous writer of his age and country died a judicial sinecurist. He was appointed to the clerkship or registrarship of the law courts of Alexandria, the duties of which office he delegated to a deputy, so that he was enabled to spend the remainder of his life in comfort at Athens.

His defence of himself was characteristic. He had in one of his earlier satirical pieces somewhat bitterly criticized those of his order who accepted the position of salaried dependent in the houses of the rich; and after accepting the sinecure office from the Emperor he composed an Apology, addressed to his friend Sabinus, in which he pointed out how very different a case was his from that of those whom he had assailed with his satire.

"In my present capacity," he argues, "I remain an independent; while my public office is one of great honour and authority. Practically I administer a large share of the Imperial government in Egypt. I grant judicial decrees. I fix the order of judicial proceedings, and see to the keeping of their records. I arrange and regulate the pleadings of litigants, and I look after the registration and faithful prosecution of the edicts of the Sovereign. Further you must remember that my emoluments come to me not from a private individual but from the Emperor, and that they are very handsome; and that the post gives good hopes of leading to further advancement."

And he humorously goes on to argue that since the Emperor himself did not scruple to receive very splendid *douceurs* in the shape of dedicatory shrines and statues, and other material as well as moral forms of gratification, over and above the regular revenues, a humble citizen might certainly be excused for following his example at a properly respectful distance.

Lucian, as his latest translator

observes—and it is another point of justification for the well-worn comparison between him and Voltaire—displayed an extraordinary versatility of talent. "He is almost encyclopædic", says Mr. Williams, "in the extent and rarity of his productions. He was critic, moralist, philosopher, politician, poet, romancist, litterateur". It is strange that the biographer should have left out the title by which he is the best known to posterity—that of satirist; and indeed to the classification of "romancist" he might have added with but a slight deviation from technical accuracy that of dramatist also, for Lucian's dramatic gift is assuredly conspicuous in all his dialogues. His *personæ* are not, as Landor's in most cases almost avowedly and designedly were, mere mouth-pieces for the exposition of his own views. They are almost always distinct and individualized. Examples of this abound in the Dialogues of the Gods: an excellent instance of it appearing in the scene between Hermes, Paris, and the three Goddesses who compete for the prize of beauty. Nothing could be more delicate and skilful than the discrimination with which the varying characters of the three divine ladies are hit off. The spiteful jealousy of Hera is particularly well brought out in her apparently innocent suggestion on reaching Mount Ida, that Aphrodite should go first and show the way, having familiarized herself, "they *do* say," with the locality by her frequent visits to Anchises. Much of the same power of dramatic characterization is displayed in the exceedingly droll colloquy between Zeus and Hera on the subject of the misconduct of Ixion, a piece in which a contemporary critic has well noted "the admirable distinction of the reprobate masculine humour of one speaker from the feminine, though highly creditable, incapacity to appreciate humour in the latter." Lucian's highest effort of comedy however is his "Zeus the Tragedian"—the scene of the meeting convened by

the uneasy father of the gods to consider the grave question of the decline in mortal reverence which the Olympian family had recently undergone, and the best measures to be taken for stemming the tide of infidelity. The deeper satire of the piece is excellent, but not less so in its way is the broad Aristophanic fun of the ceremony of convocation and of the arrangement of the delicate question of precedence. Hermes, as master of the ceremonies, as well as usher (a sort of combination of Gold Stick and Black Rod) is directed by Zeus to seat the gods as they arrive, according to rank as fixed either by material or art: the Golden in the front rank, the Silver next, then the Ivory, and lastly the Bronze and Marble ones. Among these last art might be taken into account, and precedence was to be given to the gods of Phidias, Alcamenes, Myron and Euphranor; but the tag-rag and bob-tail, who have no pretensions either to beauty of workmanship or intrinsic value, are to take back seats, and be content to figure as silent members. Upon this follows an admirable bit of character. Mercury, as the patron of art, cannot readily bring himself to assign such importance to mere material costliness. How, he asks, if some of these many hundred-weighted golden fellows be of wretched workmanship, out of taste and proportion, glaringly vulgar and plebeian? Are they to have the *pas* of the bronzes of Myron, Polykletus, and Phidias, and the marbles of Alcamenes? Or should not art by rights have the precedence? "By rights, yes," replies Jupiter, "but still," he adds, like the thorough man of the world he is, "it must be given to gold." This double-edged stroke of satire, which at once hits an ignoble trait in human character and common weakness of anthropomorphism in all human religions, is delivered by a master hand.

Lucian's intimate and at the same time genially tolerant knowledge of human nature is indeed conspicuous

throughout his writings, and in none more so, perhaps, than in the *Hææric Dialogues*. The gallery of female portraits through which one passes in the series of conversations is not exactly an edifying one, but only one or two of its presentments are properly speaking unrepresentable. For the rest it is an extremely interesting procession, in which one hardly knows whether to admire more the force and truth with which Lucian has set forth some of the eternal generic types of female character, or the skill with which he has contrived to discriminate, through a series of no fewer than fifteen dialogues, between their specific illustrations. The lightness of touch which he displays in these portions of his work he owed no doubt in some measure to his training and practice as a rhetorician. His purely rhetorical exercises (mere *fantasias*, of course, as they now and then are) are still worthy of study as something more than mere old-world literary curiosities. We need not suppose with Wieland that his "Encomium on a Fly" was an impromptu recitation in order to feel plenty of admiration for the grace and spirit with which the little trifle is worked out.

It is of course, however, unnecessary to say that on this side of Lucian's encyclopædic genius he is naturally the furthest removed from modern sympathies. Nowadays we have nothing like—or at any rate nothing avowedly, even if we have anything intentionally, like—the rhetorical exercise of a travelling lecturer of the second century of the Christian era. It is extinct as a literary form; and of course the place of an ancient writer in modern estimation will be fixed by the work which he has left behind him in those forms which have proved imperishable. In such forms, however, lies the bulk of Lucian's work. It is in satire—the department of his productions which Mr. Williams has so singularly omitted to specify in the foregoing list—that Lucian has most clearly established his claim to a place among the great writers of all time:

not of course in theological satire alone, or even principally, though it is to that branch of his satiric work that most attention has been given by the world at large, and perhaps even by the narrower world of scholars. For though he lives and will live as a satirist in all acceptations, particular as well as general, of the term, he will not live so surely, or at any rate not so justly, for his witty raillery at a dying superstition, as for the broad philosophic disdain with which he contemplates human life in the man. His topics are of course and necessarily those which have been the commonplaces of satire in all ages—the vanity of wealth and power, the self-torment of avarice and ambition, the folly and pretension of human philosophies, the dream-stuff of life itself. Every satirist that ever lived has had his say on these matters; but it is only a few of the very greatest who have handled them with such command as Lucian. His eye and hand are unerring. It matters not what is the dramatic stand-point which for the moment he has selected. It matters not whether, as in the “*Icaromenippus*”, he gazes down from his airy height on this swarming anthill of humanity; or whether, as in the Dialogues of the under-world, he looks up at us through the purged eyes of the dead; there is always the Shakespearean breadth of vision, though not of course the Shakespearean finality of touch. One of the masterpieces in satire of this widely-reaching order is his “*Timon the Misanthrope*”—a piece which is doubly interesting from the fact of its dealing with a subject which has been also treated, if only perhaps as a reconstruction of the work of others, by Shakespeare himself. Whence Shakespeare took his Timon is doubtful, and whether the play which bears that name was founded upon and contains the inferior matter of some other dramatists, we know not; but one thing is certain, that the Timon of Shakespeare is not that mere vulgar Thersites, the Timon of Plutarch,

and that it is, at least in many of its more striking and dignified traits, the Timon of Lucian. There is little or no probability of Shakespeare's having seen Lucian's Dialogue, even in a translation; but the coincidences of action alone between the dialogue and the drama are far too remarkable to be fortuitous. The Dialogue opens, indeed, with the very second scene of Act iv., where the ruined Timon is discovered digging; and though there is a strong dash of Lucian's habitual burlesque in his hero's bitterly ironical invocation of Zeus, the note of seriousness is struck almost immediately afterwards, and is maintained to the end. The response of the Father to the noisy outcry of this beggared dupe of the sycophant and the sponge has a certain Olympian majesty about it. “Who is this, Hermes, that shouts to us thus out of Attica from beside the base of Hymettus? Yon squalid wretch in the garment of skins. See! he who stoops as though to dig. A prating fellow that, and a daring one; some philosopher belike; for no one else would have vented such a torrent of impious words!” Hermes replies that it is Timon the son of Echekratides, the rich man who once feasted them with so many hecatombs, but who had been brought to ruin by the parasites upon whom he had wasted his wealth.

“Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. But they, after having picked his bones accurately clean, and diligently sucked out any marrow they could find in him, took their departure, leaving him withered and cut down to the very roots, and so far from assisting him in their turn, declined either to recognize or look at him—for why should they? Thus it is that, spade in hand, and in skin garments, he digs for hire, ashamed to show himself in the city, and melancholy-mad with his troubles; since those who have fattened on him now pass him haughtily by, as though they knew not his very name, whether it be Timon or no.”

Jupiter then resolves to despatch Hermes and Plutus to bestow new

wealth on Timon—a command which the god of riches very reluctantly obeys, urging that if he returns to the spendthrift he will only become once more the prey of parasites and courtesans. On their way to earth the two gods discuss mankind and their employment of wealth in a vein of the keenest satire; and reaching Timon at last, they find him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Wisdom, and Courage—attendants, according to their invariable wont, in the train of Poverty. Poverty, on learning their errand, complains bitterly.

“Would you take from me,” she asks, “the man whom I received from Luxury in such miserable plight, and whom I handed over to Labour and Wisdom to turn into the man of dignity and worth that you behold? Are you, Plutus, to rob me of him, and to give him back again to Arrogance and Vanity, that they may reconvert him into the creature of effeminacy and folly that he was before, in order that yet again he may return to me, this time a worthless rag”?

Timon, however, rejects the offer which Plutus makes him, and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He does so, and finds gold; and the fine outburst of cynicism with which he greets the discovery should be compared with the parallel passage in Shakespeare (Act iv., sc. 3), in which the same incident occurs, if we want to appreciate at once the resemblance between the Timons of Lucian and Shakespeare, and the difference between his two delineators in point of imaginative wealth. It is clear that the incident of the gold-finding, and of the insults which the finder heaps upon his returning parasites, must have been derived by Shakespeare from some writer or other who had seen the Timon of Lucian; and no less clear is it to all who can recognize Shakespeare's hand, that none other man, living or dead, could have helped him to the fiercely passionate rhapsody which follows. Lucian had nothing of course of Shakespeare's

torrent-flow of imagination. The thought of the discovered treasure does not bring all the multitudinous powers of gold in a rush of imagery before his eyes. Lucian's Timon turns at once to the thought of the use that he himself will make of it, in gratifying his eternal enmity towards his race; but the passage is one of great power and even solemnity, and may stand as one of the finest specimens of Lucian's serious manner.

“I will purchase the whole of this sequestered spot, and hereon I will build me a tower, to keep my gold, to house myself and none other, and to serve me for a tomb when I am dead. And from henceforth let my rule and law of life be this: To shun all men, to know no man, to despise all; to treat the name of friend, of guest, of comrade, of the shrine of Pity herself, as an empty sound. Let compassion for the unhappy, or succour for the needy, be as the violation of law, and as the dissolution of morals. Be my life solitary as the wolf's, and Timon alone be Timon's friend. Let all other men be to me as foes and betrayers. Let converse with them be pollution; and the sight of them make the day accursed.”

And in this strain he runs on in a sort of grim parody of the style of his “Psephisma”, winding up with a “decreed by us, Timon the son of Echecratides, and confirmed by us the aforesaid Timon of the deme of Colytos.” He goes on to declare, almost in the very words quoted with too painful a suspicion of a false quantity by Shakespeare, that the name by which he would most like to be called is that of *misanthropos*. But the whole dialogue should, as I have said, be read together with the play; and, if the comparison leaves the eminence of the great Master of all time as unapproachable as ever, it can hardly fail at the same time to show (and this is all that can ever be shown of any man) that more than one, or even two, of the Master's vast array of gifts was possessed, and in no insignificant manner, by Lucian of Samosata.

H. D. TRAILL.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1888.

STRAINING THE SILKEN THREAD.

THE paper of the late Attorney-General of New South Wales on a "Menace to National Unity" will be wholesome reading for us in Canada. We know hardly anything about Australia, or the sentiments of her people. But we have been assured that her participation in the Soudan Expedition and the Naval Defence Bill were signal manifestations of a desire on her part to share to the full the responsibilities of the Empire, and constituted the first step in Imperial Federation. According to Mr. Wise, this is as far as possible from being the case. I gather from what he says that the Soudan Expedition is regarded as rather a false move, and that its effect has been, by making the Australians feel how alarming the responsibilities of the Empire were, to render them less inclined than they had been before to Imperial Federation. He even intimates that the Naval Defence Bill would not have passed an Australian Legislature had Lord Carnarvon connected it previously, as he did subsequently, with Imperial Federation. Mr. Wise is cautious in his expressions as becomes a statesman; but if I do not misinterpret him he thinks that the first great change of relations will be in the direction not of Federation but of Independence. This is very different from the flattering tale which some of our Federationist friends have been telling us here.

No. 346.—VOL. LVIII.

In return let me assure Mr. Wise, and any Australian who may read this, that Imperial Federation has but little real strength in Canada. It has within the last few months been exhibiting a factitious strength derived from a casual union with Protectionism. A movement is on foot here and has been rapidly gaining ground in favour of Free Trade with the United States, or, as it is commonly called, commercial union. Alarmed by this, and doubting, apparently, their ability to meet the commercial arguments in favour of Free Trade, the protected manufacturers are appealing to political feeling against extended relations with the United States, and are caressing Imperial Federation. A Federationist meeting held the other day in Toronto evidently owed its success to the reinforcements which it received from the opposition to commercial union. The speaking was more against commercial union than in favour of Imperial Federation. But Imperial Federationists of this class are distinguished by their ominous anxiety to except fiscal arrangements from Federation. Their resolutions in favour of closer political relations with the Mother Country always contain a saving clause providing that nothing shall be done to the prejudice of the "national policy," by which name they designate the Canadian tariff imposing protective duties on British goods. It would be

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a singular Federation, surely, and one affording little promise of cohesion, if the members of it continued to wage a tariff-war against each other. The very mention of Imperial Federation has been sufficient to exasperate the French Canadians, who aspire to a separate French Canadian nationality, and whose leader, Mr. Mercier, the Premier of Quebec, opened fire against our new Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, upon the mere suspicion that he was an Imperial Federationist and was coming out to propagate those convictions.

I have the greatest respect for the aspirations of the Imperial Federationists, and myself most earnestly desire the moral unity of our race and its partnership in achievement and grandeur. But an attempt at formal Federation, such as is now proposed, would in the first place exclude the people of the United States, who form the largest portion of the English-speaking race, and in the second place it would split us all to pieces. It would, I am persuaded, call into play centrifugal forces against which the centripetal forces could not contend for an hour. What interests of the class with which a Federal Parliament would deal have Australia and Canada in common? What enemy has either of them whom the other would be inclined to fight? Australia, it seems, looks forward to a struggle with the Chinese for ascendancy in that quarter of the globe. Canada cares no more about a struggle between the Australians and the Chinese at the other extremity of the globe than the Australians would care about a dispute between Canada and her neighbours in the United States respecting Canadian boundaries or the Fisheries Question. The circumstances of the two groups of colonies, to which their policy must conform, are totally different. Australia lies in an ocean by herself: Canada is territorially interlocked and commercially bound up, as well as socially almost fused, with the great mass of English-speaking popu-

lation which occupies the larger portion of her continent. Australia, again, is entirely British. Canada has in her midst a great block of French population, constituting a distinct nationality, which instead of being absorbed is daily growing in intensity; and she would practically be unable to take part in any enterprise or support any policy, especially any policy entailing an increase of taxation, to which the French Canadians were opposed. Of getting Canada to contribute out of her own resources to wars, or to the maintenance of armaments, for the objects of British diplomacy in Europe or in the East, no one who knows the Canadians can imagine that there would be the slightest hope. The very suggestion, at the time of the Soudan Expedition, called forth emphatic protests on all sides. The only results of an experiment in formal Federation, I repeat, would be repudiation of Federal demands, estrangement and dissolution.

At all the Imperial Federation meetings the same language is held. We are conjured to cultivate the sentiment, but not to ask for the plan. I do not wish to be discourteous, but cultivating a sentiment in favour of a political arrangement without knowing what the arrangement is to be, seems very like cultivating moonshine; the only difference being that, whereas the cultivation of moonshine would be a very harmless recreation, the cultivation of a sentiment adverse to the self-development of each of the communities embraced in this conception may possibly lead to serious mischief. I know that this remark will at once call forth a protest, and we shall be told, as we have been told before, that Imperial Federation is not intended in any way to trench upon Colonial Home Rule. But this, I venture to think, is only another proof of the vagueness of the Federationist idea. The Federal Parliament, or whatever the new governing body is to be called, will of course have its powers—we may presume that it will have very

extensive and important powers, otherwise it would hardly be worth our while to face the difficulties and perils of Confederation. Whence can those powers be taken except from that which is now the domain of self-government? Whence were the powers of the Federal Government of the United States taken but from the self-government of the separate states, some of which, by the way, kicked lustily against the transfer? Suppose the Confederation were to resolve, under the preponderating influence of the British vote, to go to war for a "scientific frontier" in Afghanistan, and were to assess its members to the expenses of that war, would not this practically trench on Colonial liberty of self-taxation? Suppose the Confederation, under the influence of its American, African, and West Indian members, were to embrace a particular policy with regard to the Chinese, would not this supersede the liberty of the Australians to deal in their own interest with the Chinese question? <Federation is, in all cases, a partial renunciation of self-government, and in this very disposition to blink an inevitable consequence may be discerned the seeds of future disagreement.>

We do not ask for minute or subordinate details. But we do ask for a general plan as an assurance that the project is feasible, and that we are not being lured away from the true path of progress in the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, with some danger of ending the chase in a bog. The allegation that the production of a plan would be premature, after so many meetings and so much writing on the subject, is surely surprising. To say that the sentiment is not yet strong enough, is to say that the sentiment is not strong enough to look its own object in the face. At all events, there are certain questions which meet us on the threshold and which any one who means business must be prepared to answer. It is intended, apparently, that the Imperial structure shall consist of :

(a) A Federal Government and Parliament with powers of peace and war, entire control of foreign policy, regulation of armaments, and power of taxation at least for those purposes, the question of an Imperial tariff being for the present kept under a politic veil.

(b) Local Federation of Colonies, British American, South African, Australian, and perhaps West Indian, each having in itself all the relations with all the difficulties and complications of the Federal system of Government.

(c) Colonies in no local Federation. Some of these are at present Crown Colonies, but they are all blazoned on the title-page of the leading organ of the movement, and I presume therefore are all included in its scope.

(d) The now United Kingdom ; but under what form, whether as a united kingdom, or as a group of federated nationalities, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, analogous to the Canadian, African, and Australian Confederations of Colonies, is, after a thousand years of national growth and grandeur, being debated as though it were the problem of some Chinese puzzle bought in the toyshop yesterday.

What a complication is here ! Fancy the position of a citizen of one of the Colonial Federations, with the Imperial Federation superimposed, with his triple set of relations, each involving its own possible conflicts of jurisdiction and his three objects of allegiance. Would not a Dutchman in half-a-dozen pairs of breeches be comparatively at ease and disencumbered ? There would assuredly be plenty of work in the interpretation and enforcement of the constitution for the supreme court which is an indispensable accessory of the Federal system, and which, by the way, in the present case it would be desperately difficult to form. When a government is the growth of ages, and bound up with the historic life of the nation, loyalty may be felt towards it irrespectively in a great degree of its convenience. But a government which

has come fresh out of the brains of projectors can have no title to loyalty but its convenience, as, if it proves inconvenient, will quickly appear.

The structure is at all events to be a Federation, and it must conform to the fundamental principles of the Federal system. It would be utterly subversive of these principles to unite the headship of the Federation with the headship of one of the states. Nobody would think of making the President of the United States Governor also of the State of New York, and the confusion would be more than doubly confounded if the State of New York exceeded all the other states put together in population and power, as much as Great Britain exceeds the Colonies. Yet this would be the position of the Sovereign of Great Britain, if the Sovereignty of Great Britain were to be united with that of the Imperial Federation. Supposing the monarchical principle to be retained, it would be necessary to have a Federal as well as a British dynasty. Indeed it would be necessary to have a separate dynasty for each member of the Federation, since to allow the head of one state to appoint the heads of the other states, would be almost as contrary to Federal principle as it would be to allow the headship of the Federation to be held by the head of a state. The first practical step therefore would be respectfully to invite Her Majesty to make her choice between the Crown of the Imperial Federation and the Crown of Great Britain.

The representation in the Federal Parliament is to be allotted, we may presume, on the principle of population: no other principle at all events is recognised, or would be respected by the people of the Democratic Colonies. But if Great Britain were to have a number of representatives proportioned to that of the smallest Colony, your Federal Parliament would have to meet on Salisbury Plain.

It is to India alone that the name Empire can with any propriety be

applied: applied to self-governing colonies over which the Mother Country retains merely a nominal authority, it is inappropriate and practically misleading. What is to be done with India? Is she to be included in the Federation, as the appearance of her name in the bead-roll to which I have referred implies? If she is not, it will be an Imperial Federation without the Empire. If she is, on what footing is she to be? Is she to have her share of representation? In that case she will out-vote all the other members of the Federation put together, by about five to one, and we shall pass under the dominion of the mild Hindoo. On the other hand, if she is to remain a dependency, whose dependency is she to be? Are the Colonies which are ultra-Democratic and which have hardly any interest in Indian investments, or in the Indian services, to be admitted to a share in the management? If they were there would surely be a prospect of wild work. Already it is not native rebellion, or Russian aggression, that is the great danger of India, but British Democracy, which has joined hands with Hindoo agitation on British hustings. A letter appeared some time ago from one of the promoters of Imperial Federation in Canada, avowing that he would have nothing to do with the scheme if it did not include the political emancipation of the Hindoo and his admission to the franchise. This, I believe, is Colonial sentiment, and there can be little doubt what the result would be. Yet India could hardly be left in the hands of Great Britain alone, since, if she were, one member of the Confederation would have not only a vast interest apart from the rest, but a separate foreign policy, separate armaments, and a military budget of her own. Great Britain has been said to be more an Asiatic than a European power. It is certain that the security of her Indian Empire, and of the immense commercial stake which her own people have in it, has of late been

the leading object of her diplomacy and of her military effort. How could this be reconciled with her position as a member of a Confederation, bound like the other members to conform to the decrees of the Federal Government and Parliament in all questions of foreign policy, and in matters of peace or war? England might be at war for her Indian Empire with a power with which the Confederation was at peace. Suppose the State of New York owned separately, as its dependencies, South America, Cuba, and the West Indies; could it possibly at the same time act in subordination to Congress as one of the states of the American Union?

Frame constitutions as elaborately as you will, through all their mechanical intricacies the real power will assert its preponderance. Great Britain would never allow the votes of her Colonies to turn her away from the path of her interest or her safety. Under the formalities of Federation she would drag them with her in her course, and they would very soon become tired of being dragged. Colonists in London, especially if they have any particular object, political, social, or financial, in view, are apt to make themselves so pleasant that the British mind is filled with visions of Colonial devotion and self-sacrifice which on the day of trial would fade away.

The French Canadians, as has already been said, are bent on the consolidation of their own nationality, and are radically hostile to Imperial Federation or anything that would tighten their tie to Great Britain. It is surprising to me that any one with this patent fact before his eyes can ever talk about Imperial Federation with reference to Canada. France, as people in England seem to feel, is the most likely antagonist of Great Britain in any future war; what she wants is to heal the smart of her military vanity, and she naturally thinks that she is more likely to do this by attacking England than by attacking Germany, from whom she has got what

she will not forget for half a century. In such a war the heart of the French Canadian would be with France, and though he would probably be content to remain passive, an attempt to make him fight on the British side, either with musket or purse, would unquestionably provoke him to rebellion.

It is found convenient to keep the tariff-question in the background. Nevertheless that question would force itself to the front as soon as the process of Confederation began. What the Canadian Protectionist means is that England shall discriminate in favour of the Colonies, sacrificing the bulk of her commerce to the Colonial trade, while he shall continue to impose protective duties on her goods. The continuance of protective duties is with him not only an essential condition of any arrangement, but his first object, however high-flown and however heartfelt his professions of loyalty may be. But of this, it is plain, the British people would never hear. In fact it would probably be futile to propose to them Imperial Confederation without Imperial Free Trade.

Even to frame the constitution and get it ratified by the members would, it seems to me, be a matter of extreme difficulty. To frame the constitution apparently there must be a convention representing all the members of the proposed Confederation. But before this convention could be called it would be necessary to agree upon a principle of representation, the difficulty of which has been already touched on, and also to determine whether India was to be included. It would be necessary, too, that each delegate should have and retain the confidence of his state, and the balance of parties, in the Colonies especially, changes so often, that very likely before the session had well commenced the credentials of some of the delegates might be withdrawn. The ratification of the constitution by all the states would also be an exceedingly ticklish process. In the case of the

American Colonies no difficulties of such magnitude presented themselves. There was a group of tolerably equal communities manifestly united in interest as well as geographically, and forced into each other's arms by the pressure of extreme need. Yet we know what efforts were required on the part of the founders of the constitution of the United States to overcome the centrifugal forces with which they had to contend, and how great at one time was the danger of miscarriage in the ratification through the jealousies and the fractiousness of particular states. (The Federal constitution of Canada was imposed on the British American Colonies by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and was never submitted to the Canadian people.)

With Lord Beaconsfield at the head of the Government, the Imperial Federationists had power in their hands to as great an extent as they are likely ever to have it. Yet they took not a single step towards the ✓ practical initiation of their scheme. Not a single step have they yet taken either in the British Parliament or in any Colonial Legislature. Notice of a resolution was given in the Canadian Parliament last session by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, the leading man of the party here; but the resolution was never brought forward. We have really had nothing to this hour but platform-talk of a vehement but very indefinite kind, seasoned occasionally with pretty severe strictures on those whose bosoms refused to dilate with generous and loyal emotions in favour

of a project which was yet to be revealed. Yet all this time events are marching, and the forelock of opportunity is flitting away from the Federationists' hesitating grasp. Canada and all the other Colonies daily advance in the direction of complete self-government, that is, in the direction opposite to Imperial Federation. The more convenient season, to which Federationists are always putting off the disclosure of their plan, may be discernible to their forecast, but it certainly is not to ours.

One reason which some of us have for challenging the practical intentions of the authors of this movement is, that Imperial Federation is being used by Home Rulers to lure romantic minds into consenting to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, in the hope that they will thereby be only providing raw materials for an ampler and grander union. But apart from this apprehension, with which possibly Mr. Wise may not sympathize, the value of his warning will be felt by those who, like myself, prize and cherish as of inestimable value to us all the moral unity of the world-wide Anglo-Saxon realm. I do not see why there should not, in course of time, be an Anglo-Saxon franchise, including the United States. But I thank Mr. Wise, who can speak with authority, for confirming, so far as Australia is concerned, the conviction which I have always entertained, that nothing could be more fraught with danger to our moral unity than an attempt to force us into legislative and administrative union.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.¹

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
December, 1887.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

"With copious eulogy in prose and rhyme
Graven in the stone we struggle against
Time,
Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise,
And still we struggle when a good man
dies."

THESE well-known lines describe in a general way the feeling which oppressed me, when I learned that you desired me to tell you what I could recollect of John Campbell Shairp, especially of his undergraduate days, in order that what I am to write might be embodied in a book to keep alive his memory, if it may be, and tell at least to this generation something of the remarkable man whom we have lost. How difficult, how all but impossible it is to go back nearly fifty years and give colour and reality to scenes which have faded and become indistinct in the misty distance ; and to breathe life into characters who, seen even "by the habitual light of memory," are now but the shadows of a confused dream ! I have no contemporary journals or memoranda of any kind to refer to ; I know how lapse of years impairs accuracy, what tricks it plays with recollection and belief, how assertions as to fact are often made in perfect good faith but with absolutely no foundation, how present feelings and judgments are confounded with the past, so that a narrative of events is

not so much a narrative of what the events actually were, as a record of the impression they make upon us now, and an account of what we wish to believe they were then. There are those living who if they care to read the following lines may probably be able to convict me of error or mistake ; and making at once the confession that they are very likely to be right, I will do my best to recall that time.

A term or two his senior in University standing, I well remember the coming of John Campbell Shairp amongst us at Balliol. You will no doubt have recorded that he was one of that distinguished line of Glasgow Exhibitioners to whom Balliol owes so much of its reputation, a line to which to mention no others, Adam Smith, Lockhart, Christie, Sir William Hamilton, Tait, the Archbishop, and Inglis, the Lord President, belonged. He talked broad Scotch—at least what seemed so to us Englishmen ; he rejoiced in waistcoats of a rainbow brilliancy which dazzled all our eyes ; he rode well and enthusiastically, pulled up a horse dead beat in a ploughed field, and leaped a ladder which two men were carrying across High Street because it obstructed his course up that academic stadium to, I think it was, Quarterman's stables.

To some of us this sort of thing was just at first startling, and even perhaps unpleasing. But it soon appeared how much of goodness, of cordial kindness, of high feeling, of true modesty underlay his slightly rollicking exterior. The unruffled good temper with which he bore a rude remark from one of us, that freshmen like children should be seen but not heard, not only made the utterer ashamed of himself, but laid the foundation of a

¹ Portions of this letter will appear in a Memoir of Principal Shairp (now nearly ready for publication) by Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's, at whose desire it was written ; but as it is somewhat too long for publication in that book, and as it may possibly have an interest for those who knew the Principal, it is here given in full.—C.

lifelong friendship. And as he came to be known so was he by us all more and more respected and beloved. We joked about "old Shairp," his waistcoats, his enthusiasms, his recitations becoming all but inarticulate from his emotion, his straining to make us feel if we could not comprehend the indefinite (one of us, I remember, christened him the great Aorist); we joked, I say, but our jokes had no bitterness, no scorn, no ill-nature in them, nothing but kindness and good humour on both sides; they drew us closer together and were the subject of many a pleasant recollection in after years.

But there was much more than this even at that time in our friend. The intellectual and religious interests prevalent in the place were such as to arouse and satisfy his best powers and instincts; the influences such as were peculiarly fit to mould, strengthen, purify and exalt such a character as his. A few months only before he came to Oxford, Wordsworth had received in the Theatre an enthusiastic welcome; a cordial reverent homage, which I at least have never seen equalled; and an honour which, though it has no doubt been often given before and since to men entirely unworthy of it, is yet the highest which the University can bestow. Frederick Robertson has recorded that the cheers in the Sheldonian Theatre, and the acknowledgment of them by their object, seemed to him out of keeping with the austere simplicity of the poet-sage, and the lofty and unworldly character of his writings. Most of us did not think so then, and on reflection it seems to me that we were right. Wordsworth was at that time at the very height of the fame which he ever achieved in his lifetime; he had got away even from the echoes of Lord Jeffrey's shallow and silly mockery; his renown was fulfilled; and to many of us he was an object of worship and of an honour "on this side idolatry," which, if it was but the due of him it was paid to, ennobled also those who paid it.

"We loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye;
Learned his great language, caught his clear accent,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."

We had small patience then (I will own that I have none now) for the "critical deductions," the patronage, the measured praise, the superior censure of men as incapable of seeing his greatness as a blind man of seeing colours, and who were hopelessly unaware that they were the contemporaries of one who had changed English poetry, drawn new tones (how sweet and how deep!) from "the still sad music of humanity," and invested alike the humblest and the sublimest forms of Nature with fresh splendour and undying beauty.

Looking back to those days and to the Shairp of that time, it seems strange, but it is most certainly true that he, afterwards one of the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, and withal the most reflective and philosophical of the admirers of Wordsworth, was then but a half-hearted though respectful student of the great poet. Remembering what I have heard of the literary storms which he raised by his book on Burns and his lectures upon Shelley, it is also strange, but it is also most certainly true, that, in 1840-2 he placed Burns and Shelley upon a higher level than Wordsworth. He thought they had more of the divine afflatus, more spontaneity, more "go" (forgive the slang); and while he respected and admired Wordsworth, he revelled in, perhaps he was intoxicated by, the magnificent passion and energy of Burns, and the exquisite diction, the lovely melody, the magic beauty of Shelley's verses. Again and again in endless but delightful disputes did we wage war on one another's views, never convincing one another at the time, but perhaps each leading the other to a truer and higher appreciation of his friend's favourites.

There was a society called the Decade in those days (a Balliol scout, one John Mason, long since gone to his rest, persisted in embodying the external world's judgment on it by always calling it the Decayed), which I think did a good deal for the mental education of those of us who belonged to it; those of us at least who came from public schools where we were taught to construe, to say by heart, to write Greek and Latin verses and Greek and Latin prose, but where our minds were otherwise allowed to lie fallow and to grow on unclouded by thought in an atmosphere of serene and healthy unintelligence. Who has the books of the Decade I do not know, and I cannot pretend, from memory, to give a list of its members; but amongst them Shairp found when he joined it:—Sir Benjamin Brodie (the second baronet), Deans Church, Lake, Stanley, Goulburn, and Bradley, Bishop Temple, the present Master of Balliol, Arthur Clough, Matthew Arnold, James Riddell, John Seymour, Constantine Prichard, Theodore Walrond, Canon George Butler, Congreve of Wadham, Christie of Oriel, Scott of Trinity, Woolcombe, and a number more whose names have faded from a memory decaying, perhaps even like the Club decayed. We met in one another's rooms; we discussed all things human and divine; we thought we stripped things to the very bone; we believed we dragged recondite truths into the light of common day and subjected them to the scrutiny of what we were pleased to call our minds. We fought, like Widdrington, to the very stumps of our intellects; and I believe that many of us—I can speak for one—would gladly admit that many a fruitful seed of knowledge, of taste, of cultivation was sown on those pleasant, if somewhat pugnacious, evenings.

I believe they did Shairp great good. They forced upon him the knowledge that Scotland was not the world; that Scottish Presbyterianism

was not the only form of Christianity which could fill and sustain the heart and mind of reasonable men; that other hills besides those of the Highlands were robed in the gold and purple of gorse and heather; that other lakes as clear reflected skies as blue; that there were worlds of religious, of poetical, of philosophical thought to which he had been a stranger, but which lay open to his intelligent and genial inquiry. At this time he was intensely, he was, to say the truth, narrowly Scottish; nay, if one may dare speak of Scotland as a province, he was provincial. To the end of his life he remained intensely Scottish; but though prejudices, especially political prejudices, grew upon him, he could never after his Oxford days be truly described as narrow-minded. On few men did Oxford ever exert so distinct and so beneficent an influence. He lived on intimate terms with the ablest, but what was more, with the best men in the University; bright days, happy evenings, hard work, half-jesting but half-serious discussions with them day after day opened his mind, enlarged his sympathies, kindled his affections, ripened his whole nature. It was a simple noble nature, which assimilated all that was good in its surroundings, and from which all that was harsh, ill-bred, impure, quietly fell away. To the end of his days he generously recognized what Balliol and Oxford had done for him. In more than one letter he has said in terms that he found in his High Church friends something which, though he did not intellectually agree with it, was strangely and specially attractive to his moral nature. I have no gift for reproducing those young men as they were when Shairp lived in their company; but if I had I should shrink from attempting either to rival or to supplement those beautiful and loving sketches of some of them which Shairp himself made in verses as well known as anything he ever wrote, and destined, I believe, to be as long

remembered. That poem shows how he felt towards them; it suggests quite truly how they must have felt towards him, what mutual benefits he and they both gave and took. I remember a half-humorous proof of the value he set upon them. He was talking with two of them when another excellent fellow passed by, and, smiting Shairp on his breast, remarked on the amazing splendour of his tartan waistcoat. "Now ye'll kindly go your own way," he said; "never mind my waistcoat; we're just talking of what ye don't understand, and what's more, never will!"

But no notice of Shairp, no notice of any Oxford man of that period who took life seriously and gave himself the trouble to think, can omit that great penetrating influence, that waking up of the soul, that revelation of hopes, desires, motives, duties not of this world, not ending here even if they had here their beginning, which came to us week by week from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and day by day from the writings and the silent presence amongst us of that great man who still survives at Birmingham in venerable age, but with undimmed mental eye and unabated force of genius, a Roman Cardinal in title, but the light and guide of multitudes of grateful hearts outside his own Communion and beyond the limits of these small islands. No man has described better than Shairp (in his well-known *Essay on Keble*) that wonderful preaching; no one has done fuller justice than Shairp to the prose-poetry of Cardinal Newman. I can recollect the beginnings; I followed the gradual, half-reluctant and doubtful, yet at last hearty and most generous growth of his admiration.

Cardinal Newman's was at that time the only really religious teaching to which undergraduates were subject. A lecture on the Thirty-nine Articles, and a terminal address before the terminal Communion were supposed

to supply them abundantly with any religious guiding they might need. The tutors, many of them, were not only good men, but I believe very good men; they merely followed the traditions of the place. But the authorities, as in the case of Wesley, so in the case of Newman, altogether objected to any one else doing what they did not do themselves. In the rougher days of Wesley they encouraged the pelting of him as he went to church with mud and pebbles. In our day other means were used; Four Tutors protested, Six Doctors suspended, Hebdomadal Boards censured, Deans of colleges changed the Sunday dinner-hour so as to make the hearing of Newman's sermon and a dinner in hall incompatible transactions. This seemed then, it seems now, miserably small. It failed, of course; such proceedings always fail. The influence so fought with naturally widened and strengthened. There was imparted to an attendance at St. Mary's that slight flavour of insubordination which rendered such attendance attractive to many, to some at any rate, who might otherwise have stayed away.

In 1839 the afternoon congregation at St. Mary's was for a small Oxford parish undoubtedly large, probably two or three times the whole population of the parish; but by 1842 it had become as remarkable a congregation as I should think was ever gathered together to hear regularly a single preacher. There was scarcely a man of note in the University, old or young, to whatever school of thought he might belong, who did not during the last two or three years of Newman's incumbency habitually attend the service and listen to the sermons. One Dean certainly, who had changed the time of his college dinner to prevent others going, constantly went himself; and the outward interest in the teaching was but one symptom of the deep and abiding influence which Cardinal Newman exercised then and exercises now over

the thoughts and lives of many men who perhaps never saw him, who certainly never heard him. Of this Shairp was a very striking instance. He came under the wand of the enchanter, and never threw off, or wished to throw off the spell; to the end of his days there was no one with whose writings he was more familiar, no one who exerted a more practical influence over his thoughts, his feelings, his whole nature. I do not mean that he ever became in doctrine what is commonly called a High Churchman. Newman taught principles of life and action rather than dogmas, though no doubt he himself drew his principles from what he believed to be dogmatic truths; and so it has happened in a hundred instances, of which Shairp is one, that men who have been unable to follow the Cardinal to his dogmatic conclusions have been penetrated and animated by his religious principles, and have lived their lives and striven to do their duty because of those principles which he was God's instrument to teach them. Shairp's loyalty to Cardinal Newman ended only with his life; what kindled it in him and in others I cannot describe without danger of seeming to exaggerate; how it was appreciated I hope the world will learn from your book in the Cardinal's own words.

Whether it was under this influence I know not, but he entertained for a while the thought of taking Orders in the Church of England. Several letters passed between us on the subject, but there were obstacles not necessary to detail which he was on the whole disinclined to encounter, and, fortunately I think, the project came to nothing. After we left Oxford, although our intercourse by letter was frequent and unbroken, we met with one or two exceptions in London only, where Shairp was never quite at home, nor at his best, though he enjoyed some of its diversions, especially what he called "fooling" in

Hyde Park. For a time, possibly under Rugby influences, his political opinions were so Liberal as to be what I should call Radical, and they were expressed with characteristic force and vehemence. He soon deflected from what I should call the true faith; but there was nothing bitter in his politics; he could not dislike a Radical if he was a good fellow and behaved like a gentleman; and though I must say that latterly it seemed to me his Toryism became somewhat blind and extreme, yet there were plenty of other topics to discuss on paper or in talk, and I believe that such differences never interposed the lightest cloud between his affection and the objects of it, whatever might be their opinions.

Twice I met him out of London, and I think twice only; once in Edinburgh, once in Iona; both memorable occasions to me, both places the associations of which drew out many of the most interesting points in Shairp's own character. Holyrood with its memories of Queen Mary and Rizzio and Darnley and John Knox, the Castle, the Grass Market, the Parliament House, Arthur's Seat, St. Giles's, the Flodden Wall, these things and many others Shairp with abundant knowledge and keen enthusiasm displayed to a friend's intelligence which was at least sufficiently alert to comprehend what he was told and to see the beauties and feel the interests of Walter Scott's "own romantic town" when pointed out to him by such a guide. We had, I remember, a most lovely day; and the view from the top of Arthur's Seat, with him to explain its various points, was something to remember for one's life.

Our meeting at Iona was to me more interesting still. We spent the best part of two days there; we saw as thoroughly as we could that venerable spot; the collection of ruins, beautiful and striking indeed, grouped together on the side looking towards Mull, consecrated by a thousand memories

and associations of profound and tender interest to the Christian, the historian, the man of letters; we wandered all over the little island and rowed round it in a four-oar, stopping to pick up coloured pebbles on St. Columba's beach, and to watch the seals playing in the little inlets of bright water between the jagged granite reefs, thrust out into the Atlantic like the jaws of some vast animal, along which, though the day was absolutely still, the sea rose and fell without a break, with slow sighs of restless and resistless power, suggesting what the reefs must be in time of wind and storm. All this we enjoyed together. But Shairp was anxious to an extent which I could not follow to fix exactly all the spots of St. Columba's landing, his progress across the island, and where precisely he had placed his rude buildings, every trace of which it was certain had long since been obliterated by the ruins of the beautiful pointed architecture which now remain. The area containing all the buildings is not, I suppose, much larger than twice Lincoln's Inn Fields; and when you stand on the top of the granite boulder, some hundred feet above the sea, and said to be the highest spot in Iona, you no doubt must look upon every inch of ground on which St. Columba built, and probably stand on the spot from which he often preached, and from which, it is said, he last looked upon the settlement which he had founded. But whether a particular building stood a hundred feet this way or a hundred feet that; which of two or three little rills that find their way into the sea at short distance from each other flowed by St. Columba's hut; questions such as these, which seem of very small importance, excited all the energies of Shairp's investigating powers; and he was manifestly disappointed that I failed properly to appreciate the cogent arguments which a spit of sand or a pool in a rill afforded in these grave controversies.

The evening we passed in company with a delightful young Scottish clergyman, a school-inspector, who maintained, greatly to Shairp's discomposure, the wisdom and the value of teaching English in all the Highland schools, and discouraging Gaelic. He showed how it weighted the young boys and girls in the race of life to speak and think in a tongue unintelligible to the great mass of their fellow countrymen. Shairp grew eloquent on the duty of keeping up the ancient, noble, imaginative, poetical language, the language of their ancestors, which had, he said, so marked an effect on the characters of those who spoke it. The young clergyman, I remember, very much surprised me by meeting this sort of argument by the statement that, at least in the islands, and in many parts of the Western Highlands, the Gaelic was not old; that it was as much an exotic as English would be now; that it was, in fact, but about a hundred and fifty years old, before which time the people of those parts all spoke Norse. I do not know whether the statement was as new to Shairp as it was to me; still less do I know if it was historically correct, though I have no reason to doubt it; but I remember being amused to see that for the time at least it silenced Shairp, and appeared to have much more weight with him than the practical considerations which had been urged upon him with so much force.

We went back from Oban to the Trossachs by the Highland railway, and he made our journey delightful by many a reminiscence of the Bruce and the Breadalbane Campbells as we passed this spot or that; never ceasing all the while to protest against the railway altogether, chiefly because a very tender passage of his life had been spent at or near Tyndrum; and that then he had seen eagles and other wild and noble creatures and sights of Nature which the railway had ban-

ished. We parted (I think) at Stirling, and except for one or two short visits in London, the last one when his health was manifestly failing, I never saw him more.

But he was a man whom no one he honoured with his friendship could possibly forget. His letters, which though not frequent, were yet constant and always full of thought and striking language, his books, his poetry; these things kept alive in his friends' hearts their absent and beloved companion. Above, however, and beyond all this was the character of the man, the man himself; more poetical than his poetry, more affectionate than his letters; fuller of charm, weightier in influence than even his best and ablest writings. Others must estimate his poetry and

his criticism; for me there abides, and will abide while I live and have my mind, the image of the man himself, his outward aspect, "his solemn yet sparkling eyes, his open and thoughtful forehead, a head of virginal floridness which might be distinguished even among grey hairs, and the traces of meditation and labour," which Manzoni attributes to Cardinal Federigo Borromeo in the "Promessi Sposi"; he himself as simple as a child, open to every tender and generous impulse, high-minded and pure-thoughted, yet full of harmless fun and playful humour, a steadfast friend, whose life was a charm to us, and whose death was "like a disenchantment."

Faithfully yours,

COLERIDGE.

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

1588—1888.

THERE shall be so much forgotten of deeds beneath the sun,
 But not this deed of England's, till England's race be run ;
 The fathers shall tell their children, and the children's children know
 How we fought the great sea-battle three hundred years ago.
 It was in the middle summer, and the wheat was full in ear,
 But men's heart's were dark and troubled and women's faint for fear :
 The fleets of Spain set sail in May, but a storm had warned them home,
 The might of Spain had met again to do the will of Rome.
 The Pope's high benediction had sped them on their way,
 With monks and priests and bishops to teach us how to pray ;
 And all the Southland's knighthood, well proved in many a field,
 And all her great sea-captains had come to make us yield ;
 And thirty thousand seamen and soldiers lay aboard ;—
 So England watched and waited and trusted in the Lord.

Then all along this southern coast there was hurrying to and fro,
 And the nation's eyes went seaward to watch the coming foe ;
 The shepherds left the pasture-hills, the yeomen left their farms,
 For all the squires in England were gathering men-at-arms ;
 And there was vigil through the night, and ever stir and life,
 From the Foreland to the Landsend, before the coming strife ;
 The old sea-dogs of England were met on Plymouth Hoe,
 And the little fleet was anchored across the Sound below ;
 And rusty swords were furbished while yet the corn was green,
 For a mighty cry went through the land, *For God and for the Queen !*

It was a July evening, and in the waning day
 The fairy woods of Edgcumbe hung rosy o'er the bay,
 When through the track of sun-set, full-sail and homeward bound,
 A little bark came gliding in and anchored up the Sound ;
 And round the quays and through the streets a wild-fire rumour ran,
 A sea-league off the Lizard they've seen the Spanish van.
 They say the Lord High Admiral was bowling on the green,
 And round him sat the goodliest men the world has ever seen ;
 For there was Richard Grenville, the bravest of the brave,
 Who fought the greatest sea-fight that ever shook the wave ;
 And there sat old John Hawkins and preached of loot and prize,
 And the grim battle-hunger flashed through his grizzled eyes ;
 And there was Martin Frobisher, who tried the North-west way,
 And saw the sunless noontide and saw the midnight day ;
 And Drake, the seaman's hero, whose sails were never furled,
 Whose bark had found the ocean-path that girdles round the world ;
 And Preston of La Guayra, and Fenner of the Azores,
 Who shook the flag of England out on undiscovered shores ;

And Fenton, and John Davis, and many another one²
Whose keels had ploughed the Spanish Main behind the setting sun.
Without one dark misgiving they sat and watched the play,
And sipped their wine and laughed their jests like boys on a holiday.
That night men fired the beacons and flared the message forth,
From the southland to the midland, from the midland to the north :
And there was mustering all night long, wild rumour and unrest,
And mothers clasped their children the closer to their breast ;
But calmly yet in Plymouth Sound the fleet of England lay,
The gunners slept beside their guns and waited for the day.

Then as the mists of morning cleared, up drew the Spanish van,
And grimly off the Devon cliffs that ten days' fight began.
Four giant galleons led the way like vultures to the feast,
And the huge league-long crescent rolled on from west to east :
But they will not stay for Plymouth, nor check the late advance,
For Parma's armies wait and fret to cross the strait from France.
No grander fleet, no better foe, has ever crossed the main,
No braver captains walked the deck than hold the day for Spain.
There sailed Miguel d'Oquenda, our seamen knew him well,
Recalde and Pietro Valdez, Mexia and Pimentel.
Oh, if ever, men of England, now brace your courage high,
Make good your boast to rule the waves, and keep the linstocks dry :
For the weeks of weary waiting, the long alert is past,
The pent-up hate of nations meets face to face at last.

The giant ships held on their course, and as the last was clear
The Plymouth fleet put out to sea and hung upon their rear ;
And their war-drums beat to quarters, the bugles blared alarms,
The stately ocean-castles were filled with men-at-arms.
All through that summer morn and noon, on till the close of night,
We harried through the galleons and fought a running fight ;
And far up Dartmoor highlands men heard the booming gun,
And watched the clouds of battle beneath the summer sun.
As o'er some dead sea-monster wheel round the white-winged gulls,
Our little ships ran in and out between the giant hulls ;
For fleetly through their clumsy lines we steered our nimble craft,
And thundered in our broadsides, and raked them fore and aft,
And broke their spars and rammed their oars, till the floating castles reeled,
While overhead their cannon flashed, their idle volleys pealed.
And the sun went down behind us, but the sea was ribbed with red,
For the greatest of the galleons was burning as she fled.
Yet hard behind we followed and held on through the night,
And kept the tossing lanterns of the Spanish fleet in sight.
So past Torbay to Portland Bill they ran on even keels,
And ever we hung behind them and gored their flying heels ;
And many a mastless galley was left alone to lag,
To fall back in the hornet's nest and, fighting, strike her flag.
Then every port along the coast put out its privateers,
And one by one our ships came in with ringing cheers on cheers ;
So sailed Sir Walter Raleigh, the knight-errant of the sea,
And all the best of Cornwall and Devon's chivalry ;
Northumberland and Cumberland and Oxford and Carew,—
Till from every mast in England the lion-banner blew.

A calm fell on the twenty-fifth,—it was St. Jago's day,—
 And face to face off Weymouth cliffs the baffled war-ships lay.
 Now, bishops, read your masses, and, friars, chant your psalm!
 Now, Spain, go up and prosper, for your saint hath sent the calm!
 A thousand oars that move like one lash white the glassy blue,
 And down their three great galleons bore towards our foremost few.
 Then loud laughed Admiral Howard and a cheer went up the skies,
 King Philip's three great galleons will be a noble prize!
 So we towed out two of our six ships to meet each floating fort,
 And we laid one on the starboard side and we laid one on the port;
 And all forenoon we pounded them; they fought us hard and well,
 Till the sulphur-clouds along the calm hung like the breath of hell:
 But a fair wind rose at noontide and hauled us of our prey,
 The rescue came on wings of need and snatched the prize away;
 So past the Needles, past Spithead, along the Sussex shores,
 The tide of battle eastward rolls, the cannon's thunder roars;
 The pike-men on the Sussex Downs could see the running fight,
 And spread the rumour inland, the Dons were full in flight:
 The fishing-smacks put out to sea from many a white chalk cove
 To follow in the battle's wake and glean the treasure-trove;
 Till night fell on the battle-scene, and under moon and star
 Men saw St. George's channel all one long flame of war.

So, harried like their hunted bulls before the horsemen's goad,
 They dropped on the eve of Sunday to their place in Calais road:
 And we, we ringed about them and dogged them to their lair
 Beneath the guns of Calais, to fight us if they dare;
 But afar they rode at anchor and rued their battered pride,
 As a wounded hound draws off alone to lick his gory side;
 And when the Sabbath morning broke they had not changed their line,
 For Parma's host by Dunkirk town lay still and made no sign.
 So calm that Sabbath morning fell, men heard the land-bells ring,
 They heard the monks at masses, the Spanish soldiers sing;
 And as the noon grew sultry came other sounds of mirth,
 And when the sun set many had seen the last on earth.
 A breeze sprang up at even and the clouds rolled up the sky,
 And dark and boding fell the night, that last night of July.

But in the fleet of England was every soul awake,
 For a pinnace ran from bark to bark and brought us word from Drake;
 And we towed eight ships to leeward, and set their bows to shore,
 To send the Dons a greeting they never had before;
 No traitor moon revealed us, there shone no summer star,
 As we smeared the doomed hulls over with rosin and with tar;
 And all their heavy ordnance was rammed with stone and chain,
 And they bore down on the night wind into the heart of Spain.
 It was Prowse and Young of Bideford who had the charge to steer,
 And a bow-shot from the Spanish lines they fired them with a cheer,
 Dropped each into his pinnace—it was deftly done and well—
 And on the tide set shoreward they loosed the floating hell!
 Oh then were cables severed, then rose a panic cry
 To every saint in heaven, that shook the reddened sky!
 And some to north and some to south, like a herd of bulls set free,
 With sails half set and cracking spars they staggered out to sea:

But we lay still in order and ringed them as they came,
And scared the cloudy dawning with thunder and with flame.
The North Sea fleet came sailing down, our ships grew more and more,
As Winter charged their severed van and drove their best on shore.
The Flemish boors came out to loot, and up the Holland dykes
The windmills stopped, the burghers marched with muskets and with pikes;
So we chased them through the racing sea and banged them as they went,
And some we sank, and boarded some, till all our shot was spent;
Till we had no food nor powder, but only the will to fight,
And the shadows closed about us and we lost them in the night.
The white sea-horses sniffed the gale and climbed our sides for glee,
And rocked us and caressed us and danced away to lee.
Now rest you, men of England, for the fight is lost and won,
The God of Storms will do the rest, and grimly it was done!
Far north, far north on wings of death those scattered galleys steer
Towards the rock-bound islands, the Scottish headlands drear;
And the fishers of the Orkneys shall reap a golden store,
And Irish kernes shall strip the dead tossed up their rocky shore.
Long, long the maids of Aragon may watch and wait in vain,
The boys they sent for dowries will never come again.
Deep, fathom deep their lovers sleep beneath an alien wave,
And not a foot of English land, not even for a grave!
But it's Ah for the childless mothers! and Ah for the widowed maids!
And the sea-weed, not the myrtle, twined round their rusting blades!

But we sailed back in triumph, our banner floating free,
Our lion-banner in the gale,—the masters of the sea!
The waves did battle for us, the winds were on our side,
The God of the just and unjust hath humbled Philip's pride.
Henceforth shall no man bind us: where'er the salt tides flow
Our sails shall take the sea-breeze, the oaks of England go!
And every isle shall know them, and every land that lies
Beyond the bars of sunset, the shadows of sunrise.
Henceforth, oh Island England, be worthy of thy fate,
And let thy new-world children revere thee wise and great!
Sit throned on either ocean and watch thy sons increase,
And keep the seas for freedom and hold the lands for peace!
Thy fleets shall bear the harvest from all thy daughter-lands,
And o'er thy blue sea-highways the continents join hands.
But should some new intruder rise to bind the ocean's bride,
Should once thy wave-dominion be questioned or denied,
Then rouse thee from thy happy dream, go forth and be again
The England of our hero-sires who broke the might of Spain.

RENNELL RODD-

GASTON DE LATOUR.

CHAPTER III.

MODERNITY.

THE besieging armies disappeared like the snow, leaving city and suburb in all the hardened soilure of war and winter, which only the torrents of spring would carry away. And the spring came suddenly: it was pleasant, after that long confinement, to walk afar securely, through its early fervours. Gaston, too, went forth on his way home, not alone. Three chosen companions went with him, pledged to the old manor for months to come, its lonely ancient master welcoming readily the tread of youth about him.

The Triumvirate: so their comrades had been pleased to call the three; that term (delightful touch of classic colour on one's own trite but withal pedantic age) being then familiar, as the designation of three conspicuous agents on the political scene of the generation just departing. Only, these young Latinists went back for the associations of the word to its Roman original, to the three gallants of the distant time, rather than to those native French heroes—Montmorenci, Saint-André, Guise—too close to them to seem really heroic. Mark Antony, knight of Venus, of Cleopatra; shifty Lepidus: bloody, yellow-haired Augustus, so worldly and so fine: you might find their mimic semblance, more easily than any suggestions of that threadbare triad of French adventurers, in the unfolding manhood of Jasmin, Amadée, and Camille.

They had detached themselves by an irresistible natural effectiveness from the surface of that youthful scholastic world around the throne of Chartres, carrying its various aptitudes as if to a perfect triple flower; restless Ama-

dée de l'Autrec, who was to be a soldier, dazzled early into dangerous, rebellious paths by the iron ideal of the soldiers of "the religion," and even now fitting his blond prettiness to airs of Huguenot austerity; Camille Pontdormi, who meant to be a lawyer in an age in which certain legists had asserted an audacity of genius after a manner very captivating to youth with any appetite for predominance over its fellows—already winsomely starched a little amid his courtly finery of garb, and manner, and phrase; Jasmin de Villebon, who hardly knew what he meant to be except perhaps a poet—himself, certainly, a poem for any competent reader. Vain, yes! a little, and mad, said his companions, of course, with his clinging, exigent, lover's ways. It was he who had led the others on this visit to Gaston de Latour. Threads to be cut short, one by one, before his eyes, the three would cross and recross, gaily, pathetically, in the tapestry of Gaston's years, and, divided far asunder afterwards, seemed at this moment, moving there before him in the confidential talk he could not always share, inseparably linked together, like some complicated pictorial arabesque, under the common light of their youth, and of the morning, and of their sympathetic understanding of the visible world.

So they made their way under the rows of miraculous white thorn-blossom, and through the green billows at peace just then, though the war still blazed or smouldered along the southern banks of the Loire and far beyond, and it was with a delightful sense of peril, of prowess attested in the facing of it, that they passed from time to time half-ruined or deserted farm-buildings where the remnants of

the armies might yet be lingering. It was Jasmin, poetic Jasmin, who in giving Gaston the book he now carried ever ready to hand, had done him perhaps the best of services, for it had proved the key to a new world of seemingly boundless intellectual resources, and yet with a special closeness to visible or sensuous things: the scent and colour of the field-flowers, the amorous business of the birds, the flush and re-fledging of the black earth itself in that fervent springtide, which was therefore unique in Gaston's memory. It was his intellectual springtide; as people look back to a physical spring, which for once in ten or fifteen years, for once in a lifetime, was all that spring could be.

The book was none other than Pierre de Ronsard's "Odes," with "Mignonne! allons voir si la Rose," and "The Skylark" and the lines to April—itsself verily like nothing so much as a jonquil, in its golden-green binding and yellow edges and perfume of the place where it had lain—sweet, but with something of the sickness of all spring flowers since the days of Proserpine. Just eighteen years old, and the work of the poet's own youth, it took possession of Gaston with the ready intimacy of one's equal in age, fresh at every point; and he experienced what it is the function of contemporary poetry to effect anew for sensitive youth in each succeeding generation. The truant and irregular poetry of his own nature, all in solution there, found an external and authorized mouth-piece, ranging itself rightfully, as the latest achievement of human soul in this matter, with the consecrated poetic voices of the past. Poetry! Hitherto it had seemed hopelessly chained to the bookshelf, like something in a dead language, "dead and shut up in reliquaries of books," or like those relics "one may only see through a little pane of glass," as one of its recent "liberators" had said. Sure, apparently, of its own "niche in the temple of Fame," the recognized

poetry of literature had had the pretension to defy or discredit, as depraved and irredeemably vulgar, the poetic motions in the living genius of to-day. Yet the genius of to-day, extant and forcible, the wakeful soul of present time consciously in possession, would assert its poetic along with all its other rights; and in regard to the curiosity, the intellectual interest, of Gaston, for instance, it had of course the advantage of being close at hand, with the effectiveness of a personal presence. Studious youth, indeed, on its mettle about "scholarship," though actually of listless humour among books that certainly stirred the past, makes a docile act of faith regarding the witchery, the thaumaturgic powers, of Virgil, or may we say of Shakespeare? Yet how faint and dim, after all, the sorrows of Dido, of Juliet, the travail of Æneas, beside quite recent things felt or done—stories which, floating to us on the light current of to-day's conversation, leave the soul in a flutter! At best, poetry of the past could move one with no more directness than the beautiful faces of antiquity which are not here for us to see and unaffectedly love them. Gaston's demand (his youth only conforming to pattern therein) was for a poetry as veritable, as intimately near, as corporeal, as the new faces of the hour, the flowers of the actual season. The poetry of mere literature, like the dead body, could not bleed, while there was a heart, a poetic heart, in the living world, which bled, cried, wept, spoke with irresistible power. Elderly people, Virgil in hand, might assert professionally that the contemporary age, an age, of course, of little people and things, deteriorate since the days of their own youth, must necessarily be unfit for poetic uses. But then youth, too, had its perpetual part to play, protesting that, after all said, the sun in the air, and in its own veins, was still found to be hot, still begetting upon both alike flowers and fruit, nay! visibly new flowers, and fruit richer than ever. Privately, in

fact, Gaston, had conceived of a poetry more thaumaturgic than could be anything of earlier standing than himself. The age renews itself; and in immediate derivation from it a novel poetry also grows superb and large, to fill a certain mental situation made ready in advance. Yes! the acknowledged, and, so to call it, legitimate, poetry of literature was but a thing he might sip at like some sophisticated rarity in the way of wine, for example, pleasing the acquired taste. It was another sort of poetry, unexpressed, perhaps inexpressible, certainly not hitherto made known in books that must drink up and absorb him, like the joyful air,—him, and the earth, with its deeds, its flowers, and faces.

In such condition of mind, how deeply, delightfully, must the poetry of Ronsard and his fellows have moved him when he became aware, as from age to age inquisitive youth by good luck does become aware, of the literature of his own day, confirming—more than confirming—anticipation! Here was a poetry which boldly assumed the dress, the words, the habits, the very trick, of contemporary life, and turned them into gold. It took possession of the lily in one's hand, and projecting it into a visionary distance, shed upon the body of the flower the soul of its beauty. Things were become at once more deeply sensuous and more deeply ideal. As at the touch of a wizard, something more came into the rose than its own natural blush. Occupied so closely with the visible, this new poetry had so profound an intuition of what can only be felt, and maintained that mood in speaking of such objects as wine, fruit, the plume in the cap, the ring on the finger. And still that was no dubious or generalised form it gave to flower or bird, but the exact pressure of the jay at the window; you could count the petals, of the exact natural number; no expression could be too faithful to the precise texture of things; words, too, must embroider, be twisted and spun, like silk or golden hair. Here

were real people, in their real delightful attire, and you understood how they moved; the visible was more visible than ever before, just because soul had come to its surface. The juice in the flowers, when Ronsard named them, was like wine or blood. It was such a coloured thing; though the grey things also, the cool things, all the fresher for the contrast—with a freshness, again, that seemed to touch and cool the soul—found their account there: the clangorous passage of the birds at night foretoking rain, the moan of the wind at the door, the wind's self made visible over the yielding corn.

It was thus Gaston understood the poetry of Ronsard, generously expanding it to the full measure of its intention. That poetry, too, lost its thaumaturgic power in turn and become mere literature in exchange for life, partly in the natural revolution of poetic taste, partly for its faults. Faults and all Gaston loyally accepted it; those faults—the lapse of grace into affectation, of learning into pedantry, of exotic fineness into a trick—counting with him as but the proof of faith to its own dominant positions. They were but characteristics, needing no apology with the initiated, or welcome even, as savouring of the master's peculiarities of perfection. He listened, he looked round freely, but always now with the ear, the eye, of his favourite poet. It had been a lesson, a doctrine, the communication of an art—the art of placing the pleasantly æsthetic, the welcome elements of life at an advantage in one's view of it till they seemed to occupy the entire surface: and he was sincerely grateful for an undeniable good service. And yet the gifted poet seemed but to have spoken what was already in his own mind, what he had longed to say, had been just going to say: so near it came that it had the charm of a discovery of one's own. That was an illusion, perhaps: it was because the poet told one so much about himself, making so free a dia-

play of what though personal was very contagious, of his love secrets especially, how love and nothing else filled his mind. He was in truth but "love's secretary," noting from hour to hour its minutely changing fortunes. Yes! that was why visible, audible, sensible things glowed so brightly, why there was such luxury in sounds, words, rhythms, of the new light come on the world, of that wonderful freshness. With a masterly appliance of what was near and familiar, or in the way of bold innovation, he found new words for perennially new things, and the novel accent awakened long-slumbering associations. Never before had words, single words, meant so much. What expansion, what liberty of heart, in speech: how associable to music, to singing, the written words! He sang of the lark, and it was the lark's voluble self. The physical beauty of humanity lent itself to every object, animate or inanimate, to the very hours and lapses and changes of time itself. An almost burdensome fulness of expression haunted the gestures, the very dress, the personal ornaments, of the people on the highway. Even Jacques Bonhomme at his labour, or idling for an hour, borrowed from his love, homely as it was, a touch of dignity or grace, and some secret of utterance, which made one think of Italy or Greece. The voice of the shepherd calling, the chatter of the shepherdess turning her spindle, seemed to answer, or wait for answer—to be fragments of love's communing.

It was the power of "modernity," as renewed in every successive age for genial youth, protesting, defiant of all sanction in these matters, that the true "classic" must be of the present, the force and patience of present time. He had felt after the thing, and here it was—the one irresistible poetry there had ever been, with the magic word spoken in due time, transforming his own age and the world about him, its every-day touch, the very trick one knew it by being presented now as an additional grace, asserting the latent

poetic rights of the transitory, the fugitive, the contingent. Poetry need no longer mask itself in the habit of a bygone day: Gaston could but pity the people of bygone days for not being above ground to read. Here was a discovery, a new faculty, a privileged apprehension, to be conveyed in turn to one and another, to be propagated for the imaginative regeneration of the world. It was a manner, a habit of thought, which would invade ordinary life and mould that to its view. In truth, all the world was already aware and delighted. The "school" was soon to pay the penalty of that immediate acceptance, that intimate fitness to the mind of its own time, by sudden and profound neglect, as a thing preternaturally tarnished and tame, like magic youth, or magic beauty, turned by magic's own last word into withered age. But then, to the liveliest spirits of that time it had seemed nothing less than "impeccable," after the manner of the great sacred products of the past, though in a living tongue. Nay! to Gaston for one, the power of old classic poetry itself was explained by the reflex action of the new, and might seem to justify its pretensions at last.

From the poem fancy wandered to the poet, and curious youth would fain see the writer in person—what a poet was like, with anxious surmises, this way and that, as to the degree in which the precious mental particles might be expected to have wrought up the outward presence to their own high quality. A creature of the eye, in this case at least, the spiritual hold on him being what it was, Gaston had no fear of disillusion. His poetic readings had borrowed an additional relish from the genial, companionable manner of his life at this time, taking him into the remotest corners of the vast level land, and its outer ring of blue uplands, amid which, as he rode one day with "the three," towards perfectly new prospects, he had chanced on some tangible rumour of the great

poet's present abode. The hill they had mounted at leisure, in talk with a village priest, dropped suddenly upon a vague tract of wood and pasture with a dark ridge beyond towards the south-west; and the black notch, which broke its outline against the mellow space of evening light, was the steeple of the priory of Croix-val, of which reverend body Pierre de Ronsard, although a layman, was, by special favour of King Charles, superior.

Though a formal peace was come, though the primary movers of war had taken hands or kissed each other, and were exchanging suspicious courtesies, yet the unquiet temper of war was still abroad everywhere with an after-crop of miserable incidents. The captainless national and mercenary soldiers were become in large numbers thieves or beggars, and the peasant's hand sank back to the tame labour of the plough reluctantly. Relieved a little by the sentimental humour of the hour, lending, as Ronsard prompted, a poetic and always amorous interest to everything around him, poor Gaston's very human soul was vexed at the spectacle of the increased hardness of human life, with certain misgivings from time to time at the contrast of his own luxurious tranquillity. The homeless woman suckling her babe at the roadside, the grey-beard hasting before the storm, the tattered fortune-teller who, when he shook his head at her proposal to "read his hand," assured him (perhaps with some insight into his character) "You do that"—you shake your head negatively—"too much":—these, and the like, might count as fitting human accidents in an impassioned landscape picture. And his new imaginative culture had taught him to value "surprises" in nature itself, the quaint, exciting charm of the mistletoe in the wood, of the blossom before the leaf, the cry of passing birds at night: nay! the most familiar details of nature, its daily routine of light and darkness, beset him now

with a kind of troubled and troubling eloquence. The rain, the first streak of dawn, the very sullenness of the sky, had a power only to be described by saying that they seemed to be moral facts.

On his way at last to gaze on the abode of the new hero or demigod of poetry, Gaston perceives increasingly as another excellence of his verse, how truthful, how close it was to the minute fact of the scene around, as there are pleasant wines which, expressing the peculiar quality of their native soil, lose their special pleasantness away from home. The physiognomy of the scene had changed: the plain of La Beauce had ruffled itself into low green hills and gently winding valleys, with clear, quick water and fanciful patches of heath and woodland. Here and there a secular oak tree maintained a solitude around it. It was the district of the "little river Loir"—the Vendomois; and here, in its own country, the new poetry, notwithstanding its classic elegance, might seem a native wild flower, modest enough. He came riding with his companions towards evening along the road which had suddenly abandoned its day-long straightness for wanton curves and ascents; and there, as an owl cried softly on the wing, beyond the tops of the spreading poplars was the west front, silver-grey and quiet, inexpressibly quiet, with it worn, late-gothic "flamings" from top to bottom, as full of reverie to Gaston's thinking as the enchanted castle in a story-book. The village lay thinly scattered around the wide, grass-grown space; below was the high espaliered garden-wall, and within it, visible through the open doors, a gaunt figure, hook-nosed, like a wizard, at work with the spade, too busily to turn and look. Or was it that he did not hear at all the question repeated thrice:—Could one see his reverence the Prior, at least in his convent church? "You see him!" was the answer, as a face, all nerve, distressed nerve, turned upon them not

unkindly, the vanity of the great man aware and pleasantly tickled. The unexpected incident had quickened a prematurely aged pulse, and in reward for their good service the young travellers were bidden carry their equipment, not to the village inn, but to the guest-chamber of the half-empty priory. The eminent man of letters, who had been always an enthusiastic gardener, though busy just now, not with choice flowers, but with salutary kitchen stuff, working indeed with much effort to counteract the gout, was ready enough in his solitude to make the most of chance visitors, especially youthful ones. A bell clanged: he laid aside the spade, and casting an eye at the whirling weather vanes announced that it would snow. There had been no "sunset." They had travelled away imperceptibly out of genial afternoon into a world of ashen evening.

The enemies of the lay Prior, satirists literary and religious, falsely made a priest of him, a priest who should have sacrificed a goat to pagan Bacchus. And in truth the poet, for a time a soldier, and all his life a zealous courtier, had always been capable, as a poet should be, of long-sustained meditation, adapting himself easily enough to the habits of the "religious", following attentively the choir services in the church, of which he was a generous benefactor, and to which he presently proceeded for vespers and matins. Gaston and the three sat among the Brethren, tempting curious eyes, in the stalls of the half-lighted choir, while in purple cope and jaunty biretta the lay Prior assisted, his *confidentiaire*, or priestly substitute, officiating at the altar. The long, sad, Lenten office over, an invitation to supper followed, for Ronsard still loved in his fitful retirements, at one or another of his numerous benefices, to give way to the chance recreation of flattering company, and these gay lads' enthusiasm for his person was obvious. And as for himself, the great poet, with

his bodily graces and airs of court, had always possessed the gift of pleasing those who encountered him.

The snow was falling now in big, slow flakes, a great fire blazing under the chimney, its cipher and enigmatic motto, as they sat down to the leek soup, the hard eggs, and the salad grown and gathered by their host's own hands. The long stone passages through which they passed from church, with the narrow brown doors of the monks' dormitories one after another along the white-washed wall, made the coqueties of the Prior's own distant apartment all the more reassuring. You remembered that from his ninth year he had been the pet of princesses, the favourite of kings. Upon the cabinets, chests, book-cases, around, were ranged the *souvenirs* received from various royal persons, including three kings of France, the fair Queen of Scots, Elizabeth of England; and the conversation fell to, and was kept going by the precious contents of the place where they were sitting, the books printed and bound as they have never been before—books which meant assiduous study, the theory of poetry always accompanying its practice—delicate things of art which beauty had handled or might handle, the pictured faces on the walls, in their frames of reeded ebony or jewelled filigree. There was the Minerva decreed him at a conference of the elegant, pedantic "Jeux Floraux," which had proclaimed Pierre de Ronsard "prince of poets". The massive silver image Ronsard had promptly offered to his patron King Charles; but in vain, for though so greatly in want of ready money that he melted down church ornaments and exacted "black" contributions from the clergy, one of the things in which Charles had ever been sincere was a reverence for literature. So there it stood, doing duty for Our Lady, with gothic crown and a fresh sprig of consecrated box, bringing the odd, enigmatic physiognomy preferred by the art of that day within the sphere

of religious devotion. The King's manuscript, declining, in verse really as good as Ronsard's, the honour not meant for him, might be read attached to the pedestal. The ladies of his own verse, Marie, Cassandra, and the rest, idols one after another of a somewhat artificial and for the most part unrequited love, from the Angevine maiden—*La peti'e pucelle Angevine*—who had vexed his young soul by her inability to yield him more than a faint Platonic affection, down to Helen, to whom he had been content to propose no other, gazed, more impassably than ever, from the walls. They might have been sisters, those many successive loves, or one and the same lady over and over again, in slightly varied humour and attire, perhaps at the different intervals of some rather lengthy, mimetic masque of love, to which the theatrical dress of that day was appropriate, for the mannered Italian or Italianized artists, including the much-prized, native Janet, with his favourite water-green backgrounds, aware of the poet's predilection, had given one and all the same brown eyes and tender eyelids and golden hair and somewhat ambered paleness, varying only the curious artifices of their attire—knots and nets and golden spider-work and clear flat stones. Dangerous guests in that simple, cloistral place, Sibyls of the Renaissance on a mission from Italy to France, to Gaston one and all seemed under the burden of some weighty message concerning a world unknown to him, the stealthy lines of cheek and brow contriving to express it, while the lips and eyes only smiled, not quite honestly. It had been a learned love with undissembled "hatred of the vulgar". Three royal Margarets, much praised pearls of three succeeding generations (for to the curious in these objects purity is far from being the only measure of value) asserted charms a thought more frank, or French, though still gracefully pedantic, with their quaintly kerchiefed books—books of what?—in their pale hands.

Among the ladies, on the pictured wall as in life, were the poet's male companions, stirring memories of a more material sort, though their common interest had been poetry—memories of that "Bohemia" which even a prince of court poets had frequented when he was young, of his cruder youthful vanities. In some cases the date of death was inscribed below.

One there was among them, the youngest, of whose genial fame to come this experienced judge of men and books, two years before "St. Bartholomew's", was confident—a crowned boy, King Charles himself. Here, perhaps, was the single entirely disinterested sentiment of the poet's life, wholly independent of a long list of benefits, or benefices; for the younger had turned winsomely, appealingly, to the elder who, forty years of age, feeling chilly at the thought, had no son. And of one only of those companions did the memory bring a passing cloud. It was long ago, on a journey, that he had first spoken accidentally with Joachim du Bellay, whose friendship had been the great intellectual fortune of his life. For a moment one saw the encounter at the wayside inn, the broad, gay morning, a quarter of a century since; and there was the face—deceased at thirty-five. Pensive, plaintive, refined by sickness, of exceeding delicacy, it must from the first have been best suited to the greyness of an hour like this. To-morrow, where will be the snow?

The leader in that great poetic battle of the Pleiad, their host himself (he explained the famous device, and named the seven chief stars in the constellation) was depicted appropriately, in veritable armour, with antique Roman cuirass of minutely inlaid gold and flowered mantle, the crisp, ceremonial laurel wreath of the Roman conqueror lying on the audacious, over-developed brows, above the great hooked nose of practical enterprise. In spite of his pretension to the Epicurean's conquest of a kingly indifference of mind, the por-

trait of twenty years ago betrayed, not less than the living face with its roving, astonished eyes, the haggard soul of a haggard generation, whose eagerly-sought refinements had been after all little more than a theatrical make-believe—an age of wild people, of insane impulse, of homicidal mania. The sweet-souled songster had no more than others attained real calm in it. Even in youth nervous distress had been the chief facial characteristic. Triumphant, nevertheless, in his battle for Greek beauty—for the naturalisation of Greek beauty in the brown cloudlands of the North—he might have been thinking contemptuously of barking little Saint-Gelais, or of Monsieur Marot's packthread poems. He, for his part, had always held that poetry should be woven of delicate silk or fine linen, at least of good home-spun worsted.

To Gaston, touched by the influences of the place, for a moment the scene around seemed unreal: an exotic, embalming air, escaped from some old Greek or Roman pleasure-place, had turned the poet's workroom into a strange kind of private sanctuary, amid these rude conventual buildings, with the March wind aloud in the chimneys. Notwithstanding, what with the long day's ride, the keen evening, they had done justice to the monastic fare, the "little" wine of the country, the cream, the onions—fine Camille, and dainty Jasmin! and the poet turned to talk upon gardening, concerning which he could tell them a thing or two—of early salads, and those special apples the king loved to receive from him, *mille-fleurs* pippins, painted with a thousand tiny streaks of red, yellow, and green. A dish of them came to table now, with a bottle, at the right moment, from the darkest corner of the cellar. And then in nasal voice, well-trained to Latin intonation, giving a quite mediæval amplitude to the poet's sonorities of rhythm and vocabulary, the Sub-prior was bidden to sing, after the notation of Goudimel, the "Elegy

of the Rose," the author girding cheerily at the clerkly man's assumed ignorance of such compositions.

It was but a half-gaiety, in truth, that awoke in the poet even now, with the singing and the good wine, as the notes echoed windily along the passages. On his forty-sixth year the unaffected melancholy of his later life was already gathering. The dead!—he was coming to be on their side. The fact came home to Gaston that this evocator of "the eternally youthful" was visibly old before his time, his work being done, or centered now, for the most part, on amendments, not invariably happy, of his earlier verse. The little panelled drawers were full of them. The poet pulled out one, and as it stood open for a moment there lay the first book of the *Franciade*, in silken cover, white and gold, ready for the king's hands, but never to be finished.

Gaston, as he turned from that stolen reading of the opening verse, in jerky, feverish, gouty manuscript, to the writer, let out his soul perhaps; for the poet's face struck fire too, and seeming to detect on a sudden the legible document of something by no means conventional below the young man's well-controlled manner and expression, he became as if paternally anxious for his intellectual furtherance, and in particular for the addition of "manly power" to a "grace" of mind, obviously there already in due sufficiency. Would he presently carry a letter with recommendation of himself to Monsieur Michel de Montaigne? Linked they were, in the common friendship of the late Etienne de la Boetie yonder! Monsieur Michel could tell him much of the great ones—of the Greek and Latin masters of style. Let his study be in them! With what justice, by the way, had those Latin poets dealt with winter, and wintry charms, in their bland Italy! And just then, at the striking of a rickety great bell of the Middle Age, in the hands of a cowed brother, came the emblazoned grace-cup, with

which the Prior de Ronsard had enriched his "house", and the guests withdrew.

"Yesterday's snow" was nowhere, a surprising sunlight everywhere, through which, after gratefully bidding adieu to the great poet, almost on their knees for a blessing, our adventurers returned home. Gaston, intently pondering as he lingered behind the others, was aware that this new poetry, which seemed to have transformed his whole nature into half-sensuous imagination, was the product not of one or more individual writers, but (it might be in the way of a response to their challenge) a general direction of men's minds, a delightful "fashion" of the time. He almost anticipated our modern idea, or platitude, of the *Zeit-geist*. A social instinct was involved in the matter, and loyalty to an intellectual movement. As its leader had himself been the first to suggest, the actual authorship belonged not so much to a star as to a constellation, like that hazy Pleiad he had pointed out in the sky, or like the swarm of larks abroad this morning over the corn, led by a common instinct, a large element in which was sympathetic trust in the instinct of others. Here, truly, was a doctrine to propagate, a secret open to every one who would learn, towards a new management of life—nay! a new religion, or at least a new worship, maintaining and visibly setting forth a single overpowering apprehension.

The worship of physical beauty, a religion the proper faculty of which would be the bodily eye! Looked at in this way, some of the well-marked characteristics of the poetry of the Pleiad assumed a hieratic, almost an ecclesiastical air. That rigid correctness, that gracious unction as of the mediæval Latin psalmody, that aspir-

ing fervour, that jealousy of the profane "vulgar", the sense, flattering to one who was in the secret, that this thing, even in its utmost triumph, could never be really popular:—why were these so welcome to him but from the continuity of early mental habit? He might renew the overgrown tonsure, and wait, devoutly, rapturously, in this goodly sanctuary of earth and sky about him, for the manifestation, at the moment of his own worthiness, of flawless humanity, in some undreamed-of depth and perfection of the loveliness of bodily form.

And therewith came the consciousness, no longer of bad-neighbourship between what was old and new in his life, but of incompatibility between two rival claimants upon him, of two ideals. Might that new religion be a religion not altogether of goodness, a profane religion, in spite of its poetic fervours? There were "flowers of evil" among the rest. It came in part, avowedly, as a kind of consecration of evil, and seemed to give it the beauty of holiness. Rather, good and evil were distinctions inapplicable in proportion as these new interests made themselves felt. For a moment, amid casuistical questions as to one's indefeasible right to liberty of heart, he saw himself very far gone from the choice, the consecration, of his boyhood, and somewhat wearily. If he could but get rid of that altogether! Or if that would but speak with irresistible decision and effect! Was there perhaps, somewhere, in some penetrative mind in this age of novelties, some scheme of truth, some science about men and things, which might perhaps harmonise for him his earlier and later preference, "the sacred and the profane love", or, failing that, establish to his pacification the exclusive supremacy of the latter?

WALTER PATER.

(To be continued.)

GIBRALTAR.

"Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
 'Here, and here did England help me; how can I help England?' say!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

GIBRALTAR is an excellent type of those possessions of the British crown which are of the essence of our claim to be an imperial nation. There is—even in these days of rampant British civilianism, proud of its defencelessness and full of pity for the strong man armed—no small familiarity with the name and geographical position of the great fortress. How indeed could it be otherwise? Its name and badges are the boast of our sister services.¹ But this familiarity is, as a rule, wholly uninformed, and cannot distinguish between fact and fiction. Some have an uncomfortable idea that the Rock, whatever its subsequent glories, was virtually filched from Spain by England whilst the two countries were in alliance. Others, whose consciences are less prone to ache for the alleged misdeeds of their ancestors, hold that the general growth of French dominion in North Africa, the seizure in particular of Tunis, and the new possibilities which were opened together with the Suez Canal, have almost deprived Gibraltar of its military value. Others again cherish a venerable but mistaken impression that the Rock is virtually the gate of the Mediterranean, and that its guns com-

mand the Straits from shore to shore. In these views half-truths and whole-untruths are jumbled up together. At this time—a time eminently suitable for taking stock of the strength and weakness of our imperial position—a very succinct statement of facts concerning Gibraltar will hardly be out of place.

The Rock of Gibraltar is a peninsula about three miles in length and about seven in circumference. It hangs, nearly due north and south, from the mainland of Andalusia towards the African shore, just as a bunch of grapes hangs from a vine-branch. In this figure, the stalk of the bunch is represented by the "North Front" territory, belonging to Gibraltar, and by the "Neutral Ground" beyond it, which comprise together about one mile of low sandy soil, and run from the northern foot of the Rock to the Spanish lines at the town of Linea de la Concepcion. The Neutral Ground has a breadth of about three-quarters of a mile between the Bay of Gibraltar on the west and the Mediterranean on the east. The town lies on the bay-side of the Rock, which rises above it to a maximum height of one thousand four hundred feet, and presents an inaccessible cone or peak towards the Spanish territory to the north. From this cone a long ridge of varying height runs southward, and ends with a sudden drop to a level of only one hundred feet at Europa Point, its southern extremity. Gibraltar Bay is about five miles across, and its limits are marked to the south-east by Europa Point, and to the south-west by the Punta del Carnero, on

¹ The "Castle and Key," the word "Gibraltar," and the motto "Montis insignia Calpe," are borne by the Suffolk, Dorset, Essex, and Northamptonshire Regiments of Foot. The word "Gibraltar" is borne by the Royal Marines. Our first permanent Artillery train was fitted out for service at Gibraltar in 1704. Lastly, the formation in 1772 of the Gibraltar Company of Military Artificers, was the decisive step towards the establishment of our corps of Royal Engineers. See Captain Perry's "Rank and Badges," 2nd edition, pp. 259, 139-141.

the Spanish shore, which runs considerably further south. Due north of Carnero Point lies the fortified town of Algeciras, exactly opposite Gibraltar. The limits of British jurisdiction outside the actual Rock are as follows :—From the Landport Gate (called “Puerta de Tierra” by the Spaniards) the North Front territory stretches for about half a mile to the British lines, which the Neutral Ground, also half a mile in length, separates from those of the Spaniards. The North Front contains the huts of the North Front guard, the cemetery, exercise-ground, and rifle-ranges of the garrison, the kennels of the Calpe hounds, and numerous departmental buildings. So much for the extent of British jurisdiction on land. At sea and in the Bay three marine miles radiating all round the Rock of Gibraltar are recognized as British waters. From Europa Point, already mentioned, to the nearest point on the African coast the Straits are about twelve miles in breadth.

No very accurate idea could be gained from a mere description of the fortifications which have been held against so many of England’s enemies. Suffice it to say that the main batteries lie on the north, west and south sides of the Rock. The eastern side is considered inaccessible, though we believe that new defences have recently been added to this part of the Rock also. The term “impregnable” is one which each successive development of artillery calls in question.

Such, in brief, are the main features of this strong place of arms, the capture of which was England’s first great bid for empire in the modern sense of the word. It was the prize of the first stunning blow delivered in that long naval and colonial duel with France which succeeded our earlier rivalries with the Spaniards and the Dutch. From August, 1704, to June, 1815, that struggle was carried on by Peterborough and Stanhope in Spain, by Marlborough in Germany and Belgium, by Clive and

Coote in India, by Wolfe and Amherst in Canada, by Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and by our sailors in every known sea. Since 1815 the struggle has been continued by nominally peaceful means, but it has repeatedly brought us to the verge of war.

And now as to the circumstances of the capture of Gibraltar. We must go back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Charles the Second, the last Austrian King of Spain, had died without issue in 1700. His vast empire was on the point of breaking up, and all Europe was disturbed by events unparalleled in importance since the dissolution of the Macedonian Empire at the death of Alexander. The warlike ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth was already the common danger of England and the Continental world. The much-debated will of Charles the Second, who styled himself therein for the last time King of Gibraltar, had now declared Philip, Duke of Anjou and grandson of Lewis the Fourteenth, to be King of Spain. That prince had taken possession of his kingdom in January, 1701. His grandfather had sped him with the ominous words, “Henceforth there will be no Pyrenees!” Europe was thus informed that Spain had become a French province. All doubts on the subject were set at rest by certain Letters Patent dated at Versailles in December, 1700, wherein Lewis expressly reserved to his grandson, Philip, the right of succession to the Crown of France, although he was already King of Spain. Meanwhile the Emperor Leopold denounced the late King’s will, and prepared to secure the immediate succession to the Spanish Crown of his son, the Archduke Charles, who was under the will only a reversioner. Such was the situation with which England, sick to death of the French patronage so gratefully accepted by her Stuart kings, and fired by the wise and patriotic policy of William the Third, had to deal. Before William’s death in 1702, an impor-

tant treaty was signed between England, the States-General of Holland, and the Emperor. The signatories agreed to form an offensive and defensive alliance against France, and, in particular, to prevent the union of the French and Spanish Crowns, and to maintain the claims of the Archduke Charles to the Spanish succession. To these ends each power was to occupy for its own behoof and for the better repression of France certain fragments of the ruinous Spanish Empire. England in her capacity as a maritime power was to occupy Gibraltar, Minorca, Ceuta, and a third part of the Spanish Indies. This treaty was confirmed by Queen Anne upon her accession. The Duke of Ormond soon made an unsuccessful attempt on the three Mediterranean fortresses. In May, 1704, Queen Anne issued her formal declaration of war against Lewis the Fourteenth, stating (*inter alia*) that he had seized the greater part of the Spanish dominions, that he was in possession of the entry to the Mediterranean, and so threatened the security of navigation, and lastly, that he had recognized the Pretender ("le prétendu Prince de Galles") as King of Great Britain and Ireland.¹ In July, 1704, a fleet under Admiral Rooke and Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt passed the Straits and attacked Barcelona, but were beaten off by Velasco, the brave Viceroy of Catalonia who held the town for King Philip. After this failure the allies retired to Tetuan Bay, on the Moorish coast, where Nelson, a century later, "stopped to think" before Trafalgar. They debated whether to make their next attempt on Ceuta, Cadiz, or Gibraltar. The fortifications of the last place had been repaired and extended since 1540, when the town was sacked by the fleet of Barbarossa, Dey of Algiers. But Admiral Rooke now learnt that the garrison consisted of a mere handful of men. He sailed for the Rock at once, and

¹ "Corps Diplomatique du Droit des Gens," tome viii. p. 115. A la Haye, 1731.

on August 4th, 1704 (July 24th, Old Style), it fell after a short but very desperate resistance. Prince George ran up the imperial standard, but Admiral Rooke replaced it at once by the British flag, and the English, says Ayala,¹ "took possession of the place in the name of Queen Anne, in accordance with the Treaty of London, which assigned to them the three ports of Gibraltar, Minorca, and Ceuta." The entire Spanish population left their homes for ever, to the eternal honour of their loyalty, and settled in the three neighbouring towns of San Roque, Algeciras, and Los Barrios. Very honourable terms were granted to them. But with "Frenchmen and subjects of the Most Christian King" it was different. A special article of the Capitulation declared them prisoners of war and confiscated their goods. England was fully conscious who was her real enemy.

In his further comments on the capture Ayala asserts that the English, ever since the time of "the tyrant Cromwell," had kept their eye on Gibraltar, as a port of supreme convenience for their commerce with the Levant. It is possible that Admirals Blake and Montagu had learnt to value the place in the course of their operations against Tunis and Cadiz in 1655 and 1656, and had urged on Cromwell the general necessity of securing for England a footing in the Straits. Eight years later England gained such a footing at Tangier, which came to her with Charles the Second's Queen, Catherine of Braganza. But Tangier was abandoned in 1684, and after a lapse of twenty years England took and kept Gibraltar. The importance of the place was slowly recognized. Indeed, England's news from the Mediterranean in the year 1704 was of a chequered character. First, her fleet had been beaten at Barcelona; secondly, Gibraltar fell; thirdly, ten days later, Admiral Rooke unsuccessfully engaged

¹ "Historia de Gibraltar" (edition of 1782), p. 28.

the French fleet under the Comte de Toulouse; fourthly, Gibraltar, having fallen in August, was well-nigh recaptured by the Spaniards in October; lastly, Minorca was long considered a much more valuable acquisition. But in process of time Gibraltar gained a hold on the hearts of the English people which neither kings nor ministers could afford to ignore.

Of the war of the Spanish succession, it will be only necessary to say that in 1711 the Archduke Charles became Charles the Sixth of Germany, and abandoned Spain to his French rival. In July, 1713, the treaty of Utrecht, confirmed word for word by three subsequent treaties,¹ ceded Gibraltar and Minorca to England. Concerning Gibraltar, it was stipulated that if England should ever "grant, sell, or by any means alienate" it, Spain should be entitled to the first offer.

The main point to be observed here is that the capture and retention of Gibraltar was the one point scored against France in this war, the one set-off against the general success of her Bourbons in the Peninsula. It was not, as a pardonable national feeling in any Spaniard would maintain, primarily a blow directed against Spain. Spain had ceased to count as an independent factor. In the war of the Succession, Frenchmen and Spaniards were arrayed against other Spaniards, Germans, Dutchmen, and Englishmen. At Almanza, in 1707, a French army under Berwick, an Englishman, beat an Anglo-Dutch army under Galway, a French Huguenot.² The long and energetic reign of Charles the Third (1759-1788) which invested Spain with a transitory importance, was a struggle of one strong man against the apathy of an entire people. At the close of the eighteenth century she was once more under foreign patronage. Her alliances varied constantly, for, although her military assistance was

now of little value, her geographical position remained one of prime importance in the struggle against France. In 1805 we destroyed the Spanish and French fleets at Trafalgar. In 1808 we allied ourselves with Spain for the purpose of expelling the French from the country. Twice in the year 1811 did the beaten troops of the Spanish General Ballesteros take refuge under our guns at Gibraltar.

The coasts of Spain are familiar to yachtsmen and passengers on our English steamers. But the interior of the country is little known even to Englishmen, and the interior of the Spanish mind, especially as regards its views of the past history and present position of Spain, is practically unknown to them. We shall endeavour to lift a corner of the veil by commenting on a small book published at Malaga in 1884, and entitled "*Gibraltar. Ecos de la Patria.*" Its author, Don Antonio Fernandez y Garcia, is one of a group of republican propagandists who have devoted themselves to the double task of claiming Gibraltar from England and of undermining the Spanish monarchy. They have imported into their own lovely language the crude dog-Latin commonplaces of the French revolutionary style. Our old friends "*La Civilisation*," "*the Union of Nations*," Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity turn up at every corner. But in one point they are genuine Spaniards still—in their firm belief that Spain has never been under obligations to any foreign power, and least of all to England. We shall now consider in turn Don Antonio's theory of the capture of Gibraltar, his views of the status and claims of Spain, and his plans for the future. First, as regards the capture, he charges Admiral Rooke with threefold dishonesty. The Admiral, it appears, cheated first Spain in the abstract, then the French king whom Spain had accepted, and lastly the Austrian king, whom Spain had refused, by pulling down his flag and hoisting that of England. Not a word of the state of Europe, or of the

¹ Those of Seville in 1729, of Paris in 1763, and of Versailles in 1783.

² Henri, Marquis de Ruigny, created Earl of Galway by William the Third in 1697.

treaty of 1702. Further, our author sees nothing in the course of history since 1704 which could justify England even for military reasons in retaining the Rock. The very climax of absurdity is reached in his demand why England should keep a place which is not (as he pays us the unconscious compliment of assuming) to serve as a base for future annexations in Andalusia. Had a French force secured the Rock in 1704, the question would have been needless. All Andalusia would doubtless have passed under direct or indirect French rule.

History, as we have said, has had no lessons for our author. Our long eighteenth-century warfare with Spain and France, in America and India and on the high seas, in which failure on our part would have involved our extinction as a European Power, is passed over entirely, or with a vague reference to our abuse of the Right of Search. But what are the facts? We emerged from that struggle victorious, but not unscathed. On the one hand an Anglo-Saxon Republic was formed out of the revolted colonies which had been our pride since Elizabeth's reign. On the other hand we took Canada and India from France, and many places besides Gibraltar from Spain. These conquests are now members incorporate of our Empire, to be detached only by superior force or inward decay. Descending to small points, Don Antonio accuses the English garrison of being bad neighbours and of making their presence as offensive as possible. Apart from a re-statement of the vexed tobacco-smuggling question, he has to rely on such nursery stories as these: A recruit in the Spanish lines being called bad names by some English soldiers (several hundred yards off!) bit his lip clean through, as it was necessary to vent his feelings somehow, and being, as all Spaniards seem to be, "a slave to his orders," he could not return railing for railing. All the facts are against such rubbish. Writing of the year 1774, Ayala says that up to the outbreak of the Ameri-

can war the English officers whilst hunting in Spain were received everywhere with open arms. The present members of the Calpe Hunt continue these traditions, and endow the Spanish farmer over a very wide area with liberal payments for more or less visionary damage to crops. One more point. It is highly improbable that the populations beyond the Spanish lines, who swarm into Gibraltar at the rate of three thousand a day to buy and sell in this excellent mart, cherish very hostile feelings toward *los Ingleses*. Would they hail the prospect of exchanging their present market for one controlled by their own lazy and corrupt officials, and choked with taxes and imposts of all kinds?

Lastly, Don Antonio accuses us of having seized, by a process of systematic encroachment, many points in Spanish territory beyond the limits ceded to us by the Treaty of Utrecht. "Some of these points," he naively adds, "are of real strategic importance." He appeals to the Tenth Article of the Treaty, which speaks as follows:—"The above-named propriety is ceded . . . without any territorial jurisdiction and without any open communication by land, with the country round about." Our author holds England to have precluded herself by these words from occupying a yard of ground beyond the land-ward gates of the place, and consequently claims as undoubted Spanish, or at least neutral territory, the whole of our North Front ground. But how does the same Tenth article of the Treaty define "the above-named propriety?" It is "the full and entire propriety of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications and forts thereunto belonging." Now these "fortifications and forts" are carefully distinguished from the Town and Castle, and were in fact various forts or batteries scattered all over the ground to the immediate north of the Rock, such as the well-known Devil's Tower and other works, some of which lie within the present Spanish lines. The specific

inclusion of such outlying points was demanded by the most ordinary military foresight. They had all been secured in earlier times as positions which no assailant of the fortress could be allowed to occupy unopposed. The small range of the cannon of those days accounts for the comparative nearness of these points. From the very date of the capture of the Rock these outposts were continually assailed by the Spaniards and defended by the garrison and the co-operating fleets. Brigadier Clayton, in a formal protest sent to the Spanish general on one of these occasions, claimed all the ground within cannon-shot (a very short distance in the year 1727) as part of Gibraltar. Not one of the outlying points in question was taken from us by the Treaty of Utrecht or by any of the various confirmatory treaties; consequently all ground occupied by the defenders in the process of defeating the repeated Franco-Spanish sieges of the place, and since retained, may be held to have become English by right of conquest like the Rock itself. We may add in conclusion that Her Majesty's Orders in Council distinctly recognize the existence of a territory of Gibraltar. The Order in Council of February 2nd, 1884, regulates the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Gibraltar "in the City, Garrison and Territory of Gibraltar."

Were a modern captor of the Rock settling the delimitation of its territory from that of Spain, he would certainly secure every point in the neighbourhood which convenience of situation or the range of modern guns might enable to be used as a base of attack. A considerable tract of country would thus be lost to Spain. The whole of the present Campo, or district of Gibraltar, to the north and west of the Rock, the entire bay, the towns of San Roque (six miles distant) of Algeciras (ten miles distant by land and five by water), and Los Barrios (twelve miles distant) would be annexed by the captors of Gibraltar. It is even unlikely that the

more distant fortress of Tarifa (twenty-four miles off, overland) would be spared.

The interest which attaches to rival interpretations of the Treaty of Utrecht is, however, mainly academical. It is not by that document, but by our good sword that we hold Gibraltar. Treaty or no treaty, Spain, or, what is much more probable, France, will take the place from us when we are no longer able to hold it.

Don Antonio next vindicates the rights of civilization at large against us. After stating an imaginary English argument that England at Gibraltar and Spain at Ceuta are in identical positions he exclaims, "No! At Ceuta Spain is rearing the sacred standard of civilization under which Humanity marches on to new conquests. There she makes war on hordes which are as yet uncivilized. But at Gibraltar England's flag is a symbol of the triumph of might over right, that is, of the triumph of barbarism in this modern world of ours."

Few Englishmen who have seen at Gibraltar a small delta of their own high orderliness and civilization, divided by an artificial line from the mediæval desert of Spanish sloth and decay, will read these lines without a smile. Touching Ceuta let us hear a Spanish witness. In March, 1885 (Don Antonio's book appeared in 1884), "*El Imparcial*," a leading paper in Madrid, recommended that the Spanish garrisons should be withdrawn from Ceuta, and from the other Spanish positions in Morocco, and that these places should be converted into honest trading communities, "so as to give the Moors a better idea of Spain than they could possibly get from the criminals composing the majority of Spaniards with whom they had hitherto come in contact."

Spanish immigrants, we may add, are the curse of every seaport town in Morocco. So much for the sacred standard of civilization! But this declamation is not entirely unpractical. Don Antonio proceeds bluntly to say

that whilst the British flag is at Gibraltar, Spain can never "develop her plans in Morocco." This is perfectly true, and this is one reason why the Moors have been our fast friends for two centuries. The fact that in France they have a new and most acquisitive neighbour has sufficed to bind them still closer to us. In the next fight for dominion in the Straits, this point should tell strongly in our favour.

When a serious Spanish writer assumes that Spain is at least England's equal in civilization, and has an equal claim to treat Morocco as a Dark Continent, one is entitled to ask a direct question. For even a modern Briton, scourged by the memory of places like Khartoum which England has deliberately restored to savagery and slave-dealing, may decline to admit the accuracy of the parallel. Is Spain then, in her southern half at least, a civilized nation in the English sense? Do African or European traits predominate in her inhabitants? Are they more laborious than the Moors, are they more enterprising or better educated, are their ideas concerning foreign countries and the relative position of their own country much less primitive? The question will not be answered by stating (truly we admit) that Spain is very much richer in able parliamentary orators and halfpenny newspapers. For she is also richer in beggars, the Andalusian being much less ashamed of asking alms than the Moor. But no foreigner would obtain an answer to this question, since Spaniards as a rule still justify Lord Mahon's description and "think it a point of honour to disguise their national calamities even from each other, as if successful measures could ever be concerted from false information!"

It is true that in other parts of his book Don Antonio forgets that his country is the standard-bearer of civilization in Morocco, and draws a harrowing picture of the poverty, backwardness and decay of Spain. He

tells his countrymen that unless all this is altered England will laugh at any demand for the restoration of Gibraltar. With the view of quickening their decision he draws up a list of tasks which they can and must accomplish before recovering the Rock. The list will repay perusal.

1. Spain must "wipe out the artificial frontiers" which separate her from Portugal.

2. She must effect a Latin Union, on a democratic basis, between Spain, Italy and France.

3. She must convert Ceuta, and the other Spanish positions in Africa, into humming marts of trade, which shall rob Gibraltar of all her commerce and "make the grass grow inside the place."

4. She must thoroughly develop the mineral and other resources of Spain, foster irrigation and agriculture, and adopt a thoroughly liberal commercial policy.

5. She must forswear pronunciamientos, revolutions, and the political conditions which enable fifteen or twenty recognized parties to differ in everything save a desire for office.

6. She must fortify and arm with the newest guns, Ceuta, Algeciras and any other point whence Gibraltar may be annoyed.

7. She must become, by adopting the foregoing measures, a mighty naval and commercial power whose enmity would be England's ruin.

"When we have realized this programme," says Don Antonio, "Spain will recover Gibraltar." We quite concur in this view.

Lengthy programmes, such as this, of reforms involving an entire change in the habits, genius and character of a people, and designed to secure a particular end, seem to possess a peculiar charm for nations belonging to the Latin race. Language exactly like this was heard in France after the disasters of 1870-71. The able editors of Paris proclaimed in chorus that the country had before it a plain and direct path towards *La Revanche*.

Frenchmen had but to determine to become hardy, moral, serious and modest, and then (i.e. when this entirely accessible ideal had been realized in the smallest possible number of years) they would recover Alsace and Lorraine by force of arms. "The word 'impossible' " virtually said these Mentors, "is unsuitable to French dictionaries. If France demands her provinces, and you can only recover them by dropping all the national weaknesses out of your natures, and adopting the best points in those of your Teutonic conquerors, why, you must drop the one and adopt the other." Many were such journalistic exhortations to provide France with hairs off the Great Cham's beard. One French army tried to secure a few in Tongking, but the famous beard remained intact.

Don Antonio betrays some consciousness that the unchanging aversion of Portugal to union with Spain is a greater disgrace to the latter than the loss, two centuries ago, of Gibraltar. He gives a slight turn to the question by accusing England of standing in the way of Iberian Unity by maintaining her flag on the Rock. Were that removed, he says, Portugal would also be unwilling to resist any longer. But how stand the authorities? Thiers said once, "The Portuguese are only Spaniards," but he added, "who hate other Spaniards." General Prim said in May, 1870, "We Spaniards have never had the pretension that the noble Portuguese people . . . should come to form part of the Spanish nation. We know it cannot be."

As regards the idea of a Latin Union, in which Spain, Italy, and France should combine to impose their will on England for the benefit of Spain, history is still more decisively adverse. Monarchical Italy, the friend and ally of England, may be left out of this consideration. But the dealings of France with Spain have ever been those of an invader or of a patron. As lately as the year 1870, France made a *casus belli* of the candi-

dature of a German Prince for the Spanish throne. France, as we have already said, was the country chiefly affected by the British capture of the Rock. It was accordingly a Frenchman, the Marquis de Nancré, who, in the name of a French Prince, the Regent Orleans, undertook, but in vain, to obtain the cession of Gibraltar in 1719 from George the First. In the various sieges of the Rock the French consistently claimed and obtained the foremost place. How did they work with the Spaniards? In the siege of October, 1704, the latter, who had scaled the eastern side of the Rock were, according to all Spanish historians, deliberately deserted by their French supports, and died to a man. Later on Villadarias, the Spanish commander, was superseded by a Frenchman, Marshal Tessé, and retired in dudgeon from the siege with many of his officers.

Stories exactly similar are told, and perfectly truly, by Spanish chroniclers of the sieges of 1727 and 1779-82. Making full allowance for the inherent Spanish tendency to thwart and spite an ally instead of co-operating with him against the common enemy, it is patent that the French considered all these struggles as matters between themselves and England, and held the Spaniards as mere pawns in the game. Were England to-day to surrender the Rock to Spain, how long would Spain hold it against France, already supreme in Algeria and Tunis, and pressing hard on Morocco? Would a people of seventeen millions, scattered over a very large peninsula, a people with what is (in spite of the native bravery of the men composing it) a third-rate military and naval force, be long able to hold both Ceuta and Gibraltar?

We disclaim the slightest *parti pris* against Spain. Indeed, the heavy task which the present Queen Regent of Spain, a daughter of one of the most illustrious of dynasties, is so bravely discharging is one to awake feelings of respect and sympathy. The halo of romance which sur-

rounds the past of Spain is still sufficiently vivid to prevent our looking too curiously into her present. But when the past relations of England, France, and Spain are appealed to, we must give romance the go-by and adhere to history.

Considerations such as the foregoing, which are but recognitions of various practical certainties, should put an end to discussions on the abstract comparative values to England, as fortresses, harbours, or coal-ing-stations of Gibraltar, Ceuta, Tangier, or Tarifa. Whatever the present importance of each of these places, any or all of them may change hands in the course of the next naval war. That France, for instance, will make a dash at Ceuta, is a moral certainty. It is easy enough to quote

“Wicquefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius;
And prove from Vattel,
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious,”

but in the uncertain future before us at least two things are very probable: that the race will be to the swift and that the hindmost will fare as usual. Let us carry back our minds to the spring of this year. Upon the very first rumours of the Moorish Sultan's illness, there was a kind of international race of ironclads to Tangier. And this in the piping times of peace!

Gibraltar, fortunately, we have: let us make the best of it, in preparation for new and troublesome neighbours in the Straits. Most periods of England's real or imaginary weakness have been marked by attacks on Gibraltar. When our American Colonies revolted in 1774, France aided them by land and sea and also joined Spain in the great siege of the Rock in 1779. Again, when we surrendered the fruits of the Crimean war to Russia in 1870, there sprang up at once a serious agitation for the further surrender of Gibraltar, an agitation for which certain leading Englishmen displayed a perverted enthusiasm.

Such, then, is our connection with Gibraltar. We hold it, legally, by four consecutive Treaties, but practically by force, as a principal buttress of our present position in the world as the first of maritime nations. When we lose that position, our presence at Gibraltar will lose its meaning also. Our footing in the Straits has little or nothing to do with the special relations between England and Spain. We maintain it because the trade that passes through the Straits is mainly British trade, and goes to countries which are and which we mean to keep under British rule. Even on the Suez Canal the ill-will and intrigues of its French managers have been powerless against the hard fact that the traffic of the Canal is our traffic, and that we are believed to be willing in the last resort to fight for its safe passage.

It is appropriate to our character as a maritime people that Gibraltar is best defended by the co-operation of the fortress with a fleet. In every siege of the place the comfort of the garrison has generally depended on the success or failure of a British fleet to preserve the command of the Straits. No modern guns could enable Gibraltar to sweep a passage twelve miles in breadth with their fire. Moreover the weather on these coasts is often so thick and misty that the very presence of a hostile squadron would remain unobserved. But, in ordinarily clear weather, a British fleet manœuvring from the Moorish shore towards the Rock could place any hostile ship between two fires.

Most arguments for abandoning Gibraltar have dealt with the place as it is now, with its antiquated works, its insufficient armament, its insecure anchorage, its crying need of an efficient breakwater and a first-rate naval dock, its unprotected coal-stores, and its crowded civil population. But little reference has been made to the transformation which might be worked by sagacious additions and alterations. The question of armament is indeed actually being

grappled with, though we fear that it will be easier for experts to specify the necessary guns than to secure their being made and mounted within any reasonable time. There is little doubt that the old-fashioned water-edge batteries for direct fire *à fleur d'eau* will be supplemented by others very highly-placed and armed with modern high-velocity guns. It will be the special function of the latter to direct a plunging or downward fire on the decks of an attacking fleet. Most modern iron-clads are built with the primary idea of their engaging ships, i.e., antagonists who have not the advantages of position enjoyed by shore-batteries on a height. Hence their decks are unarmoured or thinly armoured, and their main strength lies in their sides. Were a modern Duc de Crillon to challenge some modern Sir Roger Curtis to meet him "among the floating batteries" he would have to follow the precedent of 1782 and construct special ships for an attack on the Rock. They would need to be decked with impregnable armour and to carry guns capable of almost any degree of elevation, so as to deal adequately with the highest batteries of the defence. Lastly such ships would require speed and other sea-going qualities sufficient to meet the attack of a British fleet on their way to the siege.

The remaining difficulties, save one, may be overcome by spending money. The question of population is, however, much more serious. The civilians in Gibraltar now amount to twenty thousand, or ten times their number at the date of the last siege. It seems as if the military utility of the place could only be restored by some very

drastic measure, such as enforced migration to some new British acquisition on either shore of the Straits.

Such, we repeat, is Gibraltar, England's first link with the East. Is there indeed no more than a play of fancy in a suggestion lately made to us, that the ancient arms of the fortress consist of symbols deliberately chosen to represent its dominion over that Red Sea which leads us to India? How runs the original grant, confirmed by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1502? "The shield is divided into three parts or fields, and in the two upper thirds (which are to consist of a WHITE field) is a CASTLE on a golden plot. Between the Castle and the lower field is a BAR, to separate the same from the two upper thirds; and further, a golden KEY hangs by a CHAIN from the Castle, but so as to lie on the lower field, the colour of which is RED." Have we not here, with a sufficient observance of the true physical proportions¹ and positions, the WHITE field for the Mediterranean, and the smaller RED field below for the Red Sea? Does not the BAR stand for the then unpierced Isthmus of Suez? And, lastly, have we not in the KEY, which hangs across the Isthmus by a chain fastened to the CASTLE of Gibraltar, "but so as to lie on the RED field," the military command of the road to India? Let us accept the omen!

HAROLD A. PERRY.

¹ The white or upper field is twice the size of the red or lower field. The Mediterranean is two thousand three hundred miles in length; the Red Sea is one thousand three hundred and twenty.

CONFESSIONS OF A GARDENER.

THIS heading is more than equivocal on its face, for the writer can lay no claim to that title which of all others he covets most, that of a true gardener. Yet "Confessions of a person who would like to be a Gardener, but fears that he never will be," would take up too much space; and "Confessions of a young Gardener" suggests Captain Mayne Reid; so the title must be interpreted by the text. And it will be convenient for my purpose if I am allowed to use the word as applicable to all persons who even try to garden; even to that degraded wretch who is so mercilessly scourged by Canon Hole for buying a lot of rose-trees, ordering them to be planted exactly where he pleases, without reference to draught, soil, or shade, and then wonders why they "don't do." For all who have begun to try and learn the art of gardening, and who have arrived at that first painful, but necessary, stage of conviction of their own ignorance and incapability, will feel that the poor fellow was but, after all, a degree or two worse than themselves.

Yet there is another way of looking at it. We all know the story of the three classes of violin players. Now in one sense there are but two classes of gardeners—those who can and those who can't get flowers to grow. To some people the art seems to come naturally: to others no pains, no time, no money avail. I wish at once to disclaim condemnation of this latter class; and for the best of all possible reasons, because I feel myself more akin to it in some respects than even to the inferior members of the rival class: far more akin, indeed, than to those minions of Lady Flora who in a rood of smoky London garden, with an expenditure of about five shillings a

year, on a cold, sour clay soil and without visible personal attention, produce lovely clusters of the old Maiden's Blush rose. Such stand, indeed, upon serene heights. One such I know; and as for her lilies of the valley, the less I think about them the better I feel.

For it will be as well to have out all the cynicism at once. Envy, and those blacker feelings the names of which trip so glibly from our lips every Sunday, are much at the root of gardening. If indeed it is the purest of human pleasures the others must be pretty bad; but I don't think that the cold critical intellect of him who formulated that proverb was by any means free from the failings which I have mentioned; his early career at least belies the supposition, though I have always hoped that Lord Verulam's passion for gardening took possession of him long after he had forgotten all about the trial of Essex. The solid fact remains that while my neighbour A. possesses better roses and better chrysanthemums than I, I love him less than my neighbour B. whose blooms are inferior to my own; and it is part of that strong leaven of human nature which is said to be in man, that it should be so.

I began gardening but little more than two years ago, and therefore whatever value my crude ideas may have upon the subject, will be of the same kind as let us say a record of his experiences in England and his opinion of civilization in general by an Andaman Islander or one of Buffalo Bill's Red Indians. I cannot help thinking that a present record of mistakes may be of more interest to all classes of gardeners, than such a record ten years hence, when I should probably be afraid to recollect things which now I do not

blush to blazon forth. I began, then, with the aid of a few scratch tools, Robinson's "English Flower-Garden," (a most invaluable book) and a "plentiful lack of wit," i.e. complete ignorance of everything connected with the subject; and worse than all this with the conceited notion that I could easily learn all about it. My garden is situated in the suburbs of a town which is, from a gardener's point of view, none the less a commonplace country town from its being the seat of a University. The soil is a good one for some purposes, or at least would have been a good medium for superimposition of soil, if the builder who ran up the elegant villa some fifteen years ago had not taken upon himself to overlay the gravel bottoms of the beds with a layer of brickdust varying from eight inches to two feet in thickness. Even this of itself would have been no very great objection if he had left off with the brickdust and allowed my predecessor (who was a good gardener as predecessors go, indeed by nature a far better gardener than his successor, but too busy to attend very much to the larger aspects of the question) to put in a decent three feet of soil above. But the practise of these gentlemen is to "lay out a garden" for thirty or forty pounds as a sort of adjunct to building a house; and their method is to put all the refuse of the building at the bottom, and then ten inches of stony loam at the top; then comes the eager amateur, *terre fastidiosus*, and fills his beds with choice things all at a rush, and behold there is nothing for them to grow in, but because they have no depth of earth they wither away. There is but one remedy for this, as I am gradually discovering. Choice plants will not grow in such rubble. Therefore *apage Satanas!* out with it! You must have three or two-and-a-half feet of real soil at the very least if you are to do any good. But you will exclaim: "My poor Japanese anemones, which I only put in six months ago, and you know how they hate being disturbed, what's to become of them?"

or "My dear sir, that bed is full of Christmas roses, beautiful plants which I brought from the dear old Rectory garden at W . . . ; they won't stand another move now." "My dear Madam, (excuse me, Madam, for assuming so much; it is generally ladies that are most lacking in the ruthlessness which is an absolutely necessary qualification for a gardener), you will of course do as you please; it is the privilege of your sex to do so; but if you expect those old beloved hellebores to flourish more than two years with the deleterious compound you have just turned up with your dear little trowel as their sole nutriment, you are very much mistaken. They will continue to throw up leaves for a good many years no doubt; and you will probably attribute their want of buds to over damp or frosty autumns or droughty summers, and finally spend seven-and-sixpence on a handlight to put over them; whereas were you to spend five shillings on a cart-load of soil to put under them now, there would be a very different result. It is true you risk killing them by taking them up now; but the risk of a sudden death is preferable to a slow and degrading starvation. Perish such of your choice things as must inevitably perish by moving now; but deepen your beds at all risk. It will be better to be naked for a few years with the prospect of being gradually more and more richly clothed, than draped at the beginning of your career in all the gauds of Dives which you must soon exchange for rags more tattered and less saintly than those of Lazarus." As a matter of fact even choice and half-hardy things do not perish by such a move if rapidly effected, and if decent care is taken of them. I continually move all sorts of things at all times in the year, taking the precaution merely to lift a good ball of earth with them. This is especially the case with wild flowers, which I am not ashamed to confess that I often dig up and plant in my wild garden. Still, if you cannot bear to do it, try as a last resort the

effect of rich and heavy manuring. It will do something for your brick dust, though not much. I have tried both plans and found that, as Machiavelli says, one is good and the other is less good; and I am gradually adopting the former plan all over my garden as time, money and ruthlessness can be pressed into the service.

Another, and in some respects a still better, plan may be pursued by any one who has plenty of room to spare, and that is to leave your old beds of brickdust to produce the few excessively hardy things which they will produce luxuriantly, weeding out from time to time all failures; and instead of them carve out new beds, if necessary by the sacrifice of a part of the lawn. I had the pleasure this year of seeing the beautiful gardens of Blickling Hall in Norfolk, where, presumably without the necessity for it, something of the kind has been done. The lawn, which from a distance looked like a vast flower-bed, is carved and quartered out into twenty or thirty little beds of different (though not fantastic) shapes well raised above the level of the ground, with from four to six feet of turf between each one. These were beautifully filled with a fine selection of old-fashioned flowers. Of course there were plenty more lawns at Blickling, and one could not afford space to do this in a small garden. Like the fat old lady in *Tom Hood*, I am not half an acre if you measure me all round, and a good bit of lawn is an absolute necessity.

But I am wandering away from confessions of failure into attempts to be didactic, for which I humbly ask my reader's pardon. My predecessor aforementioned bequeathed me a lawn, a cabbage-garden, a fowl-run, some beautiful purple flags growing in the brickdust, some beautiful creepers on the house, some really fine roses, each in a separate round hole which had been filled with excellent soil, among them three old trees of *Mdme. Bérard*, which I think

is one of the steadiest and best bloomers I know, and immeasurably more delicate in colour in the bud-stage than *Gloire de Dijon*, for which I generally find that people mistake it; there were also some good apple-trees growing at the edge of the cabbage-garden with espaliers behind them. This portion of the demesne I at once converted, turfed over cabbage-garden and all, and fixed a tall trellis behind the espaliers between seven and eight feet high across the middle of it; not a trellis of rhomboidical but of rectangular divisions, with an open gate-way in it leading on to what became the upper lawn: while the apple trees in front, whose feet I surrounded with crocuses, scillas, snowdrops, daffodils, fritillaries and cowslips became dignified with the name of "the orchard." Of all plants which will grow in grass I think the bright blue scilla is most effective, and happily the leaves ripen more readily than those of crocus or daffodil, so it can be cut down almost with the first mowing that your orchard requires. Now came the tug of war. I speedily discovered that the beds along the wall suffered from other things besides lack of earth; indeed one long western-facing bed was not so badly off for that as for sunlight, owing to the tall house and the neighbouring trees; moreover, even the brick-dust system of drainage above referred to was so badly made that in more than one place the bed had sunk into hollows which of course retained the water, or rather formed a conduit-pipe for all neighbouring parts of the beds to drain into. I suppose the builder had been short of brick-dust when he came to that particular point. So I was obliged to supplicate a certain Person who had taken upon herself particular charge of all fruit upon the demesne to surrender to me the lives of sundry gooseberry bushes which were occupying, as seems to be an invariable law in the laying out of this sort of gardens, the sunniest part of the whole place.

I confess to little sympathy with what is generally called the "fruit and vegetable" side of a small garden. I have no wish to defraud my green-grocer of his dues: even to grow strawberries hardly pays, and for this reason if for no other, that your friends never send you any if you grow them yourself. Besides you forfeit that pleasure, which is all the sweeter because it is a little wicked, of buying a basket of strawberries every time you go into the town—although they are no longer covered with that violet-blue paper, the sight of which in childhood made my mouth water. No, let me turn my clumps of gooseberry-bushes into Red-hot Pokers, and my strawberry-beds (I have not ventured to propose this to the Person above mentioned yet) into space for a small glass-house, and I may yet be happy. Well, the gooseberry-bushes vanished about a year ago, and a nice deeply drained bed took their place in time to receive an autumn planting. But that the very meaning of deep drainage was an enigma to me when I began gardening the following incident will testify. I had ordered some rather choice Persian cyclamens, and when they arrived, having read that real and plentiful drainage was essential to them, and not having any idea that a porous gravel soil was the best of all possible drainage, I chose a corner where there was less brick-dust than usual, dug about eighteen inches down and put a few large stones at the bottom of the hole, and then covered them over with a square of oil-cloth well perforated with holes: the result of course was that when I had planted the cyclamens (after discovering with some difficulty which was the right end up of the beast!¹), the unhappy things got no

drainage at all, and all last year looked the picture of misery; now, when I presume the oil cloth has begun to rot away, if it has not entirely done so, they seem to be making excellent growth.

Among my other mistakes I may note that in many cases I planted things so ridiculously close together that the whole lot were ruined; others I scattered so far apart that they looked like solitary storks in the picture in Grimm's "Fairy Tales." It is indeed a difficult mean to hit between overcrowding and overscattering. I know one famous gardener who almost hits that mean in a beautiful garden sloping down to the banks of the Thames; but I rather protest against those who seem to think that a good thing cannot grow too thickly, that you should shove in a good clump of something strong, and let it work its wicked will and seed itself where it pleases. Let any one try this, say, for instance, with some kinds of perennial sunflowers, or with the largest St. John's wort, and he will soon find that he has nourished a viper in his bosom. In fact I personally believe in cutting off all seed-pods and all dead bloom directly they are over in all cases where not required for seed next year. But how frequently have I fallen into the opposite error of planting one thing upon the top of another, or so close to it as to leave no breathing-space between them. It was only a few days ago that I discovered a few unhappy autumn crocuses struggling up to light literally in the midst of a huge clump of moon-daisies. This mistake may, it is true, sometimes be avoided by keeping a plan of the garden, which may be renewed from time to time as changes or acquisitions are made; but with me changes are so frequent (I suppose from a certain spirit of restlessness and discontent) that, though I have such a plan, it availeth the crocuses little when I prowl about with a trowel and a new hardy perennial root ready to put in wherever I can find room. How often one suddenly

¹ *À propos* of this I planted all my ranunculuses wrong end up the first year (*i.e.* claws upwards) with the result of course that none of them appeared. It is really impossible in some cases to tell the right end of some anemones (*e.g.* *Fulgens*), and always quite impossible to distinguish the tail of a winter aconite from his head. Luckily, like a tadpole, the last-mentioned gentleman is not particular.

shoves a trowel into the middle of a clump of crocuses and snowdrops: one tosses out the crocus quite angrily as if he had no business to be there; but I cannot do that with a snowdrop, however much he may have obtruded his personality and however injured he may be. No, he must be buried reverently in the hopes that life may not be extinct. For he is indeed of all flowers the best and the dearest. I don't hesitate to say it for a minute. I hereby utterly cut myself loose once and for all from those who denounce the English spring. I love all the seasons but I love the spring best, for "she hath gestacyon of all the flowers of the yere in her wombe." Do we not, some of us, know the feeling of a hard-worked man who, if he were asked at what time in the week he was happiest, would answer on Saturday morning, for he had the prospect of all Saturday afternoon and Sunday's holiday. It is only another way of saying that "man never is but always to be blest;" and the divine scheme of the universe seems to me to take this for one of its central texts, that we are always happiest in looking forward, not in looking at what we have got; even that we are worth our salt only in so much as we do continually look forward. Besides, from the most material point of view, is not one English spring-day with a pale blue sky and a few white fleecy clouds above your head, and at your feet the copses dotted with early primroses, and a solitary lark about half-way between the primroses and the clouds—is not such a day worth all the horrors of sleet and fog and mire, which we of this island are permitted to enjoy? There is another period of the year, too, of which I am very fond; it comes about midway between the time of Cowper's "Winter Walk" and that which I have just described, and consists of one or two days which generally occur about the middle of February, when there is no sound in the air, the sun is hardly shining, and yet you are conscious of

his presence. Then, when you go for a long country walk, you feel inclined to step softly lest you startle a primrose into bloom before its hour is really ready. You don't find that primrose (at least very rarely in the land of the Mercians or Middle Angles) on that day, but you know for a certainty that a week later you will find him, though there may be any amount of fresh-fallen snow before that time, or the gale long anticipatory of the equinox may be howling through the woods. And better even than that, you return from that walk and find your own dear snowdrops in all their vigorous beauty covering great patches of green turf or brown leaf-strewn bed. That is why the snowdrop is my king of all flowers; for the spring anticipates the year, and he anticipates the spring. I have stood at the foot of the steps of the Trinità in Rome, watching the early violets and narcissus brought in from the south for the morning market, without feeling a single pang of regret for the splendours of an Italian spring, or any other horticultural feeling than a longing to get back to my own snowdrops.¹

There was a most ingenious article a year or two ago in the "Spectator" to the effect that the praise of May, and of spring generally, in vogue in England before the present century, was a fiction brought by the Plantagenets from Anjou, where, said the writer, it is the most delightful month in the year. It is very possible, but though I should rather choose April, March, or even February, for the mistress of my heart, I have one particular grudge against May, and that is that she brings the aphides, or is said by Canon Hole (whom I implicitly believe and worship at a distance), to bring the aphides when she is cold. Nottinghamshire may be a warmer county than mine, though it is farther north, but I cannot help asking when

¹ If you plant snowdrops, don't buy them by the hundred but by the thousand, and don't put them in with a trowel or a dibber but with a fire-shovel.

is the month referred to not cold? And if a cold May is to account for all aphides,

"Alas, what hoots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted gardener's trade,
And deeply dig about the thankless rose?"

(and do other less savoury things consequent upon digging about it). But I cling to a hope that I may beat the aphides yet (though fir-tree oil, soap and water, clear water, and syringes cannot trouble them), in spite of cold May. Lord Tennyson has, however, deserved well of his country for bringing out over and over again in his lovely lyrics, and above all in "In Memoriam," the glories of the rimy days of earlier spring.

A more fearful accident, and one which will immediately proclaim itself to at least one of the senses, is to drive a trowel through the middle of a clump of crown imperial bulbs.

"Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

Yet all these accidents and follies must be matters of daily occurrence in gardening to every unpractised amateur. Again, with regard to the taking of cuttings and slips, a beginner who has no one to show him is almost certain to go wrong. No book, so far as I know, contains any adequate exposition on the subject, for most of the gardening books, even Mrs. Loudon's charming works, take so much knowledge for granted. Now I remember that the first lot of pansy-cuttings which I took, I cut off not at the joints but in the stem between the joints, with the result that, though I alternately exposed and sheltered them according to the correct advice laid down in those whom lawyers delight to call the "text-writers", they gradually died away. With chrysanthemums, on the other hand, it seems not to matter how much or in what way you snip them off. Last January I had been tearing an old root of one of the common old-fashioned red chrysanthemums to pieces in the open air and no doubt scattered a good many odd snippings about on the beds, and

two or three weeks afterwards I was amazed to find quite a colony of flourishing little plants already well-rooted in spite of the severe weather. One of my early vanities was that I would do all the garden myself and never let a "jobber" come inside the gate. I was soon compelled to give way in the matter of pruning the fruit-trees, &c., but after one of these gentlemen had pruned two beautiful syringa-bushes in such a way that they have never flowered since, I took to a quiet old man who went about upon his own account, and who undertook to come to me once a week for the modest sum of three-and-sixpence and his tea. He runs about, looking immensely active and really getting through a lot of work, and he gives me a wonderful lot of good advice, which I don't take. But if I refer any knotty point to him, as for instance, "Jones, I'm told by Mrs. W. that those long shoots of roses, which rise out straight from the bottom and grow up quickly without a flower on them, ought to be cut away at once, as they are really only weakly and in the nature of suckers;" he answers "Yes-sir, I should certainly cut them out." "But Mr. P. was here the other day, and he said, 'What a lot of fine young growth, and right up from the bottom too, you have got on your roses!'" and added that those shoots always make the best bloom."—Jones, without so much as pausing to scratch his head, answers, "Yessir, they always make best bloom, them long shoots." So I judge he is not a man of very strong convictions.

By the way, that particular question really seems to be a vexed one as regards roses; I am speaking of course of the long summer shoots, not the long autumn ones which merely require a sharp pruning back to about two-thirds of their length in October. Another fine instance of Mr. Jones's indifference to theories arose in the following way. I suggested that tobacco-paper would be a good thing with which to smoke out a little lean-to-

greenhouse in which there was a nice collection of ferns and spiders ; and in fact I had been recommended tobacco-paper by a seedsman of great experience, as being quite safe and quite effectual (as some soap-tablets are advertised to be harmless to dogs but fatal to fleas), and Jones readily assented to my trying the experiment. Some misgivings induced my better half to remove the more delicate among the ferns, which are her pride and joy, but there was no moving a huge square tub in which grew a beautiful *Maréchal Niel*. The fatal match was lit, and the result was that the next morning every young shoot on the rose was dead ; and when with some warmth I remonstrated with Jones upon his facile permission, he replied, " Very bad for young shoots is tobacco-paper ; I'd rather by half have used a quarter of a pound of good strong 'baccy."

But after all the truth applies to gardening more than to anything else that the source of all sound knowledge is empirical. One may learn a good deal from books, and a good deal from Jones (and I acknowledge most gratefully that I have), but such knowledge never fixes itself in your mind, like the knowledge that comes from making a desperate mistake and feeling its consequences for a whole season. Lose a Persian yellow by some stupid mistake, such as close pruning it : you won't prune a Persian yellow again.

There is one lesson, too, that gardening must ultimately teach a man—the art of "sticking to it": the lesson that there must be many experiments, nay, many failures for one success ; and withal the priceless lesson, if I may so put it, that it is better to fail over *Amaryllis Belladonna*, than to succeed over a "nurseryman's selection" of bedding-out plants.

And now, before I conclude, let me say a word as to the reasons which induced me to try to become a gardener. For with every possible disadvantage for success in any pur-

suit requiring much industry, such as idleness, impatience, and carelessness, and with the special disadvantage for a gardener of an utter incapability for early rising, I still hope in the dim and distant future to live partially up to my ideal. Almost every man has some out-door pursuit, and it is especially necessary for a man whose regular work is sedentary, such as teaching, to have something which in his spare time may take him frequently into the air. Now there comes to all men an age when athletic exercises such as cricket and rowing are not any longer quite so—there, never mind, let us draw a veil over what they are not, and the reasons why they are not : and even if that age doesn't come, and happily refuses to come, you need partners of your joys, and probably to go some way from home for almost all such violent forms of amusement. On the other hand, a man must be a sportsman born if he can take an interest in what is technically called "sport" through all his life. For the true sportsman, who is oftenest the truest lover of Nature too, I have the deepest reverence, nor will I tread here for a moment upon the doubtful and difficult ground of the lawfulness of sport in all its forms as at present practised in England, but will rest content with throwing out a hint which may prove fertile in the brain of some future legislator—Why not establish an examination for all candidates for gun-licences ? Let a man prove before he is allowed to go about with a gun that he can shoot straight enough to kill five shots out of six. I have no objection to his killing outright ; but I confess to share Burns's feelings when I see a wounded beast :

" Inhuman man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye."

There are also some pretty lines of his on the same subject in the commencement of the "*Twa Brigs*." Burns knew this kind of man well from the

true sportsman, for see how enthusiastic he grows over the exploits of Tam Samson. I feel deeply my own inconsistency in this matter, for there is no death to which I would not gleefully put an aphid, and towards snails, slugs, earwigs, and earthworms I feel, like the Mikado, that the punishment ought to be devised to meet the crime,—if it were possible (which it is not), to devise a punishment commensurate with the crime of being a slug or an earwig.¹

I could take very kindly to riding were I a little more certain exactly what my horse is going to do next, and if he would let me get down and walk about and grub with a trowel, following me about the while like a dog, instead of kicking up his heels and running round the field till he finds a place to jump over the hedge; also if he would occasionally let me put the reins on his neck and enjoy the company of my own thoughts on his back. Such horses exist on every page of romance, but I have never yet come across one. A more companionable beast, it is true, is a dog—indeed the best of all companions; but one can't always take a dog into the kind of place into which I like to go, at least not with any reasonable certainty of bringing the whole dog out again. And much as I delight in my dog chasing rabbits in the twilight on a common, and in the exercise of running after him, suppose by accident he should catch one? Luckily it is exceedingly improbable.

Some people take all their out-door exercise in long walks seasoned with intellectual conversation or in attempts

¹ I have tried many insecticides, but found none to equal a notice on the tool-house door intended to catch the eye of the boot-boy, to the effect that a reward of sixpence for every pound avoirdupois of slugs and snails, and for every fifty earwigs taken alive in the garden will be regularly paid. About forty full grown tabby snails go to the pound, and it is surprising what an income my boy makes out of it. Ill-natured friends suggest that he brings them in his pocket, but, like Caesar's wife, he is above suspicion.

to canvass for political, and in an University town, I am sorry to say, for academico-political objects; but though they are mighty hunters and their game is men, it is a sport for which I have so little taste, that I generally fly as swiftly as possible in the other direction when I see one of its votaries advancing: while as for mingling in the politics of the University myself, since the day when the Hebdomadal Council rejected my celebrated scheme for the creation of a Hereditary Professoriate (which I had worked out, not less in the interests of the Professors themselves than of their over-crowded audiences, to the utmost detail, even to the extent of providing for the event of a Professorship falling into abeyance between co-heiresses), I have had few encouragements to take part therein. To a man so *blasé* or so fastidious there remains the pursuit of Nature in some form or other; and of all forms of this pursuit I place gardening first; for this reason among others that it is free from the destructive quality inherent in so many other forms. With the exception of everlasting and internecine war against all the insect-race, gardening partakes, it would be perhaps profanity to say of the creative, but at least it may lay some claim to be an "assistative" energy. The man who produces, as the phrase goes, a new species of rose from a marriage between two other species has surely some claim to pursue a higher form of amusement than he who shoots a partridge. But let us all who fancy we are admitted into this fellowship walk all the more carefully because of that admission. Reason or no reason—and I know none, except that mystery which is reason of reasons—gardeners are not as a body in any degree better than other men; nay, I am inclined to think them a trifle worse, perhaps on account of the constant familiarity with things that ought to make them better.

For surely it ought to set a man's

heart right for the day, to stroll out for half an hour after breakfast with a pipe, a sharp knife, a few bits of bast, and a wooden basket on his arm. Suppose it be in the much abused month of March—your snowdrops are still in all their splendour; the so-called “glory of the snow” (*chionodoxa Luciliae*) is rearing its tiny blue nose; there is the excitement of seeing whether that bud of daffodil, or *iris reticulata*, which you watched last night under the lurid windy sunset, with its delicate head bent almost to the earth by the gusts, has burst yet, and perhaps you may be rewarded (as I was more than once this year in the case of the aforesaid iris) by actually seeing the bud open and the leaves roll swiftly back, and hearing a distinct pop. Then you will be anxiously looking to see whether any of the winter-cuttings in the frame want “potting on”, whether the primroses in the wild garden bank are going to throw true this year, or turn into oxlips or polyanthus, as they often do in the neighbourhood of more gaudy flowers of their own tribe—by some mysterious attraction of pollen from flower to flower, I suppose. Or let it be a day late in September after a hot summer.

“The morning mist that leaves his breath
So thick along the grass,”

tells you that the water-can is needed no more except for your pot-plants, and that those salvias and red lobelias will soon want lifting. You go anxiously to your thermometer, and lo! it has been down to thirty-one degrees: no harm done by that, but, as the old sailor said when the topsail blew away, spars and all, “We don’t want no more just yet.” You are probably a little more ferocious at this time of year than in the spring to judge by the way you snip in two a hapless earwig who tumbles out of your best cactus dahlia. How much more valued are those roses now than in July!

You look anxiously at the trees, and if the buds are coming too thick you snip one or two off; in July you would have let them go and bloom their hardest, unless you were a showing man. Now few things can beat that early flowering chrysanthemum, Mdme. Desgranges; and as you contemplate her you feel “what a fool I was not to have a lot more: how much better to have filled up my frame with cuttings of them, rather than of the late flowering varieties, which will soon have to be housed: and I know perfectly well that I have got ten times more than my greenhouse will hold. Ah! but it was Jones, wasn’t it, who made me do it.” Verily we all have a Jones of some sort on our backs. This is the third consecutive autumn that my Jones has induced me to take cuttings of certain small yellow calceolaria (a flower which I always vow I won’t grow again), I expect not without secret instigation from high authority; there is, and it is right that there should be, a red-geranium-yellow-calceolaria-blue-lobelia-and-nice-edging-plant spirit in the breast of every tidy *Hausfrau*.

And whether it be spring or autumn, summer or winter; whether you are creeping out, late under the first stars, to refresh some panting favourite with a can of your jealously hoarded stock of rainwater; or tumbling encased in two great coats over the frozen milkman, on your way to scrape away the icicles from a hand-light which guards the infancy of a hoop-petticoat narcissus; in spite of a thousand failures and disappointments you will probably feel season by season, and year by year more cause to rejoice in your profession, and yet more cause to make your garden but a means to the highest end.

“Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair.
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.”

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S POETRY.

Ῥῆμα δ' ἐργμάτων χρονιώτερον βιοτεύει,
 ὃ, τε κε σὺν Χαρίτων τύχη
 γλώσσα φρενὸς ἐξέλοι βαθείας.—Pind. Nem. iv. 10.¹

IN some familiar verses written many years ago to Mr. Gladstone, Sir Francis Doyle pleaded with playful earnestness the cause of the Poetaster. He owned that there was always a sort of scribbling coxcombs about, making pretence to some mysterious wisdom and scornful of "plain strength of head and stalwart sense," who by their vanity and affectations, not less than by their dulness, still made good Horace's famous jest on middling poets. But it was not, he argued, reasonable for the sake of these few unrighteous men to include all the harmless crew of versifiers in one general curse. We do not, he says, claim immortality for our rhymes; we do not even ask that you should read them. They please some of our friends, but if you find them dull, throw the book away. And then he goes on to plead that, as Dante and Milton and other illustrious poets found relief in song from the sorrows that darkened their great souls, so may lesser spirits "seek a common solace in distress."

"Auguster grief was theirs, whose awful sound
 Sea-like is heard the listening earth around—
 But yet the same perennial fountains fill
 The ocean-depths, and shallows of the rill."

And so, he says, has it been with him. He has not, like another poet, sung because he must, but because he would.

¹ This was a favourite quotation with Sir Francis Doyle, and was thus paraphrased by him in one of his lectures at Oxford.

"The word all deeds shall over-live,
 That word to which the Graces give
 Their charm, with happy chance combined,
 Just as, through spirit-depths outflung,
 It rushes to the Poet's tongue
 Forth from the Poet's mind".

No particular or uncommon griefs drove him into verse: he affects no magnificent despair or isolation of especial woe.

"Still, there are times when fever and unrest
 Besiege the silent fortress of the breast;
 Unspoken heaviness and care unshown,
 Which yet are bitter to endure alone;
 When on some sunny dream cloud-shadows fall,
 Or sorrows come to me that come at all—
 Days of uprooted hope—of fading flowers—
 Of rainbows waning into wintry showers—
 When hidden languor follows secret strife,
 And the heart sickens at the length of life.
 These are the seasons which of right belong
 To thoughts which rush and kindle into song.
 No idle dream of fame, no servile fear
 Of the world's scorn, beset and goad me here.
 Instinctively my shattered spirits come
 To look for peace within their natural home;
 In that small circle still, defying fate,
 I can at least, or well or ill, create,
 Till genial art has charmed away the pain,
 And the soul strengthens to her work again."

There is a passage in one of Charles Kingsley's letters which expresses in plain prose much the same thought as Sir Francis has elaborated in these graceful lines. The kind unfailing physician whom he called to his aid did not always of course suggest the same remedies; just as we, to whom nature has denied this active relief, seek in our distress solace from those more happily gifted, and do not always seek it in the same quarter. Every man who is fond of poetry chooses his poet according to his mood of mind. But, if we may judge from the spirit of those poems which have made Sir Francis Doyle's fame among Englishmen, and partly also from certain passages in his prose writings, we may

suppose it to have been not seldom with him, as it was at one memorable period of his life with Kingsley. When the cloud of the Crimean War was dark on men's minds, Kingsley sought and found relief in writing a romance. "This war," he confessed to his friend Maurice, "would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work; but only like Camille Desmoulins, *une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers*. But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy. I am sick of that—but) in writing books which will make others fight. This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!' . . . The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men . . . "

A tory of the old school, the school of Walter Scott, Sir Francis Doyle must since he grew to man's estate have seen the coming and passing of many things to make his heart sore within him. "Since I ceased to be Poetry Professor," he wrote in the preface to the last edition of his poems,¹ "I have not had much to do with literary pursuits. The circumstances of my life have left me without ambition, and without much interest in anything but my family, my friends and my country, of whose future I try not to despair." His subsequent pieces show the nature of the thoughts which urged him to write; the heroic deaths of the soldier Charles Gordon, and the girl Alice Ayres, and then, but a few days before his own death, Mr. Froude's stirring narrative of Rodney's great victory over De Grasse in the West Indies, inspired the stanzas printed in the last number of this magazine. *Facit indignatio versus*; but instead of pouring out his anger

in wild invective against those whom he believed to be bringing his country to shame, though there are passages, eloquent and dignified passages, in which he did not spare to speak the thoughts within him, he preferred rather to remind himself and others that "the ancient spirit is not dead," and that the men and women of England are still the sons and daughters of those who never feared to face death at the call of duty. The relief Charles Kingsley found from the unrest and perplexity of his own thoughts in writing that noblest of romances, "Westward Ho!" Sir Francis Doyle found, we may suppose, in writing "The Return of the Guards," "The Private of the Buffs," "The Red Thread of Honour," "The Saving of the Colours," and other poems of the same class which even those who despair most bitterly of their country can hardly believe will ever cease to be read by Englishmen.

No one will dare to say that the heroic bosom beats no more, but the heroic lay is not just at present much in fashion among our poets. Lord Tennyson has indeed produced two or three fine pieces, but since Macaulay wrote his "Armada", it is curious how few of our young poets have turned for inspiration to those splendid feats of arms or of single unassuming valour which, more than all the wisdom and foresight of her statesmen, ay, and sometimes in spite of her statesmen, have given England her place among the nations, and of which the history of our own times can supply no lack of bright examples. We have heard it said that Macaulay once had it in his mind to turn his unrivalled store of English history to the same use as he had turned the history of ancient Rome to in his famous *Lays*. We wish that he had wrought out the idea, for he would have wrought it nobly. And nobly might Sir Francis, too, have wrought it; but there seemed always some check upon him, as though he feared the spirit of the time was against him, and that Tyrtæus must

¹ "The Return of the Guards and other Poems"; London, 1883. Sir Francis Doyle succeeded Mr. Matthew Arnold in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford.

needs sing now to cold hearts and careless ears. "The poet of battle", he said in one of his lectures at Oxford, "fares ill in modern England. Successive Governments seem equally ready—equally eager, I might almost say—to throw overboard all the treasures, all the heirlooms of our English past. We are to put off our whole armour, simply because it is armour, without much inquiring whether it be the armour of God or not. Such phrases as fighting the good fight, quitting ourselves like men, holding fast the sword of the spirit—such appeals as that of Demosthenes to the immortal shadows that glorify Marathon—are now quite out of fashion". We will hope it is not so bad as all that, though heirlooms, as the newspapers tell us every week, are not now held in much account; but it is certain that the fancies of our young English poets do not just at present turn to thoughts of "Arms and the Man". Sometimes we almost fear that those delightful lectures Mr. Matthew Arnold used to read us on the vulgarity of being too pleased with ourselves and our exploits—on "that failure in good sense which comes from too warm a self-satisfaction",—have had an effect which we are sure he never designed; that his playful banter on the "Rule Britannia strain" of Mr. Kinglake, and of those politicians who used to congratulate their constituents on the superiority and unrivalled happiness of the Anglo-Saxon race, may have chilled the patriotism of the young generation. The fear of being branded as "provincial" is too much for them. It is perhaps a question whether to proclaim our weaknesses and shortcomings so persistently from the house-tops may not prove in the long run as bad for us as to join in the chorus of "Rule Britannia". However, these fears were not in the air when Sir Francis was growing to manhood, fortunately for us; and it was also his fortune to be fed on different and stronger food than the present generation seems to find most to its taste.

He was nourished on Homer and Walter Scott.

Homer and Walter Scott—the man who knows and loves those two poets is certain to have a broad and wholesome taste. It was so with Sir Francis. He read his classics, to use Macaulay's fine phrase, like a man: he was a student, though not exactly in the modern sense, of Shakespeare: he could admire Shelley and Wordsworth without depreciating Byron: "After all", he said to the young men at Oxford, "Why should we not admire both Byron and Wordsworth, without measuring their respective heights to an inch?" He devoted one of his lectures to the "Dream of Gerontius", and another to the rustic lyrics of Mr. Barnes. It was this large appreciation of all that was good of its kind in poetry that made his professional discourses so wholesome to young people. He came after Matthew Arnold, and no one could be more conscious than himself how much that meant. In the years during which that admirable critic held the Chair of Poetry, he was in his prime: and Matthew Arnold in his prime marks an era in the history of English criticism. Nevertheless, for their broad sympathy, their cheerfulness, their sterling common-sense, their vigorous simplicity of language and clearness of thought, the lectures of Sir Francis Doyle are no bad models for those who would guide young minds to an intelligent appreciation of poetry.

But large and disinterested as was his love of poetry, the first place in his heart, though not perhaps in his head, was surely given among English singers to Scott, "the undoubted inheritor", as he called him, "of that trumpet-note which, under the breath of Homer, has made the wrath of Achilles immortal". In the first of his lectures on the author of "Marmion", Sir Francis frankly owned that he came forward not as a judge but as an advocate, an advocate and a partizan. "It was during my child-

hood", he said, "that Scott rose to the height of his renown; and I make it my business to hold up through good report and evil report the poetical banner under which I enlisted as a boy. I knew the battle in 'Marmion' by heart almost before I could read, and I cannot raze out—I do not wish to raze out—of my soul all that filled and coloured it in days gone by". At the same time he never praised Scott extravagantly nor unwisely; he knew well that in many ways and for various gifts his great contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats stood far above him. Only, he loved Scott best. "It belongs perhaps as much to the animal spirits and the circulation of the blood, as to any intellectual faculties, if the unflagging energy of Scott's narrative power, and the unaffected vigour of his epical style, have still charms for me such as subtler, and profounder, and more delicate compositions do not possess; if to sackbut and shawm and all manner of musical instruments, I yet prefer, as I do prefer, the sound of the trumpet". Such mere personal tastes are not, it may be said, to the purpose of criticism. Perhaps they are not, but it were no bad thing for the coming generation if one so wholesome were shared a little more freely by its teachers. A Scott Society (though heaven forbid such a thing should be!) would at least never perpetrate such nauseous follies as those with which some of his professed admirers now disfigure the memory of Shelley.

But though he loved the sound of the trumpet Sir Francis was no mere drum-and-trumpet poet. It was not the thunder of the battle that he loved best to sing, nor the glory of the conqueror.

"The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture and the strife,
The earthquake voice of victory,"

were not the breath of his poetic life. It is, he says, one of the finer instincts of British nature that a defeat bravely met should stir us more deeply than

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the proudest triumph. This instinct, he points out, was peculiarly strong in Scott; the proudest and most patriotic of Scotchmen, his country's defeat at Flodden yet moved him to a grander flight than her victory at Bannockburn. And it was so with Sir Francis. It was of those who perished for their country that he loved best to sing. In one of the first and finest of his poems, in "The Return of the Guards", he bids us, while greeting with glad shouts the bronzed and bearded heroes who have brought back the flag of England torn yet triumphant still, never to forget the others who have helped to win but cannot share the triumph. And not alone those who fell in the pride of battle with their faces to the foe by the red banks of Alma, on the heights of Inkerman, in the valley of Balaclava, the remembered dead who were welcomed in the Hall of Heroes by the braves of old time,—

"Then from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men of the Grecian glen
Marched down to see them pass".

These have their meed; but the others, the nameless uncomplaining crowd who died from want and sickness and cold, victims not of the Russian bullets but of their own country's folly and carelessness,—these, too, must never be forgotten.

"All through that dim, despairing winter,
Too noble to complain,
Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
Came not by foemen slain.

"And patient from the sullen trenches
Crowds sunk by toil and cold—
Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
Wailed through the brave of old.

"Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
Anguish and shame and scorn,
As clouds that drift breathe darkness swift
O'er seas of shining corn.

"Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
And veiled it like a pall,
Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear
The Lion-banner fall.

"And if unstained that ancient banner
Keep yet its place of pride,
Let none forget how vast the debt
We owe to those who died.

" Let none forget THE OTHERS, marching
 With steps we feel no more,
 Whose bodies sleep by that grim deep
 Which shakes the Euxine shore ".

It was not the living heroes of Rorke's Drift that he chose to sing, but Melville and Coghill who saved the colours from the desperate wreck of Isandhlana, but would not save themselves.

" For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful
 of all pain,
 High amongst those who have not lived,
 who have not died in vain,
 By strange stars watched they sleep afar
 within some nameless glen,
 Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond
 the praise of men ".

And Moyses, the private of the Buffs, who swore in the teeth of certain death that he would bend his knee to no Chinaman alive, and stood, by virtue of that oath,

" in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador of Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race " ;

And the "eleven men of England", who died through some one's blunder amid the sands of Scinde and were found by Napier with the Red Thread of Honour bound round each bleaching wrist ; and Mehrab Khan (for Sir Francis in his love of knightly deeds knew no distinction of time or place or people) who vowed

" To perish to the last the lord
 Of all that man can call his own " ,

and fell beneath the English bayonets at the door of his zenana ; and the men who went down silent and unmoving in their ranks on the deck of the sinking " Birkenhead " ; and last, though indeed not least, the girl, Alice Ayres, who has won her place in Valhalla by the side of the greatest hero of them all.

Such were the subjects which inspired Sir Francis Doyle's best verse. He has written on others, drawn sometimes from ancient, sometimes from modern sources ; and through all his writing runs a certain vein of distinction ; it is always the work of

a man whose native sense of literature has been trained on the best models. In his poem on the race for the St. Leger, beyond the fire and gallop of the verses, it is especially noticeable how well he has succeeded, to borrow Johnson's phrase, in writing of trifles with dignity (though so staunch a Yorkshireman would never have allowed a horse-race to be called a trifle !), and that, moreover, on a subject which does not readily lend itself to dignity. But it was when, like Achilles, he took his lyre to sing the deeds of heroes, that he was heard at his best. England, it has been well said of him, was his mistress, and he gave her his best as Dante did to Beatrice and Petrarch to Laura. The love of country was with him a passion that, in his own words, burned " with a flame no years can tame " , as the stars of honour burn for ever in the " inmost home of heroes " , and in singing of the men who worked and died for her his voice took an ampler, clearer tone than he seemed always able to find for other subjects. " Now let us praise our famous men " , he began, when his duty as Professor of Poetry called him to compose a Commemoration Ode in honour of his Chancellor, Lord Salisbury ; and with a dexterity of compliment that Pope might have envied he asked to whom in her peril,

" To whom should England turn for strength
 If not to Burleigh's line ? "

That was what he loved to do ; to glorify the Past, not at the expense of the Present, but to inspire the living with hope and courage by reminding them of " the fathers of our ancient race " who never in the darkest hour despaired or faltered but,

" — 'gainst the rush of peril, showed
 Fresh courage as the foe drew nigher,
 And fused men's thoughts, until they glowed
 Like one great breath of living fire " .

The opening stanzas of the poem on Alice Ayres finely express his view of the lesson to be learned from the noble deeds he loved to read of and record.

Whatever the future has in store for us,—and at the time he wrote the lines there was much to make a man of his years and failing health despondent—this at least will always remain our inalienable inheritance.

“ We see how wretched are the parts
 Played by misleaders of the State,
 And feel within our echoing hearts
 The step of an advancing fate.
 Yes! England's sun may set, alas!
 May set in gloom, nor rise again,
 Her proud name like a shadow pass
 Out of the thoughts and words of men.

“ Still there is much not born to die:
 Great deeds can never be undone:
 Their splendour yet must fill our sky
 Like stars, outlasting even the sun.
 Ten thousand years may come and go,
 But not to move them from their place:
 Through them new lands will learn and
 know
 Why God once shaped the English race”.

And this lesson he strove to teach in clear and undecorated verse which has at least two of the cardinal merits of good poetry, simplicity and straightforwardness, and which was well suited

to the high, unvarnished subjects in which his heart rejoiced.

One may say of Sir Francis Doyle what he said of his friend Henry Taylor: “His genius, in truth, if not of the highest order, had nothing in common with the genius of disease; on the contrary, it was braced and strengthened by great general ability, a sound judgment, and a masculine good sense”. We have enough of the genius of disease, enough and to spare in all conscience; but those fine spirits which stir at the thought of a noble deed as at the sound of a trumpet are not so common that we should let one pass from among us without a word of farewell. On the long roll of her poets England may well keep a place for the name of Francis Doyle, for this at least if for no other desert, *quia multum amavit*. There must be some among us still who, irrespective of personal attachment, will mourn the loss of one who was not shamed to speak his love for his country and to glory in the achievements of her sons.

CRESSY.

CHAPTER I.

As the master of the Indian Spring school emerged from the pine woods into the little clearing before the school-house, he stopped whistling, put his hat less jauntily on his head, threw away some wild flowers he had gathered on his way, and otherwise assumed the severe demeanour of his profession and his mature age—which was at least twenty. Not that he usually felt this an assumption; it was a firm conviction of his serious nature that he impressed others, as he did himself, with the blended austerity and *ennui* of deep and exhausted experience.

The building which was assigned to him and his flock by the Board of Education of Tuolumne County, California, had been originally a church. It still bore a faded odour of sanctity, mingled however with a later and slightly alcoholic breath of political discussion, the result of its weekly occupation under the authority of the Board as a Tribune for the enunciation of party principles and devotion to the Liberties of the People. There were a few dog-eared hymn-books on the teacher's desk, and the black-board but imperfectly hid an impassioned appeal to the citizens of Indian Spring to "Rally" for Stebbins as Supervisor. The master had been struck with the size of the black type in which this placard was printed, and with a shrewd perception of its value to the round wandering eyes of his smaller pupils, allowed it to remain as a pleasing example of orthography. Unfortunately, although subdivided and spelt by them in its separate letters with painful and perfect accuracy, it was collectively known as

"Wally," and its general import productive of vague hilarity.

Taking a large key from his pocket the master unlocked the door and threw it open, stepping back with a certain precaution begotten of his experience in once finding a small but sociable rattlesnake coiled up near the threshold. A slight disturbance which followed his intrusion showed the value of that precaution, and the fact that the room had been already used for various private and peaceful gatherings of animated nature. An irregular attendance of yellow-birds and squirrels dismissed themselves hurriedly through the broken floor and windows, but a golden lizard stiffened suddenly into stony fright on the edge of an open arithmetic, touched the heart of the master so strongly by its resemblance to some kept-in and forgotten scholar who had succumbed over the task he could not accomplish, that he was seized with compunction.

Recovering himself, and re-establishing as it were the decorous discipline of the room by clapping his hands and saying "Sho!" he passed up the narrow aisle of benches, replacing the forgotten arithmetic, and picking up from the desks here and there certain fragmentary pieces of plaster and crumbling wood that had fallen from the ceiling, as if this grove of *Academus* had been shedding its leaves overnight. When he reached his own desk he lifted the lid and remained for some moments motionless, gazing into it. His apparent meditation however was simply the combined reflection of his own features in a small pocket-mirror in its recesses and a perplexing doubt in his mind whether the sacrifice of his budding

moustache was not essential to the professional austerity of his countenance. But he was presently aware of the sound of small voices, light cries and brief laughter scattered at vague and remote distances from the school-house—not unlike the birds and squirrels he had just dispossessed. He recognized by these signs that it was nine o'clock, and his scholars were assembling.

They came in their usual desultory fashion—the fashion of country school-children the world over—irregularly, spasmodically, and always as if accidentally; a few hand-in-hand, others driven a-head of or dropped behind their elders; some in straggling groups more or less coherent and at times only connected by far-off intermediate voices scattered on a space of half a mile, but never quite alone; always preoccupied by something else than the actual business on hand; appearing suddenly from ditches, behind trunks, and between fence-rails; cropping up in unexpected places along the road after vague and purposeless detours—seemingly going anywhere and everywhere but to school! So unlooked-for, in fact, was their final arrival that the master who had a few moments before failed to descry a single torn straw hat or ruined sun bonnet above his visible horizon, was always startled to find them suddenly under his windows, as if, like the birds, they had alighted from the trees. Nor was their moral attitude towards their duty any the more varied; they always arrived as if tired and reluctant, with a doubting sulkiness that perhaps afterwards beamed into a charming hypocrisy, but invariably temporizing with their instincts until the last moment, and only relinquishing possible truancy on the very threshold. Even after they were marshalled on their usual benches they gazed at each other every morning with a perfectly fresh astonishment and a daily recurring enjoyment of some hidden joke in this tremendous *rencontre*.

It had been the habit of the master to utilize these preliminary vagrancies of his little flock by inviting them on assembling to recount any interesting incident of their journey hither; or failing this, from their not infrequent shyness in expressing what had secretly interested them, any event that had occurred within their knowledge since they last met. He had done this, partly to give them time to recover themselves in that more formal atmosphere, and partly, I fear, because, notwithstanding his conscientious gravity, it greatly amused him. It also diverted them from their usual round-eyed, breathless contemplation of himself—a regular morning inspection which generally embraced every detail of his dress and appearance, and made every change or deviation the subject of whispered comment or stony astonishment. He knew that they knew him more thoroughly than he did himself, and shrank from the intuitive vision of these small clairvoyants.

"Well?" said the master gravely.

There was the usual interval of bashful hesitation, verging on nervous hilarity or hypocritical attention. For the last six months this question by the master had been invariably received each morning as a veiled pleasantry which might lead to baleful information or conceal some query out of the dreadful books before him. Yet this very element of danger had its fascinations. Johnny Filgee, a small boy, blushed violently, and, without getting up, began hurriedly in a high key, "Tige ith got," and then suddenly subsided into a whisper.

"Speak up, Johnny," said the master encouragingly.

"Please, sir, it ain't anythin' he's seed—nor any real news," said Rupert Filgee, his elder brother, rising with family concern and frowning openly upon Johnny; "it's jest his foolishness; he oughter be licked." Finding himself unexpectedly on his feet, and apparently at the end of a long speech, he coloured also, and then said hurriedly, "Jimmy Snyder—he seed suthin'.

Ask him!" and sat down—a recognized hero.

Every eye, including the master's, was turned on Jimmy Snyder. But that youthful observer, instantly diving his head and shoulders into his desk, remained there gurgling as if under water. Two or three nearest him endeavoured with some struggling to bring him to an intelligible surface again. The master waited patiently. Johnny Filgee took advantage of the diversion to begin again in a high key, "Tige it'h got thix," and subsided.

"Come, Jimmy," said the master, with a touch of peremptoriness. Thus adjured, Jimmy Snyder came up glowingly, and bristling with full stops and exclamation points. "Seed a black b'ar comin' outer Daves' woods," he said excitedly. "Nigh to me ez you be. 'N big ez a hoss; 'n snarlin'! 'n snappin'!—like gosh! Kem along—ker—clump torords me. Reckoned he'd skeer me! Didn't skeer me worth a cent. I heaved a rock at him—I did now!" (in defiance of murmurs of derisive comment)—"'n he slid. Ef he'd kem up furdur I'd hev up with my slate and swotted him over the snoot—bet your boots!"

The master here thought fit to interfere, and gravely point out that the habit of striking bears as large as a horse with a school-slate was equally dangerous to the slate (which was also the property of Tuolumne County) and to the striker; and that the verb "to swot" and the noun substantive "snoot" were likewise indefensible, and not to be tolerated. Thus admonished Jimmy Snyder, albeit unshaken in his faith in his own courage, sat down.

A slight pause ensued. The youthful Filgee, taking advantage of it, opened in a higher key, "Tige ith—" but the master's attention was here diverted by the searching eyes of Octavia Dean, a girl of eleven, who after the fashion of her sex preferred a personal recognition of her presence before she spoke. Succeeding in catching his eye, she threw back her long

hair from her shoulders with an easy habitual gesture, rose, and with a faint accession of colour said:

"Cressy McKinstry came home from Sacramento. Mrs. McKinstry told mother she's comin' back here to school."

The master looked up with an alacrity perhaps inconsistent with his cynical austerity. Seeing the young girl curiously watching him with an expectant smile, he regretted it. Cressy McKinstry, who was sixteen years old, had been one of the pupils he had found at the school when he first came. But as he had also found that she was there in the extraordinary attitude of being "engaged" to one Seth Davis, a fellow-pupil of nineteen, and as most of the courtship was carried on freely and unceremoniously during school-hours with the full permission of the master's predecessor, the master had been obliged to point out to the parents of the devoted couple the embarrassing effects of this association on the discipline of the school. The result had been the withdrawal of the lovers, and possibly the goodwill of the parents. The return of the young lady was consequently a matter of some significance. Had the master's protest been accepted, or had the engagement itself been broken off? Either was not improbable. His momentary loss of attention was Johnny Filgee's great gain.

"Tige," said Johnny, with sudden and alarming distinctness, "'ith got thix pupths—mothly yaller."

In the laugh which followed this long withheld announcement of an increase in the family of Johnny's yellow and disreputable setter "Tiger," who usually accompanied him to school and howled outside, the master joined with marked distinctness. Then he said, with equally marked severity, "Books!" The little *levée* was ended, and school began.

It continued for two hours with short sighs, corrugations of small foreheads, the complaining cries and scratchings of slate pencils over slates,

and other signs of minor anguish among the more youthful of the flock ; and with more or less whisperings, movements of the lips, and unconscious soliloquy among the older pupils. The master moved slowly up and down the aisle with a word of encouragement or explanation here and there, stopping with his hands behind him to gaze abstractedly out of the windows to the wondering envy of the little ones. A faint hum, as of invisible insects, gradually pervaded the school ; the more persistent droning of a large bee had become dangerously soporific. The hot breath of the pines without had invaded the doors and windows ; the warped shingles and weather-boarding at times creaked and snapped under the rays of the vertical and unclouded sun. A gentle perspiration broke out like a mild epidemic in the infant class ; little curls became damp, brief lashes limp, round eyes moist, and small eyelids heavy. The master himself started, and awoke out of a perilous dream of other eyes and hair to collect himself severely. For the irresolute, half-embarrassed, half-lazy figure of a man had halted doubtfully before the porch and open door. Luckily the children, who were facing the master with their backs to the entrance, did not see it.

Yet the figure was neither alarming nor unfamiliar. The master at once recognized it as Ben Dabney, otherwise known as "Uncle Ben," a good-humoured but not over-bright miner, who occupied a small cabin on an unambitious claim in the outskirts of Indian Spring. His avuncular title was evidently only an ironical tribute to his amiable incompetency and heavy good nature, for he was still a young man with no family ties, and by reason of his singular shyness not even a visitor in the few families of the neighbourhood. As the master looked up, he had an irritating recollection that Ben had been already haunting him for the last two days, alternately appearing and disappearing in his path to and from school as a more than usually reserved and bashful ghost.

This, to the master's cynical mind, clearly indicated that, like most ghosts, he had something of essentially selfish import to communicate. Catching the apparition's half-appealing eye, he proceeded to exorcise it with a portentous frown and shake of the head, that caused it to timidly wane and fall away from the porch, only however to reappear and wax larger a few minutes later at one of the side windows. The infant class hailing his appearance as a heaven-sent boon, the master was obliged to walk to the door and command him sternly away, when, retreating to the fence, he mounted the uppermost rail, and drawing a knife from his pocket cut a long splinter from the rail, and began to whittle it in patient and meditative silence. But when recess was declared, and the relieved feelings of the little flock had vent in the clearing around the school-house, the few who rushed to the spot found that Uncle Ben had already disappeared. Whether the appearance of the children was too inconsistent with his ghostly mission, or whether his heart failed him at the last moment, the master could not determine. Yet, distasteful as the impending interview promised to be, the master was vaguely and irritatingly disappointed.

A few hours later, when school was being dismissed, the master found Octavia Dean lingering near his desk. Looking into the girl's mischievous eyes, he good-humouredly answered their expectation by referring to her morning's news. "I thought Miss McKinstry had been married by this time," he said carelessly.

Octavia swinging her satchel like a censor, as if she were performing some act of thurification over her completed tasks, replied demurely : "Oh no ! dear no !—not *that*."

"So it would seem," said the master.

"I reckon she never kalkilated to, either," continued Octavia, slyly looking up from the corner of her lashes.

"Indeed!"

"No—she was just funning with Seth Davis—that's all."

"Funning with him?"

"Yes, sir. Kinder foolin' him, you know."

"Kinder foolin' him!"

For an instant the master felt it his professional duty to protest against this most unmaidenly and frivolous treatment of the matrimonial engagement, but a second glance at the significant face of his youthful auditor made him conclude that her instinctive knowledge of her own sex could be better trusted than his imperfect theories. He turned towards his desk without speaking. Octavia gave an extra swing to her satchel, tossing it over her shoulder with a certain small coquettishness and moved towards the door. As she did so the infant Filgee from the safe vantage of the porch where he had lingered was suddenly impelled to a crowning audacity! As if struck with an original idea, but apparently addressing himself to space, he cried out, "Crethy M'Kinthry likth teacher," and instantly vanished.

Putting these incidents sternly aside the master addressed himself to the task of setting a few copies for the next day as the voices of his departing flock faded from the porch. Presently a silence fell upon the little schoolhouse. Through the open door a cool, restful breath stole gently as if nature were again stealthily taking possession of her own. A squirrel boldly came across the porch, a few twittering birds charging in, stopped, beat the air hesitatingly for a moment with their wings, and fell back with bashfully protesting breasts aslant against the open door and the unlooked-for spectacle of the silent occupant. Then there was another movement of intrusion, but this time human, and the master looked up angrily to behold Uncle Ben.

He entered with a slow exasperating step, lifting his large boots very high and putting them down again softly as if he were afraid

of some insecurity in the floor, or figuratively recognized the fact that the pathways of knowledge were thorny and difficult. Reaching the master's desk and the ministering presence above it he stopped awkwardly, and with the rim of his soft felt hat endeavoured to wipe from his face the meek smile it had worn when he entered. It chanced also that he had halted before the minute stool of the infant Filgee and his large figure instantly assumed such Brobdingnagian proportions in contrast that he became more embarrassed than ever. The master made no attempt to relieve him, but regarded him with cold interrogation.

"I reckoned," he began, leaning one hand on the master's desk with affected ease, as he dusted his leg with his hat with the other, "I reckoned—that is—I allowed—I orter say—that I'd find ye alone at this time. Ye gin'rally are, ye know. It's a nice, soothin' restful, stoddious time, when a man kin, so to speak, run back on his eddication and think of all he ever knowed. Ye're jist like me, and ye see I sorter spotted your ways to onct."

"Then why did you come here this morning and disturb the school?" demanded the master sharply.

"That's so, I sorter slipped up thar, didn't I?" said Uncle Ben with a smile of rueful assent. "You see I didn't allow to *come in* then, but on'y to hang round a leetle and kinder get used to it, and it to me."

"Used to what?" said the master impatiently, albeit with a slight softening at his intruder's penitent expression.

Uncle Ben did not reply immediately but looked round as if for a seat, tried one or two benches and a desk with his large hand as if testing their security and finally abandoning the idea as dangerous, seated himself on the raised platform beside the master's chair, having previously dusted it with the flap of his hat. Finding, however, that the attitude was not

conducive to explanation, he presently rose again and picking up one of the school-books from the master's desk eyed it unskilfully upside down, and then said hesitatingly,

"I reckon ye ain't usin' Dobell's 'Rithmetic here?"

"No," said the master.

"That's bad. 'Pears to be played out—that Dobell feller. I was brought up on Dobell. And Parsing's Grammar? Ye don't seem to be a using Parsing's Grammar either?"

"No," said the master relenting still more as he glanced at Uncle Ben's perplexed face with a faint smile.

"And I reckon you'd be saying the same of Jones' 'Stronomy and Algebray? Things hev changed. You've got all the new style here," he continued with affected carelessness but studiously avoiding the master's eye. "For a man ez wos brought up on Parsings, Dobell and Jones thar don't appear to be much show nowadays."

The master did not reply. Observing several shades of colour chase each other on Uncle Ben's face he bent his own gravely over his books. The act appeared to relieve his companion who with his eyes still turned towards the window went on:

"Ef you'd had them books—which you haven't—I had it in my mind to ask you suthen'. I had an idea of—of—sort of reviewing my eddication. Kinder going over the old books agin—jist to pass the time. Sorter running in yer arter school-hours and doin' a little practisin', eh? You looking on me as an extry scholar—and I payin' ye as sich—but keepin' it 'twixt ourselves you know—just for a pastime, eh?"

As the master smilingly raised his head, he became suddenly and ostentatiously attracted to the window.

"Them jay birds out there is mighty peart, coming right up to the school-house! I reckon they think it sort o' restful too."

"But if you really mean it, couldn't you use these books, Uncle Ben?" said the master cheerfully. "I dare say

there's little difference—the principle is the same you know."

Uncle Ben's face which had suddenly brightened as suddenly fell. He took the book from the master's hand without meeting his eyes, held it at arm's length, turned it over and then laid it softly down upon the desk as if it were some excessively fragile article. "Certingly," he murmured with assumed reflective ease. "Certingly. The principle's all there." Nevertheless he was quite breathless and a few beads of perspiration stood out upon his smooth, blank forehead.

"And as to writing, for instance," continued the master with increasing heartiness as he took notice of these phenomena "you know *any* copy-book will do."

He handed his pen carelessly to Uncle Ben. The large hand that took it timidly not only trembled but grasped it with such fatal and hopeless unfamiliarity that the master was fain to walk to the window and observe the birds also.

"There're mighty bold—them jays," said Uncle Ben laying down the pen with scrupulous exactitude beside the book and gazing at his fingers as if he had achieved a miracle of delicate manipulation. "They don't seem to be afeared of nothing, do they?"

There was another pause. The master suddenly turned from the window. "I tell you what, Uncle Ben," he said with prompt decision and unshaken gravity, "the only thing for you to do is to just throw over Dobell and Parsons and Jones and the old quill pen that I see you're accustomed to, and start in fresh as if you'd never known them. Forget 'em all, you know. It will be mighty hard of course to do that," he continued, looking out of the window, "but you must do it."

He turned back, the brightness that transfigured Uncle Ben's face at that moment brought a slight moisture into his own eyes. The humble seeker of knowledge said hurriedly that he would try.

"And begin again at the beginning," continued the master cheerfully. "Exactly like one of those—in fact, as if you *really* were a child again."

"That's so," said Uncle Ben, rubbing his hands delightedly, "that's me! Why, that's jest what I was sayin' to Roop—"

"Then you've already been talking about it?" intercepted the master in some surprise. "I thought you wanted it kept secret?"

"Well, yes," responded Uncle Ben dubiously. "But you see I sorter agreed with Roop Filgee that if you took to my ideas and didn't object, I'd give him two bits¹ every time he'd kem here and help me of an arternoon when you was away and kinder stand guard around the school-house, you know, so as to keep the fellows off. And Roop's mighty sharp for a boy, ye know."

The master reflected a moment and concluded that Uncle Ben was probably right. Rupert Filgee, who was a handsome boy of fourteen, was also a strongly original character whose youthful cynicism and blunt, honest temper had always attracted him. He was a fair scholar, with a possibility of being a better one, and the proposed arrangement with Uncle Ben would not interfere with the discipline of school-hours and might help them both. Nevertheless he asked good-humouredly, "But couldn't you do this more securely and easily in your own house? I might lend you the books, you know, and come to you twice a week."

Uncle Ben's radiant face suddenly clouded. "It wouldn't be exactly the same kind o' game to me an' Roop," he said hesitatingly. "You see thar's the idea o' the school-house, ye know, and the restfulness and the quiet, and the gen'ral air o' study. And the boys around town ez wouldn't think nothin' o' trapsen' into my cabin if they spotted what I was up to thar, would never dream o' hunting me here."

¹ Two bits, *i.e.* twenty-five cents.

"Very well," said the master, "let it be here then." Observing that his companion seemed to be struggling with an inarticulate gratitude and an apparently inextricable buckskin purse in his pocket he added quietly, "I'll set you a few copies to commence with," and began to lay out a few unfinished examples of Master Johnnie Filgee's scholastic achievements.

"After thanking you, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben faintly, "ef you'll jest kinder signify, you know, what you consider a fair—"

Mr. Ford turned quickly and dexterously offered his hand to his companion in such a manner that he was obliged to withdraw his own from his pocket to grasp it in return. "You're very welcome," said the master, "and as I can only permit this sort of thing gratuitously, you'd better *not* let me know that you propose giving anything even to Rupert." He shook Uncle Ben's perplexed hand again, briefly explained what he had to do, and saying that he would now leave him alone a few minutes, he took his hat and walked towards the door.

"Then you reckon," said Uncle Ben slowly, regarding the work before him, "that I'd better jest chuck them Dobell fellers overboard?"

"I certainly should," responded the master with infinite gravity.

"And sorter waltz in fresh like one o' them children?"

"Like a child," nodded the master as he left the porch.

A few moments later as he was finishing his cigar in the clearing he paused to glance in at the schoolroom window. Uncle Ben, stripped of his coat and waistcoat, with his shirt sleeves rolled up on his powerful arms, had evidently cast Dobell and all misleading extraneous aid aside, and with the perspiration standing out on his foolish forehead, and his perplexed face close to the Master's desk was painfully groping along towards the light in the tottering and devious tracks of Master Johnnie Filgee, like a very child, indeed!

CHAPTER II.

As the children were slowly straggling to their places the next morning, the master waited for an opportunity to speak to Rupert. That beautiful but scarcely amiable youth was as usual, surrounded and impeded by a group of his small female admirers, for whom, it is but just to add, he had a supreme contempt. Possibly it was this healthy quality that inclined the master towards him, and it was consequently with some satisfaction that he overheard fragments of his openly disparaging comments upon his worshippers.

"There!" to Clarinda Jones, "don't flop! And don't *you*," to Octavia Dean, "go on breathing over my head like that. If there's anything I hate it's having a girl breathing round me. Yes, you were! I felt it in my hair. And *you* too—you're always snoopin' and snoodgin'. Oh, yes, you want to know *why* I've got an extra copy-book and another 'Rithmetic, Miss Curiosity. Well, what would you give to know? Want to see if they're *pretty*" (with infinite scorn at the adjective) "No, they ain't *pretty*. That's all you girls think about—what's *pretty* and what's curious! Quit now! Come! Don't ye see teacher lookin' at you? Ain't you ashamed?"

He caught the master's beckoning eye and came forward, slightly abashed, with a flush of irritation still on his handsome face, and his chestnut curls slightly ruffled. One, which Octavia had covertly accented by twisting round her forefinger, stood up like a crest on his head.

"I've told Uncle Ben that you might help him here after school hours," said the master, taking him aside. "You may therefore omit your writing exercise in the morning and do it in the afternoon."

The boy's dark eyes sparkled. "And if it would be all the same to you, sir," he added earnestly, "you might

sorter give out in school that I was to be kept in."

"I'm afraid that would hardly do," said the master much amused. "But why?"

Rupert's colour deepened. "So ez to keep them darned girls from foolin' round me and followin' me back here."

"We will attend to that," said the master smiling; a moment after he added more seriously, "I suppose your father knows that you are to receive money for this? And he doesn't object?"

"He! Oh no!" returned Rupert with a slight look of astonishment, and the same general suggestion of patronizing his progenitor that he had previously shown to his younger brother. "You needn't mind *him*." In reality Filgee *père*, a widower of two years' standing had tacitly allowed the discipline of his family to devolve upon Rupert. Remembering this the master could only say, "Very well," and good-naturedly dismiss the pupil to his seat and the subject from his mind. The last laggard had just slipped in, the master had glanced over the occupied benches with his hand upon his warning bell, when there was a quick step on the gravel, a flutter of skirts like the sound of alighting birds, and a young woman lightly entered.

In the rounded, untouched and untroubled freshness of her cheek and chin, and the forward droop of her slender neck, she appeared a girl of fifteen; in her developed figure and the maturer drapery of her full skirts she seemed a woman; in her combination of *naïve* recklessness and perfect understanding of her person she was both. In spite of a few school books that jauntily swung from a strap in her gloved hand, she bore no resemblance to a pupil; in her pretty gown of dotted muslin with bows of blue ribbon on the skirt and corsage, and a cluster of roses in her belt, she was as inconsistent and incongruous to the others as a fashion-plate would

have been in the dry and dog-eared pages before them. Yet she carried it off with a demure mingling of the *naïveté* of youth and the *aplomb* of a woman, and as she swept down the narrow aisle, burying a few small wondering heads in the overflow of her flounces, there was no doubt of her reception in the arch smile that dimpled her cheek. Dropping a half courtesy to the master, the only suggestion of her equality with the others, she took her place at one of the larger desks, and resting her elbow on the lid began to quietly remove her gloves. It was Cressy McKinstry.

Irritated and disturbed at the girl's unceremonious entrance the master for the moment recognized her salutation coldly, and affected to ignore her elaborate appearance. The situation was embarrassing. He could not decline to receive her as she was no longer accompanied by her lover, nor could he plead entire ignorance of her broken engagement; while to point out the glaring inappropriateness of costume would be a fresh interference he knew Indian Spring would scarcely tolerate. He could only accept such explanation as she might choose to give. He rang his bell as much to avert the directed eyes of the children as to bring the scene to a climax.

She had removed her gloves and was standing up.

"I reckon I can go on where I left off?" she said lazily, pointing to the books she had brought with her.

"For the present," said the master drily.

The first class was called. Later, when his duty brought him to her side, he was surprised to find that she was evidently already prepared with consecutive lessons, as if she were serenely unconscious of any doubt of her return, and as coolly as if she had only left school the day before. Her studies were still quite elementary, for Cressy McKinstry had never been a brilliant scholar, but he perceived, with a cynical doubt of its permanency,

that she had bestowed unusual care upon her present performance. There was moreover a certain defiance in it, as if she had resolved to stop any objection to her return on the score of deficiencies. He was obliged in self-defence to take particular note of some rings she wore, and a large bracelet that ostentatiously glittered on her white arm—which had already attracted the attention of her companions, and prompted the audible comment from Johnny Filgee that it was "truly gold." Without meeting her eyes he contented himself with severely restraining the glances of the children that wandered in her direction. She had never been quite popular with the school in her previous rôle of *fiancée*, and only Octavia Dean and one or two older girls appreciated its mysterious fascination, while the beautiful Rupert, secure in his avowed predilection for the middle-aged wife of the proprietor of the Indian Spring hotel, looked upon her as a precocious chit with more than the usual propensity to objectionable "breathing." Nevertheless the master was irritatingly conscious of her presence—a presence which now had all the absurdity of her ridiculous love-experiences superadded to it. He tried to reason with himself that it was only a phase of frontier life, which ought to have amused him. But it did not. The intrusion of this preposterous girl seemed to disarrange the discipline of his life as well as of his school. The usual vague, far-off dreams in which he was in the habit of indulging during school-hours, dreams that were perhaps superinduced by the remoteness of his retreat and a certain restful sympathy in his little auditors, which had made him—the grown-up dreamer—acceptable to them in his gentle understanding of their needs and weaknesses, now seemed to have vanished for ever.

At recess, Octavia Dean, who had drawn near Cressy and reached up to place her arm round the older girl's waist, glanced at her with a patroniz-

ing smile born of some rapid free-masonry, and laughingly retired with the others. The master at his desk, and Cressy who had halted in the aisle, were left alone.

"I have had no intimation yet from your father or mother that you were coming back to school again," he began. "But I suppose *they* have decided upon your return?"

An uneasy suspicion of some arrangement with her former lover had prompted the emphasis.

The young girl looked at him with languid astonishment. "I reckon paw and maw ain't no objection," she said with the same easy ignoring of parental authority that characterized Rupert Filgee the day before, and which seemed to be a local peculiarity. "Maw *did* offer to come yer and see you, but I told her she needn't bother."

She rested her two hands behind her on the edge of a desk, and leaned against it, looking down upon the toe of her smart little shoe which was describing a small semi-circle beyond the hem of her gown. Her attitude, which was half-defiant, half-indolent, brought out the pretty curves of her waist and shoulders. The master noticed it and became a trifle more austere.

"Then I am to understand that this is a permanent thing?" he asked coldly.

"What's that?" said Cressy interrogatively.

"Am I to understand that you intend coming regularly to school?" repeated the master curtly, "or is this merely an arrangement for a few days—until——"

"O," said Cressy comprehendingly, lifting her unabashed blue eyes to his, "you mean *that*. Oh, *that's* broke off. Yes," she added contemptuously, making a larger semi-circle with her foot, "that's over—three weeks ago."

"And Seth Davis—does *he* intend returning too?"

"He!" She broke into a light girlish laugh. "I reckon not much! S'long 's I'm here, at least." She had

just lifted herself to a sitting posture on the desk, so that her little feet swung clear of the floor in their saucy dance. Suddenly she brought her heels together and alighted. "So that's all?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Kin I go now?"

"Yes."

She laid her books one on the top of the other and lingered an instant.

"Been quite well?" she asked with indolent politeness.

"Yes—thank you."

"You're lookin' right peart."

She walked with a southern girl's undulating languor to the door, opened it, then charged suddenly upon Octavia Dean, twirled her round in a wild waltz and bore her away; appearing a moment after on the playground demurely walking with her arm around her companion's waist in an ostentatious confidence at once lofty, exclusive and exasperating to the smaller children.

When school was dismissed that afternoon and the master had remained to show Rupert Filgee how to prepare Uncle Ben's tasks, and had given his final instructions to his youthful viceroy, that irascible Adonis unburdened himself querulously:

"Is Cressy McKinstry comin' reg'lar, Mr. Ford?"

"She is," said the master drily. After a pause he asked, "Why?"

Rupert's curls had descended on his eyebrows in heavy discontent. "It's mighty rough, jest ez a feller reckons he's got quit of her and her jackass bo', to hev her prancin' back inter school agin, and rigged out like ez if she'd been to a fire in a milliner's shop."

"You shouldn't allow your personal dislikes, Rupert, to provoke you to speak of a fellow-scholar in that way—and a young lady, too," corrected the master drily.

"The woods is full o' sich feller scholars and sich young ladies, if yer keer to go a gunning for 'em," said Rupert with dark and slangy signifi-

cance. "Ef I'd known she was comin' back I'd——" he stopped and brought his sunburnt fist against the seam of his trousers with a boyish gesture, "I'd hev jist——"

"What?" said the master sharply.

"I'd hev played hookey till she left school agin! It moun't hev bin so long, neither," he added with a mysterious chuckle.

"That will do," said the master peremptorily. "For the present you'll attend to your duty and try to make Uncle Ben see you're something more than a foolish, prejudiced schoolboy, or," he added significantly, "he and I may both repent our agreement. Let me have a good account of you both when I return."

He took his hat from its peg on the wall, and in obedience to a suddenly formed resolution left the schoolroom to call upon the parents of Cressy McKinstry. He was not quite certain what he should say, but, after his habit, would trust to the inspiration of the moment. At the worst he could resign a situation that now appeared to require more tact and delicacy than seemed consistent with his position, and he was obliged to confess to himself that he had lately suspected that his present occupation—the temporary expedient of a poor but clever young man of twenty—was scarcely bringing him nearer a realization of his daily dreams. For Mr. Jack Ford was a youthful pilgrim who had sought his fortune in California so lightly equipped that even in the matter of kin and advisers he was deficient. That prospective fortune had already eluded him in San Francisco, had apparently not waited for him in Sacramento, and now seemed never to have been at Indian Spring. Nevertheless, when he was once out of sight of the school-house he lit a cigar, put his hands in his pockets and strode on with the cheerfulness of that youth to which all things are possible.

The children had already dispersed as mysteriously and completely as they

had arrived. Between him and the straggling hamlet of Indian Spring the landscape seemed to be without sound or motion. The wooded upland or ridge on which the school-house stood, half a mile further on began to slope gradually towards the river, on whose banks, seen from that distance, the town appeared to have been scattered irregularly or thrown together hastily, as if cast ashore by some overflow—the Cosmopolitan Hotel drifting into the Baptist church, and dragging in its tail of wreckage two saloons and a blacksmith's shop; while the County Court-house was stranded in solitary grandeur in a waste of gravel half a mile away. The intervening flat was still gashed and furrowed by the remorseless engines of earlier gold-seekers.

Mr. Ford was in little sympathy with this unsuccessful record of frontier endeavour—the fortune *he* had sought did not seem to lie in that direction—and his eye glanced quickly beyond it to the pine-crested hills across the river, whose primeval security was so near and yet so inviolable, or back again to the trail he was pursuing along the ridge. The latter prospect still retained its semi-savage character in spite of the occasional suburban cottages of residents, and the few outlying farms or ranches of the locality. The grounds of the cottages were yet uncleared of underbrush; bear and catamount still prowled around the rude fences of the ranches; the late alleged experience of the infant Filgee was by no means improbable or unprecedented.

A light breeze was seeking the heated flat and river, and thrilling the leaves around him with the strong vitality of the forest. The vibrating cross-lights and tremulous chequers of shade cast by the stirred foliage seemed to weave a fantastic net around him as he walked. The quaint odours of certain woodland herbs known to his scholars, and religiously kept in their desks, or left like votive offerings on the threshold of the school-house, re-

called all the primitive simplicity and delicious wildness of the little temple he had left. Even in the mischievous glances of evasive squirrels and the moist eyes of contemplative rabbits there were faint suggestions of some of his own truants. The woods were trembling with gentle memories of the independence he had always known here—of that sweet and grave retreat now so ridiculously invaded.

He began to hesitate, with one of those revulsions of sentiment characteristic of his nature: Why should he bother himself about this girl after all? Why not make up his mind to accept her as his predecessor had done? Why was it necessary for him to find her inconsistent with his ideas of duty to his little flock and his mission to them? Was he not assuming a sense of decorum that was open to misconception? The absurdity of her school costume and any responsibility it incurred, rested not with him, but her parents. What right had he to point it out to them, and above all how was he to do it? He halted irresolutely at what he believed was his sober second thought, but which, like most reflections that take that flattering title, was only a reaction as impulsive and illogical as the emotion that preceded it.

Mr. McKinstry's "snake rail" fence was already discernible in the lighter opening of the woods, not far from where he had halted. As he stood there in hesitation, the pretty figure and bright gown of Cressy McKinstry suddenly emerged from a more secluded trail that intersected his own at an acute angle a few rods ahead of him. She was not alone, but was accompanied by a male figure whose arm she had evidently just dislodged from her waist. He was still trying to resume his lost vantage; she was as resolutely evading him with a certain nymph-like agility, while the sound of her half-laughing, half-irate protest could be faintly heard. Without being able to identify the face or figure of her companion at that distance, he could see

that it was *not* her former betrothed, Seth Davis.

A superior smile crossed his face; he no longer hesitated, but at once resumed his former path. For some time Cressy and her companion moved on quietly before him. Then on reaching the rail-fence they turned abruptly to the right, were lost for an instant in the intervening thicket, and the next moment Cressy appeared alone, crossing the meadow in a shorter cut towards the house, having either scaled the fence or slipped through some familiar gap. Her companion had disappeared. Whether they had noticed that they were observed he could not determine. He kept steadily along the trail that followed the line of fence to the lane that led directly to the farm-building, and pushed open the front gate as Cressy's light dress vanished round an angle at the rear of the house.

The house of the McKinstrys rose, or rather stretched, itself before him, in all the lazy ungainliness of South Western architecture. A collection of temporary make-shifts of boards, of logs, of canvas, prematurely decayed, and in some instances abandoned for a newer erection, or degraded to mere outhouses—it presented with singular frankness the nomadic and tentative disposition of its founder. It had been repaired without being improved; its additions had seemed only to extend its primitive ugliness over a larger space. Its roofs were roughly shingled or rudely boarded and battened, and the rafters of some of its "lean-to's" were simply covered with tarred canvas. As if to settle any doubt of the impossibility of this heterogeneous mass ever taking upon itself any picturesque combination, a small building of corrugated iron, transported in sections from some remoter locality, had been set up in its centre. The McKinstry ranch had long been an eyesore to the master: even that morning he had been mutely wondering from what convulsion of that hideous chrysalis the bright butterfly Cressy had

emerged. It was with a renewal of this curiosity that he had just seen her flutter back to it again.

A yellow dog who had observed him hesitating in doubt where he should enter, here yawned, rose from the sunlight where he had been blinking, approached the master with languid politeness, and then turned towards the iron building as if showing him the way. Mr. Ford followed him cautiously, painfully conscious that his hypocritical canine introducer was only availing himself of an opportunity to gain ingress into the house, and was leading him as a responsible accomplice to probable exposure and disgrace. His expectation was quickly realized: a lazily querulous, feminine outcry, with the words, "Yer's that darned hound agin!" came from an adjacent room, and his exposed and abashed companion swiftly retreated past him into the road again. Mr. Ford found himself alone in a plainly-furnished sitting-room confronting the open door leading to another apartment at which the figure of a woman, preceded hastily by a thrown dish-cloth, had just appeared. It was Mrs. McKinstry; her sleeves were rolled up over her red but still shapely arms, and as she stood there wiping them on her apron, with her elbows advanced, and her closed hands raised alternately in the air, there was an odd pugilistic suggestion in her attitude. It was not lessened on her sudden discovery of the master by her retreating backwards with her hands up and her elbows still well forward as if warily retiring to an imaginary "corner."

Mr. Ford at once tactfully stepped back from the doorway. "I beg your pardon," he said, delicately addressing the opposite wall, "but I found the door open and I followed the dog."

"That's just one of his pizenous tricks," responded Mrs. McKinstry dolefully from within. "On'y last week he let in a Chinaman, and in the nat'ral hustlin' that follered he managed to help himself outer the pork bar'l. There ain't no shade o'

cussedness that or'nary hound ain't up to." Yet notwithstanding this ominous comparison she presently made her appearance with her sleeves turned down, her black woollen dress "tidied," and a smile of fatigued but not unkindly welcome and protection on her face. Dusting a chair with her apron and placing it before the master, she continued maternally, "Now that you're here, set ye right down and make yourself to home. My men folks are all out o' door, but some of em's sure to happen in soon for suthin'; that day ain't yet created that they don't come huntin' up Mammy McKinstry every five minutes for this thing or that."

The glow of a certain hard pride burned through the careworn languor of her brown cheek. What she had said was strangely true. This raw-boned woman before him, although scarcely middle-aged, had for years occupied a self-imposed maternal and protecting relation, not only to her husband and brothers, but to the three or four men, who as partners, or hired hands, lived at the ranch. An inherited and trained sympathy with what she called her "boys" and her "men folk," and their needs had partly unsexed her. She was a fair type of a class not uncommon on the South Western frontier; women who were ruder helpmeets of their rude husbands and brothers, who had shared their privations and sufferings with surly, masculine endurance, rather than feminine patience; women who had sent their loved ones to hopeless adventure or terrible *vendetta* as a matter of course, or with partizan fury; who had devotedly nursed the wounded to keep alive the feud, or had received back their dead dry-eyed and revengeful. Small wonder that Cressy McKinstry had developed strangely under this sexless relationship. Looking at the mother, albeit not without a certain respect—Mr. Ford found himself contrasting her with the daughter's graceful femininity, and wondering where in Cressy's youthful contour,

the possibility of the grim figure before him was even now hidden.

"Hiram allowed to go over to the school-house and see you this mornin'," said Mrs. McKinstry, after a pause; "but I reckon ez how he had to look up stock on the river. The cattle are that wild this time o' year, huntin' water, and hangin' round the *tules*, that my men are nigh worried out o' their butes with 'em. Hank and Jim ain't been off their mustangs since sun up, and Hiram, what with partrollen' the West Boundery all night, watchin' stakes whar them low down Harrisons hev been trespassin'—hasn't put his feet to the ground in fourteen hours. Mebbe you noticed Hiram ez you kem along? Ef so, ye didn't remember what kind o' shootin' irons he had with him? I see his rifle over yon. Like ez not he's only got his six-shooter, and them Harrisons are mean enough to lay for him at long range. But" she added, returning to the less important topic, "I s'pose Cressy came all right."

"Yes," said the master hopelessly.

"I reckon she looked so," continued Mrs. McKinstry, with tolerant abstraction. "She allowed to do herself credit in one of them new store gownds that she got at Sacramento. At least that's what some of our men said. Late years, I ain't kept tech with the fashions myself." She passed her fingers explanatorily down the folds of her own coarse gown, but without regret or apology.

"She seemed well prepared in her lessons," said the master, abandoning for the moment that criticism of his pupil's dress, which he saw was utterly futile, "but am I to understand that she is coming regularly to school—that she is now perfectly free to give her entire attention to her studies—that—that—her—engagement is broken off?"

"Why, didn't she tell ye?" echoed Mrs. McKinstry in languid surprise.

"She certainly did," said the master with slight embarrassment, "but—"

"Ef she said so," interrupted Mrs.

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McKinstry abstractedly, "she oughter know, and you kin tie to what she says."

"But as I'm responsible to *parents* and not to scholars for the discipline of my school," returned the young man a little stiffly, "I thought it my duty to hear it from *you*."

"That's so," said Mrs. McKinstry meditatively, "then I reckon you'd better see Hiram. That ar' Seth Davis engagement was a matter of hern and her father's, and not in *my* line. I 'spose that Hiram nat'rally allows to set the thing square to you and enquirin' friends."

"I hope you understand," said the master slightly resenting the classification, "that my reasons for inquiring about the permanency of your daughter's attendance, was simply because it might be necessary to arrange her studies in a way more suitable to her years; perhaps, even to suggest to you that a young ladies' seminary might be more satisfactory—"

"Sartain, sartain," interrupted Mrs. McKinstry hurriedly, but whether from evasion of annoying suggestion, or weariness of the topic, the master could not determine. "You'd better speak to Hiram about it. O'ny," she hesitated slightly, "ez he's got now sorter set and pinted towards your school, and is a trifle worried with stock and them Harrisons, ye might tech it lightly. He oughter be along yer now. I can't think what keeps him." Her eye wandered again with troubled preoccupation to the corner where her husband's Sharpe rifle stood. Suddenly she raised her voice as if forgetful of Mr. Ford's presence.

"O Cressy!"

"O maw!"

The response came from the inner room. The next moment Cressy appeared at the door with an odd half-lazy defiance in her manner, which the master could not understand, except upon the hypothesis that she had been listening. She had already changed her elaborate toilet for a long clinging, coarse blue gown, that accented

the graceful curves of her slight, petticoatless figure. Nodding her head towards the master, she said "Howdy?" and turned to her mother who practically ignored their personal acquaintance. "Cressy," she said, "Dad's gone and left his Sharpe yer, d'ye mind takin' it along to meet him, afore he passes the Boundary corner. Ye might tell him the teacher's yer, wantin' to see him."

"One moment," said the master, as the young girl carelessly stepped to the corner and lifted the weapon. "Let *me* take it. It's all on my way back to school, and I'll meet him."

Mrs. McKinstry looked perturbed. Cressy opened her clear eyes on the master with evident surprise. "No, Mr. Ford," said Mrs. McKinstry, with her former maternal manner. "Ye'd better not mix yourself up with these yer doin's. Ye've no call to do it, and Cressy has; it's all in the family. But it's outer *your* line, and them Harrison whelps go to your school. Fancy the teacher takin' weppins betwixt and between!"

"It's fitter work for the teacher than for one of his scholars, and a young lady at that," said Mr. Ford gravely, as he took the rifle from the hands of the half-amused, half-reluctant girl. "It's quite safe with me and I promise I shall deliver it into Mr. McKinstry's hands and none other."

"Perhaps it wouldn't be ez likely to be gin'rally noticed ez it would if one of *us* carried it," murmured Mrs. McKinstry in confidential abstraction, gazing at her daughter sublimely unconscious of the presence of a third party.

"You're quite right," said the master composedly, throwing the rifle over his shoulder and turning towards the door. "So I'll say good afternoon, and try and find your husband."

Mrs. McKinstry constrainedly plucked at the folds of her coarse gown. "Ye'll like a drink afore ye go," she said, in an ill-concealed tone of relief. "I clean forgot my manners. Cressy, fetch out that demijohn."

"Not for me, thank you," returned Mr. Ford smiling.

"Oh, I see—you're temperance, naturally," said Mrs. McKinstry with a tolerant sigh.

"Hardly that," returned the master, "I follow no rule, I drink sometimes—but not to-day."

Mrs. McKinstry's dark face contracted, "Don't you see, Maw," struck in Cressy quickly. "Teacher drinks sometimes, but he don't *use* whisky. That's all."

Her mother's face relaxed. Cressy slipped out of the door before the master, and preceded him to the gate. When she had reached it she turned and looked into his face.

"What did Maw say to yer about seein' me just now?"

"I don't understand you."

"To your seein' me and Joe Masters on the trail?"

"She said nothing."

"Humph," said Cressy meditatively, "What was it you told her about it?"

"Nothing."

"Then you *didn't* see us?"

"I saw you with some one—I don't know whom."

"And you didn't tell Maw?"

"I did not. It was none of my business."

He instantly saw the utter inconsistency of this speech in connection with the reason he believed he had in coming. But it was too late to recall it, and she was looking at him with a bright but singular expression.

"That Joe Masters is the conceitedest fellow goin'. I told him you could see his foolishness."

"Ah, indeed."

Mr. Ford pushed open the gate. As the girl still lingered he was obliged to hold it a moment before passing through.

"Maw couldn't quite hitch on to your not drinkin'. She reckons you're like everybody else about yer. That's where she slips up on you. And everybody else, I kalkilate."

"I suppose she's somewhat anxious about your father, and I dare say is

expecting me to hurry," returned the master pointedly.

"Oh, dad's all right," said Cressy mischievously. "You'll come across him over yon, in the clearing. But you're looking right purty with that gun. It kinder sets you off. You oughter wear one."

The master smiled slightly, said "Good-bye," and took leave of the girl, but not of her eyes, which were still following him. Even when he had reached the end of the lane and glanced back at the rambling dwelling she was still leaning on the gate with one foot on the lower rail and her chin cupped in the hollow of her hand. She made a slight gesture, not clearly intelligible at that distance; it might have been a mischievous imitation of the way he had thrown the gun over his shoulder, it might have been a wafted kiss.

The master however continued his way in no very self-satisfied mood. Although he did not regret having

taken the place of Cressy as the purveyor of lethal weapons between the belligerent parties, he knew he was tacitly mingling in the feud between people for whom he cared little or nothing. It was true that the Harrisons sent their children to his school, and that in the fierce partizanship of the locality this simple courtesy was open to misconstruction. But he was more uneasily conscious that his mission, as far as Mrs. McKinstry was concerned, was a miserable failure. The strange relations of the mother and daughter perhaps explained much of the girl's conduct, but it offered no hope of future amelioration. Would the father, "worrited by stock" and boundary quarrels—a man in the habit of cutting Gordian knots with a bowie knife—prove more reasonable? Was there any nearer sympathy between father and daughter? But she had said he would meet McKinstry in the clearing: she was right, for here he was coming foward at a gallop!

(To be continued.)

RHYMES AFTER HORACE.

NEÆRA.

(*Hor. Epod. xv.*)

I.

THE heavens were clear, the moon was bright,
 The lesser lights stood round ;
 Your arms were clasped and held me tight,
 Like oak with ivy bound ;
 When you, predestined to defy
 The solemn rulers of the sky,
 Swore,—as I swore to you—
So long as wolves shall worry flocks,
Orion's wrath set ships on rocks,
And Zephyr wave Apollo's locks,
We will be lovers true.

II.

Neæra, you shall rue it,
 This dalliance elsewhere ;
 If Flaccus can't undo it,
 The slight he will not bear.
 If he's a man,
 He will, and can
 Disgrace the false and fair.
 His pride is proof against the jilt
 Who thrusts her poniard to the hilt.

III.

And you, whoever you may be,
 Whom men think luckier than me,
 Who strut the taller for my woe,—
 Although you've wool and wheat, although
 For you the golden river flow,
 And secrets of the sage you know,
 Adept in transmigration-books,
 And quite Homeric in good-looks,
Woe! Woe! for shifting love! you'll cry:—
 Then comes my turn, and then laugh I.

ASTERIE.

(*Hor. Od. iii. 7.*)

WHY, Lady of the lodestar eye,
Dost thou for steadfast Gyges sigh,
Leal lad, whom with the early spring
The kind Favonian airs will bring,
With Eastern wealth bedight,
And true to dear troth-plight?

The Kids, that rave when foliage falls,
Threw on the trader northward squalls,
And bound him in a land of frost;
And chilly are the nights; and tossed
From side to side doth he
Drop many a tear,—like thee.

There's one that teaseth him to death,—
His hostess, where he sojourneth;
She sends an errand-boy, an imp
Skilled in a thousand ways to pimp.
Forsooth, flames burn the shrew,
Flames that are owned by you.

The tempter brings a tale of spite.
*There was an over-holy knight,
Guest of King Prætus, well-nigh slain
Because the jealous lord was fain
To take his consort's word
For guilt that she averred.*

*Chaste Peleus, says the go-between,
Shrunk from the gallant Lydian Queen,
Shrunk to the verge of hell.—And so
In these recited tales men go
To penance dark and dour
Who love not par amour.*

Unscathed is he on whom are spent
The shafts of wicked argument.
Deaf, deafer than the Cretan crag,
Your sweetheart yet withstands the hag.
But you,—your neighbour's fair,
Lest he beguile, beware.

Rhymes after Horace.

Though on Enipeus all men strain
Fond eyes, because he sways the rein
So deftly that he must surpass
All riders on the War-God's grass ;
 Though down the Tiber swim
 No lads that vie with him ;

Yet, prithee, with the twilight hour
Take up thy key and close the bower ;
Look not into the street for flute
That maketh plaint, and maketh suit.
 He'll call thee hard, he'll chide :
 Be patient, and abide.

OFELLA.

ON SOME LETTERS OF KEATS.

WHILE the late Lord Houghton was preparing his *Life of Keats*, in 1845, he received a letter from a Mr. John Jeffrey, of Louisville, Kentucky, who had seen the announcement of his intention in the newspapers. "By my recent marriage," wrote Mr. Jeffrey, "with the widow of the late George Keats, who resided in this city, I have become possessed of papers and information relative to the poet Keats, without which it is impossible, in my opinion, to give his complete life; they consist of private letters addressed to George and Thomas Keats, and other connections of the family, written by John Keats during his tour through Scotland and other places, and are quite voluminous and interesting, forming a sort of journal well worthy of publication. Also of an unfinished tragedy, of which four acts are complete. Also of many sonnets and miscellaneous pieces of poetry, heretofore unpublished, as well as reminiscences and anecdotes of the poet, as given by the late George Keats and his wife. Copies," added Mr. Jeffrey, "of all papers in my possession shall be forwarded to you as soon as you make known to me that you have a desire to make a proper use of them."

When two years afterwards Lord Houghton's book appeared, a chief part of its value was in fact derived, as every reader knows, from the materials supplied by his Louisville correspondent. Especially "voluminous and interesting," to use Mr. Jeffrey's expression, proved to be the series of journal-letters written by the poet to his brother and sister-in-law in America during the twelve months between September, 1818,—when he had returned from his Scotch tour, with his own health shaken by over-exertion, to watch beside the death-bed of his

younger brother Tom,—and September, 1819, when he spent at Winchester his last weeks of cheerful labour and manly hope, before the combined attacks of disease, anxiety, and passion brought him low. This is the year in which nearly all his best work was done, the year of "*Hyperion*," "*St. Agnes' Eve*," "*Lamia*," and the *Odes*. Bound to his brother and sister-in-law by ties of exceptional tenderness, he must needs have them still live with him in thought, and in his letters pours out his whole self to them, prose and poetry, the common and the exquisite, generosity and irritability, courage and weakness, boyish nonsense, side by side with the manliest wisdom, scraps of Cockney doggerel interspersed with strains of beauty that will never die, the tattle of suburban parlours with the speculations of an inspired young poet and philosopher: a fascinating medley, wherein we watch all the elements of character and genius still seething in the constitution of this half-formed and half-trained, nobly-natured and astonishingly gifted lad.

Such is the character of these letters as we have been used to read them, either scattered among the pages of Lord Houghton's sympathetic narrative, or reprinted in the large edition of the poet's works by Mr. Buxton Forman. It turns out, however, that we have hitherto had them only in a very imperfect form. Lord Houghton never had the autographs before him, but edited them from the transcripts furnished to him by Mr. Jeffrey. Passages in which the poet had touched, whether kindly or satirically, on the quarrels and infirmities of his friends, the *misères* of their daily life, Lord Houghton omitted in order to save pain to persons still living.

For this no one could find fault with him; but in other instances he carried editorial discretion far, at least according to the standard of to-day; as in substituting the phrase, since often quoted, "I have a firm belief in immortality, and so had Tom," for what I find were the poet's real words in the passage, "I have scarce a doubt of an immortality of some kind or another, neither had Tom."

The real offender in these matters, however, is Mr. Jeffrey. His copies of the correspondence in his hands (I have them now before me) were quite incomplete, and he would often arbitrarily leave out the very pith of the passage he was professing to transcribe. The true text of some of the letters has been restored in an American edition published five years ago by Mr. Speed, a grand-nephew of the poet. The original autographs of others are now in my hands for publication, through the kindness of Mr. W. G. Hurlbert, formerly of New York. A few extracts from these will best show the interest of much of the matter which Mr. Jeffrey thought proper to omit, and which has accordingly remained unpublished.

I will begin with passages from a letter written at Hampstead in the October (1818), following the poet's return from Scotland and preceding the death from consumption of his brother Tom. They are passages of no very special point, but characteristic as illustrating the daily tenor of his life and thoughts, and the constant effort of imaginative affection whereby he sought to keep his intimacy with those he loved undiminished by separation.

"Why did I not write to Philadelphia? Really I am sorry for that neglect. I wish to go on writing *ad infinitum* to you—I wish for interesting matter and a pen as swift as the wind. But the fact is I go so little into the crowd now that I have nothing fresh and fresh every day to speculate upon except my own whims and theories. I have been but once to Haydon's, once to Hunt's, once to Rice's, once to Hessey's. I have not seen Taylor, I have not been to the Theatre Now

if I had been many times to all these I could on my return at night have each day something new to tell you of without any stop. But now I have such a dearth that when I get to the end of this sentence and to the bottom of this page I must wait till I can find something interesting to [tell] you before I begin another. After all it is not much matter what it may be about, for the very words from such a distance penned by this hand will be grateful to you—even though I were to copy out the tale of Mother Hubbard or Little Red Riding Hood. I have been over to Dilke's this evening—there with Brown we have been talking of different and indifferent Matters—of Euclid, of Metaphysics, of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of the horrid system and consequences of the fagging at great schools. I know not yet how large a parcel I can send—I mean by way of Letters—I hope there can be no objection to my dowling up a quire made into a small compass. That is the manner in which I shall write. I shall send you more than letters—I mean a tale which I must begin on account of the activity of my mind; of its inability to remain at rest. It must be prose and not very exciting. I must do this because in the way I am at present situated I have too many interruptions to a train of feeling to be able to write Poetry. So I shall write this Tale, and if I think it worth while get a duplicate made before I send it off to you."

The prose tale which we find Keats here meditating he never really wrote. But in letter-writing to his kindred overseas he continued indefatigable, filling for them, at intervals sometimes of only a day or two, sometimes of two or three weeks or more, sheet on sheet of large quarto, or occasionally the largest folio, paper with his neat, close, rather boyish hand-writing. For regularity and absence of erasure—except in the drafting of his poems—the autographs of Keats, as collectors know, are as fair as those of Thackeray himself; but he often inadvertently drops or adds a letter or a word, and has moreover certain constant tricks of spelling, e.g. "copy," "affraid," "dilligent," with an apparently haphazard use of capitals as illustrated in the present extracts. A few pages after the passage just quoted, he says, addressing his sister-in-law:

"To-morrow I shall call on your Mother and exchange information with her. On Tom's account I have not been able to pass

so much time with her as I would otherwise have done. I have seen her but twice—once I dined with her and Charles. She was well, in good spirits and I kept her laughing at my bad jokes. We went to tea at Mrs. Millar's and in going were particularly struck with the light and shade through the Gate-way at the Horse Guards. I intend to write you such volumes that it will be impossible for me to keep any order or method in what I write: that will come first which is uppermost in my mind, not that which is uppermost in my heart—besides I should wish to give you a picture of our lives here whenever by a touch I can do it; even as you must see by the last sentence our walk past Whitehall all in good health and spirits. This I am certain of, because I felt so much pleasure from the simple idea of your playing a game of Cricket."

My next extract shall be from a letter written two months later (December—January, 1818-19), when Keats, after the death of his brother, had left his lodgings with Bentley the postman in Well Walk, Hampstead, to join his friend Brown in the semi-detached house lower down the heath known as Wentworth Place. Voyages and travels had always been among his favourite reading, and here we find his fancy stirred by an account of one of Ross's Arctic expeditions. Next comes gossip about common friends, and then the earliest glimpse which occurs in his correspondence of the young girl, Fanny Brawne, who was innocently about to play such havoc with his life; followed by a laugh at himself in the character of a suburban dandy and lady killer.

"Haydon was here yesterday—he amused us much by speaking of young Hoppner who went with Capt. Ross on a voyage of discovery to the Poles. The Ship was sometimes entirely surrounded with vast mountains and crags of ice and in a few minutes not a particle was to be seen all round the Horizon. Once they met with so vast a Mass that they gave themselves over for lost; their last resource was in meeting it with the Bowsprit, which they did and split it asunder and glided through it as it parted for a great distance—one Mile and more. Their eyes were so fatigued with the eternal dazzle and whiteness that they lay down on their backs upon deck to relieve their sight on the blue sky. Hoppner describes his dreadful weariness at the continual day—the sun ever moving in a circle round above their heads—so pressing upon him that he could not rid himself of the sen-

sation even in the dark hold of the Ship. The Esquimaux are described as the most wretched of Beings—they float from the summer to their winter residences and back again like white Bears on the ice floats. They seem never to have washed, and so when their features move the red skin shows beneath the crackling peel of dirt. They had no notion of any inhabitants in the World but themselves. The sailors who had not seen a Star for some time, when they came again southwards on the hailing of the first revision of one all ran upon deck with feelings of the most joyful nature. Haydon's eyes will not suffer him to proceed with his picture—His Physician tells him he must remain two months more inactive. Hunt keeps on in his old way—I am completely tired of it all. He has lately published a Pocket-Book called the literary Pocket-Book—full of the most sickening stuff you can imagine. Reynolds is well; he has become an Edinburgh Reviewer. . . .

"I have not heard from Bailey. Rice I have seen very little of lately—and I am very sorry for it. The Miss R's are all as usual. Archer above all people called on me one day—he wanted some information by my means, from Hunt and Haydon, concerning some man they knew. I got him what he wanted but know none of the whys and wherefores. Poor Kirkman left Wentworth Place one evening about half past eight and was stopped, beaten and robbed of his Watch in Pond Street. I saw him a few days since; he had not recovered from the bruise. I called on Hazlitt the day I went to Romney Street—I gave John Hunt extracts from your letters—he has taken no notice. I have seen Lamb lately. Brown and I were taken by Hunt to Novello's—there we were devastated and excruciated with bad and repeated puns. Brown don't want to go again. We went the other evening to see Brutus, a new Tragedy by Howard Payne, an American—Kean was excellent—the play was very bad. It is the first time I have been since I went with you to the Lyceum. Mrs. Brawne, who took Brown's house for the summer, still resides in Hampstead—she is a very nice woman—and her daughter senior is I think beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange. We have a little tiff now and then—and she behaves a little better, or I must have sheered off. I find by a sidelong report from your Mother that I am to be invited to Miss Millar's birthday dance. Shall I dance with Miss Waldegrave? Eh! I shall be obliged to shirk a good many there. I shall be the only Dandy there—and indeed I merely comply with the invitation that the party may not be entirely destitute of a specimen of that race. I shall appear in a complete dress of purple, Hat and all—with a list of the beauties I have conquered embroidered round my Calves".

One more picture, of about the same date, of the poet as he lived and would

fain have his friends in fancy live with him. He has been copying for their entertainment some of the most vigorous portions of Hazlitt's recent onslaughts upon Gifford, and goes on :

" This is the sort of *feu de joie* he keeps up. There is another extract or two—one especially which I will copy to-morrow—for the candles are burnt down and I am using the wax taper—which has a long snuff on it—the fire is at its last click—I am sitting with my back to it with one foot rather askew upon the rug and the other with heel a little elevated from the carpet. I am writing this on the 'Maid's Tragedy', which I have read since tea with great pleasure. Besides this volume of Beaumont and Fletcher—there are on the table two volumes of Chaucer and a new work of Tom Moore's called 'Tom Cribb's memorial to Congress'—nothing in it. These are trifles, but I require nothing so much of you but that you will give one a like description of yourselves, however it may be, when you are writing to me. Could I see the same thing done of any great Man long since dead it would be a great delight : As to know in what position Shakespeare sat when he began 'To be or not to be'—such things become interesting from distance of time or place. I hope you are both now in that sweet sleep which no two beings deserve more than you do—I must fancy you so—and please myself in the fancy of speaking a prayer and a blessing over you and your lives—God bless you—I whisper good night in your ears and you will dream of me".

The richest of all these long journal-letters of Keats, even as we have hitherto had it, is that to which he kept adding through nearly the whole spring of 1819, from February 14th till the second week in May. But the passages of it which the transcriber left out are perhaps those of the greatest interest, both personal and literary, of all. The first I shall give belongs to the second week of April, and requires a certain amount of preface. Wordsworth's poem "Peter Bell", written some twenty years before, had just been announced for publication. At this date, even amongst those who acknowledged the force of Wordsworth's genius, and could admire unreservedly such work as the "Ode on Immortality", or the more inspired parts of the "Excursion", it was the fashion to deride or lament the style of his early rustic ballads as mere perversity and aberration.

The rising generation of literary liberals took this tone alike from the jeering invective of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers", and the lighter raillery of "Rejected Addresses". Partly also they were influenced by disappointment at the poet's own defection from liberal ideas, and not least by the stiffness and egotism of his personal demeanour when during his visits to London he came personally among them. Hazlitt of course was bitter on the point : so in a less degree were Leigh Hunt and his group, including both Shelley and Keats. When "Peter Bell" was announced, it was assumed among them, from its title, that the poem was to be an addition to the class of rustic pieces they despised ; and a few days before its publication there appeared in all the booksellers' windows an anticipatory parody called also "Peter Bell", and bearing on the title-page the motto, "I am the real Simon Pure". The burlesque is savage, impertinent, and in parts funny enough. In a prose preface and supplementary essay, the lofty dogmatism and self-assertion of Wordsworth's critical essays are mocked in a vein between solemn parody and idle punning. The verse of the sham "Peter Bell" is of this quality :

" He is rurally related ;
Peter Bell hath country cousins,
(He had once a worthy mother),
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he hath no brother.

" Not a brother owneth he,
Peter Bell he hath no brother ;
His mother had no other son,
No other son e'er called her mother ;
Peter Bell hath brother none."

Or again :

" The hand of Peter Bell is busy
Under the pent-house of his hairs ;
His eye is like a solemn sermon ;
The little flea severely fares,
'Tis a sad day for the vermin.

" He is thinking of the Bible—
Peter Bell is old and blest ;
He doth pray and scratch away,
He doth scratch, and bitten, pray
To *flee* away and be at rest.

" At home his foster-child is cradled—
Four brown bugs are feeding there ;
Catch as many, sister Ann,
Catch as many as you can,
And yet the little insects spare.

" Why should blessed insects die ?
The flee doth skip o'er Betty Foy
Like a little living thing :
Though it hath not fin or wing,
Hath it not a moral joy ? "

There was one old and staunch admirer of Wordsworth — Charles Lamb—whose relish for a joke did not extend to jokes of this nature at his friend's expense. Readers of Lamb's letters (and who, since the publication of Canon Ainger's delightful edition, is not a reader or re-reader of these ?) may remember the indignation he expresses on the appearance of this false "Peter Bell":—"The humour, if it is meant for humour, is forced ; and then the price!—sixpence would have been dear for it. . . . Is there no law against these rascals ? I would have this Lambert Simnel whipt at the cart's tail. . . . Who started the spurious 'P.B.' I have not heard. I should guess, one of the sneering brothers, the vile Smiths ; but I have heard no name mentioned". "The vile Smiths" is rough indeed as a name for those genial parodists and most kindly men ; nor was Lamb any more right in his guess than Byron, who took the skit for the work of Tom Moore. Its real author was a youth of twenty-three—John Hamilton Reynolds, the correspondent and intimate friend of Keats, and afterwards brother-in-law of Thomas Hood. Reynolds shows in his early writings both a true spirit of fancy and romance and a vigorous vein of burlesque, with a British love of sports, especially the prize-ring, and the passion for punning which was epidemic among the wits of his age ; but abandoning about this time letters for law, he wrote thereafter comparatively little, and for the most part under feigned names or anonymously. Keats was in the secret of the parody of "Peter Bell", as the unpublished

parts of his correspondence show
First we find him writing, on April 15th :

" Wordsworth is going to publish a poem called 'Peter Bell'—what a perverse fellow it is ! Why will he talk about Peter Bells ? I was told not to tell—but to you it will not be telling—Reynolds hearing that said 'Peter Bell' was coming out, took it into his head to write a skit upon it called 'Peter Bell'. He did it as soon as thought on : it is to be published this morning, and comes out before the real 'Peter Bell', with this admirable motto from the 'Bold Stroke for a Wife', 'I am the real Simon Pure'. It would be just as well to trounce Lord Byron in the same manner".

Then four days later he resumes :

" When Reynolds was here on Monday, he asked me to give Hunt a hint to take notice of his 'Peter Bell' in the 'Examiner'. The best thing I can do is to write a little notice of it myself, which I will do here and copy out if it should suit my purpose.

'Peter Bell.—There have been lately advertised two Books both "Peter Bell" by name ; what stuff the one was made of might be seen by the motto, "I am the real Simon Pure". This false Florimel has hurried from the press and obtruded herself into public notice, while for aught we know the real one may be still wandering about the woods and mountains. Let us hope she may soon make her appearance and make good her right to the magic girdle. The Pamphleteering Archimage we can perceive has rather a splenetic love than a downright hatred to real Florimels—if indeed they had been so christened—or had even a pretention to play at bob-cherry with Barbara Lewthwaite : but he has a fixed aversion to those three rhyming Graces, Alice Fell, Susan Gale, and Betty Foy ; and now at length especially to Peter Bell—fit Apollo. It may be seen from one or two passages in this little skit that the writer of it has felt the finer parts of Mr. Wordsworth, and perhaps expatiated with his more remote and sublimer muse. This as far as it relates to Peter Bell is unlucky. The more he may love the sad embroidery of the Excursion, the more he will hate the coarse Samplers of Betty Foy and Alice Fell ; and as they come from the same hand, the better will be able to imitate that which can be imitated, to wit, "Peter Bell"—as far as can be imagined from the obstinate Name. We repeat it is very unlucky. This real Simon Pure is in parts the very Man—there is a pernicious likeness in the scenery, a pestilent humour in the rhymes, and an inveterate cadence in some of the Stanzas that must be lamented. If we are one part amused with this, we are three parts sorry that an appreciator of Wordsworth

should show so much temper at this really provoking name of "Peter Bell"!

This will do well enough—I have copied it and enclosed it to Hunt. You will call it a little politic—seeing I keep clear of all parties, I say something for and against both parties, and suit it to the tune of the 'Examiner'—I meant to say I do not unsuit it—and I believe I think what I say: nay, I am sure I do, I and my conscience are in luck to-day, which is an excellent thing."

The little review Keats here sketches out is characteristic with its Spenserian allusions, and gracefully adroit as he meant it to be, in sparing offence alike to Wordsworth and his parodist. Turning to the pages of the "Examiner" for 1819, I find that it was printed there, after some slight editorial polishing by Leigh Hunt, in the number for April 26th; and we thus recover a fragment of Keats's published prose which had hitherto escaped the notice of his editors.

Following without a break on the words last quoted about "Peter Bell" comes another passage of still greater curiosity and interest, as follows:

"The other night I went to the play with Rice, Reynolds and Martin; we saw a new dull and half damn'd opera called 'The Heart of Midlothian', that was on Saturday. I stopt at Taylor's on Sunday with Woodhouse, and passed a quiet sort of pleasant day. I have been very much pleased with the Panorama of the Ship at the North Pole—with the icebergs, the mountains, the bears, the wolves, the seals, the penguins, and a large whale floating back above water—it is impossible to describe the place.

Wednesday Evening.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

"O what can ail thee knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the Lake
And no birds sing?

"O what can ail thee knight at arms
So haggard and so woe begone?
The squirrel's granary is full
And the harvest's done.

"I see death's lilly on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew
And on thy cheek death's fading rose
Fast withereth too.

"I met a Lady in the Woods Meads

Full beautiful, a faery's child
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head
And bracelets too, and fragrant Zone.
She look'd me as she did love
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet
And honey wild and ^{mauna} honey-dew
And once in language strange she said
I love thee true.

"She took me to her elfin grot
And sigh'd full sore
And there she wept and there she sigh'd.
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep
And there I dream'd. Ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

"I saw pale Kings and Princes too
Pale warriors death pale were they all
They cried *La belle dame sans merci*
Thee hath in thrall.

"I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
All tremble ^{gaped}
With horrid warning, a wide agape
And I woke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I ~~wither~~ sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is withered from the Lake
And no birds sing

"Why four kisses, you will say—why four, because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would have fain said 'score' without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the Imagination, as the Critics say, with Judgment. I was obliged to choose an even number that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two a piece quite sufficient. Suppose I had said seven there would have been three and a half a piece—a very awkward affair and well got out of on my side".

Now this is to the student one of the choicest passages of a poet's MS. that can be imagined. I enter not into the question of the merits of "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*," though to me it is the most beautiful thing of

its kind in the world: for wildness, brevity, felicity of imagery and cadence, for romantic passion and suggestion, incomparable. The best lovers of poetry, however, seem oddly divided on the point. Rossetti thought nearly as I do. Mr. Coventry Patmore, if he will allow me to quote him, calls it "probably the very finest lyric in the English language." Matthew Arnold, on the other hand—alas! *quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis*—Matthew Arnold wrote to me a year ago: "The value you attach to 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' is to me simply amazing". And Mr. Palgrave, in general one of the most enthusiastic of Keats' critics, dislikes greatly the "palely loitering" of the first line, thinking it a "thorough Leigh Hunt-ism". Be that as it may, the point is that we had until now no copy of the poem in its author's handwriting, and this passage of his letter supplies such a copy in the most interesting form—that of an unfinished draft corrected as he wrote it down. Keats's laughing comment on the mechanism of his own rhymes will jar only on persons of priggish mind. That which, coming from an outside critic, would have been a piece of pestilent flippancy, when it comes from the poet himself is but a proof the more of the spirit of humour, modesty, and plain sense which neither inspiration, nor the pride of inspiration, could conquer in him or long displace. The passage derives a further value from the fact that it settles the question, previously open, of the exact date when this poem was composed. Mr. Buxton Forman had suggested that it belonged to the summer of 1820; but it turns out to have been really written (as I had previously shown reason to surmise) in April-May, 1819, the date also of Keats' masterpieces in another style—the odes "To Psyche," on "A Grecian Urn," and "To a Nightingale".

Immediately after "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" Keats copies for his

correspondents another and far less valuable set of verses he had lately written, "The Song of the Four Fairies of Fire, Earth, Air, and Water, Salamander, Zephyr, Dusketha, and Breama". I trace a connection between this indifferent choral lyric of the elemental sprites (already published by Lord Houghton and Mr. Buxton Forman) and a passage of the same letter, written a few days earlier, when in the midst of gossip he breaks off, and writes down at a breath some ninety or a hundred of lines of what he pretends to be the twelfth and thirteenth cantos of a rhymed tale of fairyland. This fragment has never been printed. It is curious as showing that he had already in his mind the notion of a half fanciful, half-satirical poem on a fairy theme, somewhat resembling that which he attempted seriously to carry out seven months later in the "Cap and Bells". Unlike the "Cap and Bells," the present fragment is written in the heroic metre (varied with dissyllabic rhymes and triplets). It is too long to quote here, and indeed hardly good enough, for the vein is not one wherein Keats excelled; but will find its place in the complete edition of his letters to his family and friends which I am now preparing. Meanwhile, here are some of the opening verses by way of specimen. A princess and her three attendants arrive upon the scene:

"When they had come into the Faery's Court
They rang—no one at home—all gone to sport
And dance and kiss and love as faeries do,—
For faerys be as human lovers true,—
Amid the woods they were so lone and wild
Where even the robin feels himself exil'd,
And where the very brooks as if afraid
Hurry along to some less magic shade.
'No one at home'! the fruitful princess cry'd,
'And all for nothing such a dreary ride,
And all for nothing my new diamond cross,
No one to see my Persian feathers toss;
No one to see my Ape, my Dwarf, my Fool,
Or how I pace my Otaheitan mule.

Ape, Dwarf, and Fool, why stand you
gaping there?
Burst the door open, quick, or I declare,
I'll switch you soundly or in pieces tear".

Stopping in the middle of his verses
as suddenly as he had begun, Keats
adds :

"Brown is gone to bed—and I am tired of rhyming—there is a north wind blowing playing young gooseberry with the trees. I don't care so it helps even with a side wind a letter to me—for I cannot put faith in any reports I hear of the Settlement, some are good and some bad. Last Sunday I took a walk towards Highgate and in the lane that winds by the side of Lord Mansfield's park I met Mr. Green our Demonstrator at Guy's in conversation with Coleridge. I joined them after enquiring by a look whether it would be agreeable. I walked with him at his alderman-after dinner pace for nearly two miles I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things—let me see if I can give you a list—Nightingales—Poetry—on Poetical Sensation—Metaphysics—Different genera and species of Dreams—Nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—First and second consciousness—the difference explained between will and Volition—so say metaphysicians from a want of smoking the second consciousness—Monsters—the Kraken—Mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a Ghost story—Good morning. I heard his voice as he came towards me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so. He was civil enough to ask me to call at Highgate."

Here indeed is a passage for an intelligent transcriber to have chosen for leaving out. Even beside the finished and brilliant portrait by Carlyle in his *Life of Sterling*, this light sketch by our lad of genius of his encounter with the slow-shuffling, interminably-discoursing sage may hold its own. Probably it is the self-same meeting of which Coleridge himself told his nephew, Nelson Coleridge, a dozen years afterwards, when its duration and his own discourse had alike faded from his mind; according to the well-known passage in his "Table-Talk":

"A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. — and myself in a lane near Highgate. — knew him and spoke. It was

Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said: 'Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!' 'There is death in that hand,' I said to —, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly."

Other personal passages in this same inexhaustible letter are of a less pleasant kind. Two in particular, which it was proper to suppress at first, may be published without impropriety now that all the persons concerned are dead. They relate to the reasons of the poet's quarrel with Charles Wells, afterwards author of "*Joseph and his Brethren*," at this time a boisterous youth, barely grown up, with whom Keats had first been intimate as the schoolfellow of his younger brother Tom. That the quarrel was on account of a jest recklessly played off on Tom Keats during his sickness we knew; but the exact nature of the prank appears for the first time from the following passages. They exhibit the poet in that mood of righteous fury so often described by his friends, but rarely illustrated in his letters. He writes on April 15th:

"I found some of the correspondence between him and that degraded Wells and Amena. It is a wretched business, I do not know the rights of it—but what I do know would I am sure affect you so much that I am in two Minds whether I will tell you anything about it. And yet I do not see why—for anything tho' it be unpleasant that calls to mind those we still love has a compensation in itself for the pain it occasions—so very likely tomorrow I may set about copying the whole of what I have about it: with no sort of a Richardson self satisfaction—I hate it to a sickness—and I am afraid more from indolence of mind than anything else. I wonder how people exist with all their worries."

And again a few days later:

"I have been looking over the correspondence of the pretended Amena and Wells this evening. I now see the whole cruel deception. I think Wells must have had an accomplice in it. Amena's Letters are in a Man's language and in a Man's hand imitating a woman's. The instigation to this diabolical scheme was vanity and the love of intrigue. It was no thoughtless hoax but a cruel deception on a sanguine Temperament, with every

show of friendship. I do not think death too bad for the villain. The world would look upon it in a different light should I expose it—they would call it a frolic—so I must be wary—but I consider it my duty to be prudently revengeful. I will hang over his head like a sword by a hair. I will be opium to his vanity if I cannot injure his interests. He is a rat and he shall have ratsbane to his vanity. I will harm him all I possibly can. I have no doubt I shall be able to do so. Let us leave him to his misery alone except when we can throw in a little more”.

I will conclude these unpublished extracts (still from the letter of February—May, 1819) with a fragment of cosmical and ethical speculation such as occurs not seldom in the poet's correspondence. “Whims and theories”, as we have seen, is his own simpler name for flights of the sort. Unschooled, intuitive in all its processes, uncertain of any truth except the truth that is revealed to him as beauty, his mind nevertheless has wings, wherewith it rises at times into rarer air and regions of light more unclouded than are accessible to the toil of the best-trained and best-equipped philosopher who is not also a poet. The following passage is characteristically both strong and weak.

“I have been reading lately two very different books, Robertson's ‘America’ and Voltaire's ‘Siècle de Louis XIV’. It is like walking arm and arm between Pizarro and the great-little Monarch. In how lamentable a case do we see the great body of the people in both instances; in the first where Men might seem to inherit quiet of Mind from unsophisticated senses, from uncontamination of civilization, and especially from their being as it were estranged from the mutual helps of Society and its mutual injuries—and thereby more immediately under the Protection of Providence: even there they had mortal pains to bear as bad, or even worse than Bailiffs, Debts and Poverties of civilized Life. The whole appears to resolve into this—that Man is originally a poor forked creature subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest, destined to hardships and disquietudes of some kind or other. If he improves by degrees his bodily accommodations and comforts—at each stage, at each ascent there are waiting for him a fresh set of annoyances: he is mortal, and there is still a heaven with its stars above his head. The most interesting question that can come before us is, How far

by the persevering endeavours of a seldom-appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy? I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme—but what must it end in?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death? The whole troubles of life, which are now frittered away in a series of years, would then be accumulated for the last days of a being who instead of hailing its approach would leave this world as Eve left Paradise. But in truth I do not at all believe in this sort of perfectibility. The nature of the world will not admit of it—the inhabitants of the world will correspond to itself. Let the fish Philosophise the ice away from the Rivers in winter time and they shall be at continual play in the tepid delight of summer. Look at the Poles and at the Sands of Africa, whirlpools and Volcanoes. Let men exterminate them and I will say that they arrive at earthly Happiness. The point at which Man may arrive is as far as the parallel state in inanimate nature and no further. For instance suppose a rose to have sensation. It blooms on a beautiful morning, it enjoys itself, but then comes a cold wind, a hot sun—it cannot escape it, it cannot destroy its annoyances—they are as native to the world as itself—no more can man be happy in spite, the worldly elements will prey upon his nature. The common cognomen of the world among the misguided and superstitious is “a vale of tears” from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed straightened notion! Call the world if you please ‘The vale of Soul-making’. Then you will find out the use of the world. (I am speaking now in the highest terms for human nature, admitting it to be immortal which I will here take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which has struck me concerning it.) I say ‘Soul-making’. Souls are distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God.—How then are souls to be made? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's individual existence? How but by the medium of a world like this? This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion—or rather it is a system of spirit creation. This is effected by three grand materials acting the one upon the other for a series of years. These three materials are the *Intelligence*—the *human heart* (as distinguished from intelligence or Mind) and the *World* or *Elemental space* suited for the proper action of *Mind* and *Heart* on each other for the purpose of forming the *Soul* or *Intelligence destined to possess the sense of*

Identity. I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible. I will call the *world* a school instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the *human heart* the *horn book* read in that school—and I will call the *Child able to read the Soul* made from that *School* and its *horn book*. Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul? A Place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the heart a Hornbook, it is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind or Intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their Souls, and thus does God make individual beings, Souls, Identical Souls of the sparks of his own essence. This appears to me a faint sketch of a system of Salvation which does not offend our reason and humanity. I am convinced that many difficulties which christians labour under would vanish before it—there is one which

even now strikes me—the salvation of Children. In them the spark, or intelligence, returns to God without any identity—it having had no time to learn of and be altered by the heart—or seat of the human Passions. . . . If what I have said should not be plain enough, as I fear it may not be, I will put you in the place where I began this series of thoughts—I mean I began by seeing how man was formed by circumstances—and what are circumstances? but touchstones of his heart! and what are touchstones but provings of his heart, but fortifiers or alterers of his nature? and what is his altered nature but his Soul?—and what was his Soul before it came into the world and had these provings and alterations and perfectionings?—An intelligence without Identity—and how is this Identity to be made? Through the medium of the Heart? and how is the heart to become this Medium but in a world of Circumstances? There now I think what with Poetry and Theology you may thank your stars that my pen is not very long winded”.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CRESSY.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN within a dozen paces of the master McKinstry, scarcely checking his mustang, threw himself from the saddle, and with a sharp cut of his *riata* on the animal's haunches sent him still galloping towards the distant house. Then, with both hands deeply thrust in the side pockets of his long, loose linen coat, he slowly lounged with clanking spurs towards the young man. He was thick-set, of medium height, densely and reddish bearded, with heavy-lidded pale blue eyes that wore a look of drowsy pain, and after their first wearied glance at the master, seemed to rest anywhere but on him.

"Your wife was sending you your rifle by Cressy," said the master, "but I offered to bring it myself, as I thought it scarcely a proper errand for a young lady. Here it is. I hope you didn't miss it before and don't require it now," he added quietly.

Mr. McKinstry took it in one hand with an air of slightly embarrassed surprise, rested it against his shoulder, and then with the same hand and without removing the other from his pocket, took off his soft felt hat, showed a bullet-hole in its rim, and returned lazily, "It's about half an hour late, but them Harrisons reckoned I was fixed for 'em and war too narvous to draw a clear bead on me."

The moment was evidently not a
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felicitous one for the master's purpose, but he was determined to go on. He hesitated an instant, when his companion, who seemed to be equally but more sluggishly embarrassed, in a moment of preoccupied perplexity withdrew from his pocket his right hand swathed in a blood-stained bandage, and following some instinctive habit, attempted, as if reflectively, to scratch his head with two stiffened fingers.

"You are hurt," said the master, genuinely shocked, "and here I am detaining you."

"I had my hand up—so," explained McKinstry, with heavy deliberation, "and the ball raked off my little finger after it went through my hat. But that ain't what I wanted to say when I stopped ye. I ain't just kam enough yet," he apologized in the calmest manner, "and I clean forgit myself," he added with perfect self-possession. "But I was kalkilatin' to ask you"—he laid his bandaged hand familiarly on the master's shoulder—"if Cressy kem all right?"

"Perfectly," said the master. "But shan't I walk on home with you, and we can talk together after your wound is attended to?"

"And she looked purty?" continued McKinstry without moving.

"Very."

"And you thought them new store grounds of hers right peart?"

"Yes," said the master. "Perhaps a little too fine for the school,

you know," he added insinuatingly, "and ——"

"Not for her—not for her," interrupted McKinstry. "I reckon thar's more whar that cam from! Ye needn't fear but that she kin keep up that gait ez long ez Hiram McKinstry hez the runnin' of her."

Mr. Ford gazed hopelessly at the hideous ranche in the distance, at the sky, and the trail before him; then his glance fell upon the hand still upon his shoulder, and he struggled with a final effort. "At another time I'd like to have a long talk with you about your daughter, Mr. McKinstry."

"Talk on," said McKinstry, putting his wounded hand through the master's arm. "I admire to hear you. You're that kam, it does me good."

Nevertheless the master was conscious that his own arm was scarcely as firm as his companion's. It was however useless to draw back now, and with as much tact as he could command he relieved his mind of its purpose. Addressing the obtruding bandage before him, he dwelt upon Cressy's previous attitude in the school, the danger of any relapse, the necessity of her having a more clearly defined position as a scholar, and even the advisability of her being transferred to a more advanced school with a more matured teacher of her own sex. This is what I wished to say to Mrs. McKinstry to-day," he concluded, "but she referred me to you."

"In course, in course," said McKinstry, nodding complacently. "She's a good woman in and around the ranche, and in any doin's o' this kind," he lightly waved his wounded arm in the air, "there ain't a better, tho' I say it. She was Blair Rawlins' darter; she and her brother Clay bein' the only ones that kem out safe arter their twenty years' fight with the McEntees in West Kaintuck. But she don't understand gals ez you and me do. Not that I'm much, ez I orter be more kam. And the old woman jest sized the hull thing when she said *she* hadn't any hand in Cressy's engage-

ment. No more she had! And ez far ez that goes, no more did me, nor Seth Davis, nor Cressy." He paused, and lifting his heavy-lidded eyes to the master for the second time, said reflectively, "Ye mustn't mind my tellin' ye—ez betwixt man and man—that *the* one ez is most responsible for the makin' and breakin' o' that engagement is *you*!"

"Me!" said the master in utter bewilderment.

"You!" repeated McKinstry quietly, reinstalling the hand Ford had attempted to withdraw. "I ain't sayin' ye either know'd it or kalkilated on it. But it war so. Ef ye'd hark to me, and meander on a little, I'll tell ye *how* it war. I don't mind walkin' a piece *your* way, for if we go towards the ranche, and the hounds see me, they'll set up a racket and bring out the old woman, and then good-bye to any confidential talk betwixt you and me. And I'm, somehow, kammer out yer."

He moved slowly down the trail, still holding Ford's arm confidentially, although, owing to his large protecting manner, he seemed to offer a ridiculous suggestion of supporting *him* with his wounded member.

"When you first kem to Injin Spring," he began, "Seth and Cressy was goin' to school, boy and girl like, and nothin' more. They'd known each other from babies—the Davises bein' our neighbours in Kaintuck, and emigraten' with us from St. Joe. Seth mout hev cottoned to Cress, and Cress to him, in course o' time, and there wasn't anythin' betwixt the families to hev kept 'em from marryin' when they wanted. But there never war any words passed, and no engagement."

"But," interrupted Ford hastily, "my predecessor, Mr. Martin, distinctly told me that there was, and that it was with *your* permission."

"That's only because you noticed suthin' the first day you looked over the school with Martin. 'Dad,' sez Cress to me, 'that new teacher's very

pearl ; and he's that keen about noticin' me and Seth that I reckon you'd better giv out that we're engaged.' 'But are you?' sez I. 'It'll come to that in the end,' sez Cress, 'and if that yer teacher hez come here with northern ideas o' society, it's just ez well to let him see Injin Spring ain't entirely in the woods about them things either.' So I agreed, and Martin told you it was all right; Cress and Seth was an engaged couple, and you was to take no notice. And then *you* ups and objects to the hull thing, and allows that 'courtin' in school, even among engaged pupils, ain't proper."

The master turned his eyes with some uneasiness to the face of Cressy's father. It was heavy but impassive.

"I don't mind tellin' you, now that it's over, what happened. The trouble with me, Mr. Ford, is—I ain't kam! and *you* air, and that's what got me. For when I heard what you'd said, I got on that mustang and started for the school-house to clean you out and giv' you five minutes to leave Injin Spring. I don't know ez you remember that day. I'd kalkilated my time so ez to ketch ye comin' out o' school, but I was too airy. I hung around out o' sight, and then hitched my hoss to a buckeye and peeped inter the winder to hev a good look at ye. It was very quiet and kam. There was squirrels over the roof, yellow-jackets and bees dronin' away, and kinder sleeping-like all around in the air, and jay birds twitterin' in the shingles, and they never minded me. You were movin' up and down among them little gals and boys, liftin' up their heads and talkin' to 'em softly and quiet like, ez if you was one of them yourself. And they looked contented and kam. And onct—I don't know if *you* remember it—you kem close up to the winder with your hands behind you, and looked out so kam and quiet and so far off, ez if everybody else outside the school was miles away from you. It kem to me then that I'd given a heap to hev had the old woman see

you thar. It kem to me, Mr. Ford, that there wasn't any place for *me* thar; and it kem to me, too—and a little rough like—that mebbee there wasn't any place there for *my* Cress either! So I rode away without disturbin' you nor the birds nor the squirrels. Talkin' with Cress that night, she said ez how it was a fair sample of what happened every day, and that you'd always treated her fair like the others. So she allowed that she'd go down to Sacramento, and get some things agin her and Seth bein' married next month, and she reckoned she wouldn't trouble you nor the school agin. Hark till I've done, Mr. Ford," he continued, as the young man made a slight movement of deprecation. "Well, I agreed. But arter she got to Sacramento and bought some fancy fixin's, she wrote to me and sez ez how she'd been thinkin' the hull thing over, and she reckoned that she and Seth were too young to marry, and the engagement had better be broke. And I broke it for her."

"But how?" asked the bewildered master.

"Gin'rally with this gun," returned McKinstry with slow gravity, indicating the rifle he was carrying: "for I ain't kam. I let on to Seth's father that if I ever found Seth and Cressy together again, I'd shoot him. It made a sort o' coolness betwixt the families, and hez given some comfort to them low-down Harrisons; but even the law, I reckon, recognizes a father's rights. And ez Cress sez, now ez Seth's out o' the way, thar ain't no reason why she can't go back to school and finish her eddication. And I reckoned she was right. And we both agreed that ez she'd left school to git them store clothes, it was only fair that she'd give the school the benefit of 'em."

The case seemed more hopeless than ever. The master knew that the man beside him might hardly prove as lenient to a second objection at his hand. But that very reason, perhaps, impelled him, now that he knew his

danger, to consider it more strongly as a duty, and his pride revolted from a possible threat underlying McKinstry's confidences. Nevertheless he began gently:

"But are you quite sure you won't regret that you didn't avail yourself of this broken engagement, and your daughter's outfit—to send her to some larger boarding-school in Sacramento or San Francisco? Don't you think she may find it dull, and soon tire of the company of mere children when she has already known the excitement of"—he was about to say "a lover," but checked himself, and added, "a young girl's freedom?"

"Mr. Ford," returned McKinstry, with the slow and fatuous misconception of a one-ideaed man, "when I said just now that, lookin' inter that kam, peaceful school of yours, I didn't find a place for Cress, it warn't because I didn't think she *oughter* hev a place thar. Thar was that thar wot she never had ez a little girl with me and the old woman, and that she couldn't find ez a grownd up girl in any boarding school—the home of a child; that kind o' innocent foolishness that I sometimes reckon must hev slipped outer our emigrant waggon comin' across the plains, or got left behind at St. Joe. She was a grownd girl fit to marry afore she was a child. She had young fellers a sparkin' her afore she ever played with 'em ez boy and girl. I don't mind tellin' you that it wern't in the natur of Blair Rawlins' darter to teach her own darter any better, for all she's been a mighty help to me. So if it's all the same to you, Mr. Ford, we won't talk about a grownd up school; I'd rather Cress be a little girl again among them other children. I should be a powerful sight more kam if I knowed that when I was away huntin' stock or fightin' stakes with them Harrisons, that she was a settin' there with them and the birds and the bees, and listenin' to them and to you. Mebbe there's been a little too many scrimmages goin' on round the ranche sence she's been a

child; mebbe she orter know suthin' more of a man than a feller who sparks her and fights for her."

The master was silent. Had this dull, narrow-minded partizan stumbled upon a truth that had never dawned upon his own broader comprehension? Had this selfish savage and literally red-handed frontier brawler been moved by some dumb instinct of the power of gentleness to understand his daughter's needs better than he? For a moment he was staggered. Then he thought of Cressy's later flirtations with Joe Masters, and her concealment of their meeting from her mother. Had she deceived her father also? Or was not the father deceiving him with this alternate suggestion of threat and of kindliness—of power and weakness. He had heard of this cruel phase of South-Western cunning before. With the feeble sophistry of the cynic he mistrusted the good his scepticism could not understand. Howbeit, glancing sideways at the slumbering savagery of the man beside him, and his wounded hand, he did not care to show his lack of confidence. He contented himself with that equally feeble resource of weak humanity in such cases—good-natured indifference. "All right," he said carelessly, "I'll see what can be done. But are you quite sure you are fit to go home alone? Shall I accompany you?" As McKinstry waived the suggestion with a gesture, he added lightly, as if to conclude the interview, "I'll report progress to you from time to time, if you like."

"To *me*," emphasized McKinstry; "not over *thar*," indicating the ranche. "But p'rhaps *you* wouldn't mind my ridin' by and lookin' in at the school-room winder onct in a while? Ah—you *would*," he added, with the first deepening of colour he had shown. "Well, never mind."

"You see it might distract the children from their lessons," explained the master gently, who had however contemplated with some concern the infinite delight which a glimpse of McKinstry's fiery and fatuous face at the window

would awaken in Johnny Filgee's infant breast.

"Well, no matter!" returned McKinstry slowly. "Ye don't keer, I s'pose, to come over to the hotel and take suthin'? A julep or a smash?"

"I shouldn't think of keeping you a moment longer from Mrs. McKinstry," said the master, looking at his companion's wounded hand. "Thank you all the same. Good bye."

They shook hands, McKinstry transferring his rifle to the hollow of his elbow to offer his unwounded left. The master watched him slowly resume his way towards the ranche. Then with a half uneasy and half pleasurable sense that he had taken some step whose consequences were more important than he would at present understand, he turned in the opposite direction to the school-house. He was so preoccupied that it was not until he had nearly reached it that he remembered Uncle Ben. With an odd recollection of McKinstry's previous performance, he approached the school from the thicket in the rear and slipped noiselessly to the open window with the intention of looking in. But the school-house, far from exhibiting that "kam" and studious abstraction which had so touched the savage breast of McKinstry, was filled with the accents of youthful and unrestrained vituperation. The voice of Rupert Filgee came sharply to the master's astonished ears.

"You needn't try to play off Dobell or Mitchell on *me*—you hear! Much *you* know of either, don't you? Look at that copy. If Johnny couldn't do better than that, I'd lick him. Of course it's the pen—it ain't your stodgy fingers—oh, no! Pr'aps you'd like to hev a few more boxes o' quills and gold pens and Gillott's best thrown in, for two bits a lesson! I tell you what! I'll throw up the contract in another minit! There goes another quill busted! Look here, what *you* want ain't a pen, but a

clothes-pin and a split nail! That'll about jibe with your dilikit gait."

The master at once stepped to the window and, unobserved, took a quick survey of the interior. Following some ingenious idea of his own regarding fitness, the beautiful Filgee had induced Uncle Ben to seat himself on the floor before one of the smallest desks, presumably his brother's, in an attitude which, while it certainly gave him considerable elbow-room for those contortions common to immature penmanship, offered his youthful instructor a superior eminence, from which he hovered, occasionally swooping down upon his grown-up pupil like a mischievous but graceful jay. But Mr. Ford's most distinct impression was that, far from resenting the derogatory position and the abuse that accompanied it, Uncle Ben not only beamed upon his persecutor with unquenchable good humour, but with undisguised admiration, and showed not the slightest inclination to accept his proposed resignation.

"Go slow, Roop," he said cheerfully. "You was onct a boy yourself. Nat'rally I kalkilate to stand all the damages. You've got ter waste some powder over a blast like this yer, way down to the bed rock. Next time I'll bring my own pens."

"Do. Some from the Dobell school you uster go to," suggested the darkly ironical Rupert. "They was iron-clad injin-rubber, warn't they?"

"Never you mind wot they were," said Uncle Ben good-humouredly. "Look at that string of 'Cs' in that line. There's nothin' mean about *them*."

He put his pen between his teeth, raised himself slowly on his legs, and shading his eyes with his hand from the severe perspective of six feet, gazed admiringly down upon his work. Rupert, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the window, cynically assisted at the inspection.

"Wot's that sick worm at the bottom of the page?" he asked.

"Wot might you think it wos?" said Uncle Ben beamingly.

"Looks like one o' them snake roots you dig up with a little mud stuck to it," returned Rupert critically.

"That's my name."

They both stood looking at it with their heads very much on one side. "It ain't so bad as the rest you've done. It *might* be your name. That ez, it don't look like anythin' else," suggested Rupert, struck with a new idea that it was perhaps more professional occasionally to encourage his pupil. "You might get on in course o' time. But what are you doin' all this for?" he asked suddenly.

"Doin' what?"

"This yer comin' to school when you ain't sent, and you ain't got no call to go—you, a grown-up man!"

The colour deepened in Uncle Ben's face to the back of his ears. "Wot would you giv' to know, Roop? S'pose I reckoned some day to make a strike and sorter drop inter saciety easy—eh? S'pose I wanted to be ready to keep up my end with the other fellers, when the time kem? To be able to sling po'try and read novels and sich—eh?"

An expression of infinite and unutterable scorn dawned in the eyes of Rupert. "You do? Well," he repeated with slow and cutting deliberation, "I'll tell you what you're comin' here for, and the only thing that makes you come!"

"What?"

"It's—some—girl!"

Uncle Ben broke into a boisterous laugh that made the roof shake, stamping about and slapping his legs till the crazy floor trembled. But at that moment the master stepped to the porch and made a quiet but discomposing entrance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE return of Miss Cressida McKinstry to Indian Spring, and her interrupted studies, was an event whose effects were not entirely confined to the school. The broken engagement itself seemed of little

moment in the general estimation compared to her resumption of her old footing as a scholar. A few ill-natured elders of her own sex, and naturally exempt from the discriminating retort of Mr. McKinstry's "shot gun," alleged that the Seminary at Sacramento had declined to receive her, but the majority accepted her return with local pride as a practical compliment to the educational facilities of Indian Spring. The Tuolumne "Star," with a breadth and eloquence touchingly disproportionate to its actual size and quality of type and paper, referred to the possible "growth of a grove of Academus at Indian Spring, under whose cloistered boughs future sages and statesmen were now meditating," in a way that made the master feel exceedingly uncomfortable. For some days the trail between the McKinstry's ranche and the school-house was lightly patrolled by reliefs of susceptible young men, to whom the enfranchised Cressida, relieved from the dangerous supervision of the Davis-McKinstry clique, was an object of ambitious admiration. The young girl herself, who, in spite of the master's annoyance, seemed to be following some conscientious duty in consecutively arraying herself in the different dresses she had bought, however she may have tantalized her admirers by this revelation of bridal finery, did not venture to bring them near the limits of the playground. It struck the master with some surprise that Indian Spring did not seem to trouble itself in regard to his own privileged relations with its rustic enchantress; the young men clearly were not jealous of him; no matron had suggested any indecorum in a young girl of Cressy's years and antecedents being entrusted to the teachings of a young man scarcely her senior. Notwithstanding the attitude which Mr. Ford had been pleased to assume towards her, this implied compliment to his supposed monastic vocations affected him almost as uncomfortably as the "Star's" extravagant eulogium. He was obliged to

recall certain foolish experiences of his own to enable him to rise superior to this presumption of his asceticism.

In pursuance of his promise to McKinstry, he had procured a few elementary books of study suitable to Cressy's new position, without however taking her out of the smaller classes or the discipline of the school. In a few weeks he was enabled to further improve her attitude by making her a "monitor" over the smaller girls, thereby dividing certain functions with Rupert Filgee, whose ministrations to the deceitful and "silly" sex had been characterized by perhaps more vigilant scorn and disparagement than was necessary. Cressy had accepted it as she had accepted her new studies with an indolent good humour, and at times a frankly supreme ignorance of their abstract or moral purpose that was discouraging. "What's the good of that?" she would ask, lifting her eyes abruptly to the master. Mr. Ford, somewhat embarrassed by her look, which always, sooner or later, frankly confessed itself an excuse for a perfectly irrelevant examination of his features in detail, would end in giving her some severely practical answer. Yet, if the subject appealed to any particular idiosyncrasy of her own, she would speedily master the study. A passing predilection for botany was provoked by a single incident. The master deeming this study a harmless young-lady-like occupation, had one day introduced the topic at recess, and was met by the usual answer. "But suppose," he continued artfully, "somebody sent you anonymously some flowers."

"Her bo!" suggested Johnny Filgee hoarsely, with bold bad recklessness. Ignoring the remark and the kick with which Rupert had resented it on the person of his brother, the master continued:

"And if you couldn't find out who sent them, you would want at least to know what they were and where they grew."

"Ef they grew anywhere 'bout yer we could tell her that," said a chorus of small voices.

The master hesitated. He was conscious of being on delicate ground. He was surrounded by a dozen little keen eyes from whom Nature had never yet succeeded in hiding her secrets—eyes that had waited for and knew the coming up of the earliest flowers; little fingers that had never turned the pages of a text-book, but knew where to scrape away the dead leaves above the first anemone, or had groped painfully among the lifeless branches in forgotten hollows for the shy dog-rose; unguided little feet that had instinctively made their way to remote southern slopes for the first *mariposas*, or had unerringly threaded the *tule*-hidden banks of the river for flower-de-luce. Convinced that he could not hold his own on their level, he shamelessly struck at once above it.

"Suppose that one of those flowers," he continued, "was not like the rest, that its stalks and leaves instead of being green and soft, were white and stringy like flannel as if to protect it from cold, wouldn't it be nice to be able to say at once that it had lived only in the snow, and that some one must have gone all that way up there above the snow line to pick it?" The children taken aback by this unfair introduction of a floral stranger were silent. Cressy thoughtfully accepted botany on those possibilities. A week later she laid on the master's desk a limp-looking plant with a stalk like heavy frayed worsted yarn. "It ain't much to look at after all, is it?" she said. "I reckon I could cut a better one with scissors outer an old cloth jacket of mine."

"And you found it here?" asked the master in surprise.

"I got Masters to look for it, when he was on the Summit. I described it to him. I didn't allow he had the gumption to get it. But he did."

Although botany languished slightly after this vicarious effort, it kept

Cressy in fresh bouquets, and extending its gentle influence to her friends and acquaintances became slightly confounded with horticulture, led to the planting of one or two gardens, and was accepted in school as an implied concession to berries, apples, and nuts. In reading and writing Cressy greatly improved, with a marked decrease in grammatical solecisms, although she still retained certain characteristic words, and always her own slow South-Western, half musical intonation. This languid deliberation was particularly noticeable in her reading aloud, and gave the studied and measured rhetoric a charm of which her careless colloquial speech was incapable. Even the "Fifth Reader", with its imposing passages from the English classics carefully selected with a view of paralysing small, hesitating or hurried voices, in Cressy's hands became no longer an unintelligible incantation. She had quietly mastered the difficulties of pronunciation by some instinctive sense of euphony if not of comprehension. The master with his eyes closed hardly recognized his pupil. Whether or not she understood what she read he hesitated to inquire; no doubt, as with her other studies she knew what attracted her. Rupert Filgee, a sympathetic, if not always a correct reader, who boldly took four and five syllabled fences flying only to come to grief perhaps in the ditch of some rhetorical pause beyond, alone expressed his scorn of her performance. Octavia Dean, torn between her hopeless affection for this beautiful but inaccessible boy, and her soul-friendship for this bigger but many-frocked girl, studied the master's face with watchful anxiety.

It is needless to say that Hiram McKinstry was, in the intervals of stake-driving and stock-hunting, heavily contented with this latest evidence of his daughter's progress. He even intimated to the master that her reading being an accomplishment that could be exercised at home was conducive to that "kam" in which

he was so deficient. It was also rumoured that Cressy's oral rendering of Addison's "Reflections in Westminster Abbey" and Burke's "Indictment of Warren Hastings," had beguiled him one evening from improving an opportunity to "plug" one of Harrison's boundary "raiders."

The master shared in Cressy's glory in the public eye. But although Mrs. McKinstry did not materially change her attitude of tolerant good-nature towards him he was painfully conscious that she looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interests in them as a weakness that might in course of time produce infirmity of homicidal purpose and become enervating of eye and trigger-finger. And when Mr. McKinstry got himself appointed as school-trustee and was thereby obliged to mingle with certain Eastern settlers—colleagues on the Board—this possible weakening of the old sharply drawn sectional line between "Yanks" and themselves gave her grave doubts of Hiram's physical stamina.

"The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand" she had explained. On those evenings when he attended the Board, she sought higher consolation in prayer meeting at the Southern Baptist Church, in whose exercises her Northern and Eastern neighbours, thinly disguised as "Baal" and "Astaroth" were generally overthrown and their temples made desolate.

If Uncle Ben's progress was slower, it was no less satisfactory. Without imagination and even without enthusiasm, he kept on with a dull laborious persistency. When the irascible impatience of Rupert Filgee at last succumbed to the obdurate slowness of his pupil, the master himself touched by Uncle Ben's perspiring forehead and perplexed eyebrows, often devoted the rest of the afternoon to a gentle elucidation of the mysteries before him, setting copies for his heavy hand, or even guiding it with his own, like a child's, across the paper. At

times the appalling uselessness of Uncle Ben's endeavours reminded him of Rupert's taunting charge. Was he really doing this from a genuine thirst of knowledge? It was inconsistent with all that Indian Spring knew of his antecedents and his present ambitions; he was a simple miner without scientific or technical knowledge, his already slight acquaintance with arithmetic and the scrawl that served for his signature were more than sufficient for his needs. Yet it was with this latter sign-manual that he seemed to take infinite pains. The master one afternoon thought fit to correct the apparent vanity of this performance.

"If you took as much care in trying to form your letters according to copy, you'd do better. Your signature is fair enough as it is."

"But it don't look right, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben, eying it distrustfully; "somehow it ain't all there."

"Why, certainly it is. Look, D A B N E Y—not very plain, it's true but there are all the letters."

"That's just it, Mr. Ford; them ain't all the letters that *orter* be there. I've allowed to write it D A B N E Y to save time and ink, but it *orter* read D A U B I G N Y," said Uncle Ben, with painful distinctness.

"But that spells d'Aubigny!"

"It are."

"Is that your name?"

"I reckon."

The master looked at Uncle Ben doubtfully. Was this only another form of the Dobell illusion? "Was your father a Frenchman?" he asked finally.

Uncle Ben paused as if to recall the trifling circumstance of his father's nationality. "No."

"Your grandfather?"

"I reckon not. At least ye couldn't prove it by me."

"Was your father or grandfather a *voyageur* or trapper, or Canadian?"

"They were from Pike County, Mizoori."

The master regarded Uncle Ben still dubiously. "But you call yourself

Dabney. What makes you think your real name is d'Aubigny?"

"That's the way it uster be writ in letters to me in the States. Hold on. I'll show ye." He deliberately began to feel in his pockets, finally extracting his old purse from which he produced a crumpled envelope, and carefully smoothing it out, compared it with his signature.

"Thar, you see. It's the same—d'Aubigny."

The master hesitated. After all, it was not impossible. He recalled other instances of the singular transformation of names in the Californian emigration. Yet he could not help saying, "Then you concluded d'Aubigny was a better name than Dabney?"

"Do *you* think it's better?"

"Women might. I dare say your wife would prefer to be called Mrs. d'Aubigny rather than Dabney."

The chance shot told. Uncle Ben suddenly flushed to his ears.

"I didn't think o' that," he said hurriedly. "I had another idee. I reckoned that on the matter o' holdin' property and passin' in money it would be better to hev your name put on the square, and to sorter go down to bed rock for it, eh? If I wanted to take a hand in them lots or Ditch shares for instance—it would be only law to hev it made out in the name o' d'Aubigny."

Mr. Ford listened with a certain impatient contempt. It was bad enough for Uncle Ben to have exposed his weakness in inventing fictions about his early education, but to invest himself now with a contingency of capital for the sake of another childish vanity, was pitiable as it was preposterous. There was no doubt that he had lied about his school experiences; it was barely probable that his name was really d'Aubigny, and it was quite consistent with all this—even setting apart the fact that he was perfectly well-known to be only a poor miner—that he should lie again. Like most logical reasoners Mr. Ford forgot that humanity

might be illogical and inconsistent without being insincere. He turned away without speaking as if indicating a wish to hear no more.

"Some o' these days," said Uncle Ben, with dull persistency, "I'll tell ye suthen."

"I'd advise you just now to drop it and stick to your lessons," said the master sharply.

"That's so," said Uncle Ben hurriedly, hiding himself as it were in an all-encompassing blush. "In course lessons first, boys, that's the motto." He again took up his pen and assumed his old laborious attitude. But after a few moments it became evident that either the master's curt dismissal of his subject or his own preoccupation with it, had somewhat unsettled him. He cleaned his pen obtrusively, going to the window for a better light, and whistling from time to time with a demonstrative carelessness and a depressing gaiety. He once broke into a murmuring, meditative chant evidently referring to the previous conversation, in its—"That's so—Yer we go—Lessons the first, boys, Ye, heave O." The rollicking marine character of this refrain, despite its utter incongruousness, apparently struck him favourably, for he repeated it softly, occasionally glancing behind him at the master who was coldly absorbed at his desk. Presently he arose, carefully put his books away, symmetrically piling them in a pyramid beside Mr. Ford's motionless elbow, and then lifting his feet with high but gentle steps went to the peg where his coat and hat were hanging. As he was about to put them on he appeared suddenly struck with a sense of indecorousness in dressing himself in the school, and taking them on his arm to the porch resumed them outside. Then saying, "I clean disremembered I'd got to see a man. So long, till to-morrow," he disappeared whistling softly.

The old woodland hush fell back upon the school. It seemed very quiet and empty. A faint sense of remorse stole over the master. Yet he remem-

bered that Uncle Ben had accepted without reproach and as a good joke much more direct accusations from Rupert Filgee, and that he himself had acted from a conscientious sense of duty towards the man. But a conscientious sense of duty to inflict pain upon a fellow mortal for his own good does not always bring perfect serenity to the inflictor—possibly because in the defective machinery of human compensation, pain is the only quality that is apt to appear in the illustration. Mr. Ford felt uncomfortable, and being so, was naturally vexed at the innocent cause. Why should Uncle Ben be offended because he had simply declined to follow his weak fabrications any further? This was his return for having tolerated it at first! It would be a lesson to him henceforth. Nevertheless he got up and went to the door. The figure of Uncle Ben was already indistinct among the leaves, but from the motion of his shoulders he seemed to be still stepping high and softly as if not yet clear of insecure and engulfing ground.

The silence still continuing, the master began mechanically to look over the desks for forgotten or mislaid articles, and to rearrange the pupils' books and copies. A few heartsease gathered by the devoted Octavia Dean, neatly tied with a black thread and regularly left in the inkstand cavity of Rupert's desk, were still lying on the floor where they had been always hurled with equal regularity by that disdainful Adonis. Picking up a slate from under a bench his attention was attracted by a forgotten cartoon on the reverse side. Mr. Ford at once recognized it as the work of that youthful but eminent caricaturist, Johnny Filgee. Broad in treatment, comprehensive in subject, liberal in detail and slate-pencil—it represented Uncle Ben lying on the floor with a book in his hand, tyrannized over by Rupert Filgee and regarded in a striking profile of two features by Cressy McKinstry. The daring realism of introducing the names of each charac-

ter on their legs—perhaps ideally enlarged for that purpose—left no doubt of their identity. Equally daring but no less effective was the rendering of a limited but dramatic conversation between two parties by the aid of emotional balloons attached to their mouths like a visible gulp bearing the respective legends: "I luv you," "O my," and "You git."

The master was for a moment startled at this unlooked for but graphic testimony to the fact that Uncle Ben's visits to the school were not only known but commented upon. The small eyes of those youthful observers had been keener than his own. He had again been stupidly deceived, in spite of his efforts. Love, albeit deficient in features and wearing an improperly short bell-shaped frock had boldly re-entered the peaceful school, and disturbing complications on abnormal legs were following at its heels.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE this simple pastoral life was centred around the school-house in the clearing, broken only by an occasional warning pistol-shot in the direction of the Harrison-McKinstry boundaries, the more business part of Indian Spring was overtaken by one of those spasms of enterprize peculiar to all Californian mining settlements. The opening of the Eureka Ditch and the extension of stage-coach communication from Big Bluff were events of no small importance, and were celebrated on the same day. The double occasion overtaking even the fluent rhetoric of the Editor of the "Star" left him struggling in the metaphorical difficulties of a Pactolian Spring, which he had rashly turned into the Ditch, and obliged him to transfer the onerous duty of writing the editorial on the Big Bluff Extension to the hands of the Honourable Abner Dean, Assemblyman from Angel's. The loss of the Honourable Mr. Dean's right eye in an early pioneer *fracas* did not prevent him from looking into

the dim vista of the future and discovering with that single unaided optic enough to fill three columns of the "Star." "It is not too extravagant to say," he remarked with charming deprecation, "that Indian Spring, through its own perfectly organized system of inland transportation, the confluence of its North Fork with the Sacramento river, and their combined effluence into the illimitable Pacific, is thus put not only into direct communication with far Cathay but even remoter Antipodean markets. The citizen of Indian Spring taking the 9 a.m. Pioneer Coach and arriving at Big Bluff at 2.40 is enabled to connect with the through express to Sacramento the same evening, reaching San Francisco per the Steam Navigation Company's palatial steamers in time to take the Pacific Mail Steamer to Yokohama on the following day at 3.30 p.m." Although no citizen of Indian Spring appeared to avail himself of this admirable opportunity, nor did it appear at all likely that any would, everybody vaguely felt that an inestimable boon lay in the suggestion, and even the master professionally entrusting the reading aloud of the editorial to Rupert Filgee with ulterior designs of practice in the pronunciation of five-syllable words, was somewhat affected by it. Johnny Filgee and Jimmy Snyder accepting it as a mysterious something that made Desert Islands accessible at a moment's notice and a trifling outlay, were round-eyed and attentive. And the culminating information from the master that this event would be commemorated by a half-holiday, combined to make the occasion as exciting to the simple school-house in the clearing as it was to the gilded saloon in the main street.

And so the momentous day arrived, with its two new coaches from Big Bluff containing the specially-invited speakers—always specially invited to those occasions, and yet strangely enough never before feeling the extreme "importance and privilege" of

it as they did then. Then there were the firing of two anvils, the strains of a brass band, the hoisting of a new flag on the liberty-pole, and later the ceremony of the Ditch opening, when a distinguished speaker in a most unworkman-like tall hat, black frock coat and white cravat, which gave him the general air of a festive grave-digger, took a spade from the hands of an apparently hilarious chief mourner and threw out the first sods. There were anvils, brass bands, and a "collation" at the hotel. But everywhere—overriding the most extravagant expectation and even the laughter it provoked—the spirit of indomitable youth and resistless enterprize intoxicated the air. It was the spirit that had made California possible; that had sown a thousand such ventures broadcast through its wilderness; that had enabled the sower to stand half-humorously among his scant or ruined harvests without fear and without repining, and turn his undaunted and ever-hopeful face to further fields. What mattered it that Indian Spring had always before its eyes the abandoned trenches and ruined outworks of its earlier pioneers? What mattered it that the eloquent eulogist of the Eureka Ditch had but a few years before as prodigally scattered his adjectives and his fortune on the useless tunnel that confronted him on the opposite side of the river? The sublime forgetfulness of youth ignored its warning or recognized it as a joke. The master, fresh from his little flock and prematurely aged by their contact, felt a stirring of something like envy as he wandered among these scarcely older enthusiasts.

Especially memorable was the exciting day to Johnny Filgee, not only for the delightfully bewildering clamour of the brass band, in which, between the trombone and the bass drum, he had got inextricably mixed; not only for the half-frightening explosions of the anvils and the maddening smell of the gunpowder which had exalted his infant soul to sudden and irrelevant whoopings, but for a singu-

lar occurrence that whetted his always keen perceptions. Having been shamelessly abandoned on the verandah of the Eureka Hotel while his brother Rupert paid bashful court to the pretty proprietress by assisting her in her duties, Johnny gave himself up to unlimited observation. The rosettes of the six horses, the new harness, the length of the driver's whip-lash, his enormous buckskin gloves and the way he held his reins; the fascinating odour of shining varnish on the coach, the gold-headed cane of the Honourable Abner Dean: all these were stored away in the secret recesses of Johnny's memory, even as the unconsidered trifles he had picked up *en route* were distending his capacious pockets. But when a young man had alighted from the second or "Truly" coach among the *real* passengers, and strolled carelessly and easily in the verandah as if the novelty and the occasion were nothing to him, Johnny, with a gulp of satisfaction, knew that he had seen a prince! Beautifully dressed in a white duck suit, with a diamond ring on his finger, a gold chain swinging from his fob, and a Panama hat with a broad black ribbon jauntily resting on his curled and scented hair, Johnny's eyes had never rested on a more resplendent vision. He was more romantic than Yuba Bill, more imposing and less impossible than the Honourable Abner Dean, more eloquent than the master—far more beautiful than any coloured print that he had ever seen. Had he brushed him in passing Johnny would have felt a thrill; had he spoken to him he knew he would have been speechless to reply. Judge then of his utter stupefaction when he saw Uncle Ben—actually Uncle Ben!—approach this paragon of perfection, albeit with some embarrassment, and after a word or two of unintelligible conversation walk away with him! Need it be wondered that Johnny, forgetful at once of his brother, the horses, and even the collation with its possible "goodies", instantly followed.

The two men turned into the side

street, which after a few hundred yards opened upon the deserted mining flat, crossed and broken by the burrows and mounds made by the forgotten engines of the early gold-seekers. Johnny, at times hidden by these irregularities, kept closely in their rear, sauntering whenever he came within the range of their eyes in that side-long, spasmodic and generally diagonal fashion peculiar to small boys, but ready at any moment to assume utter unconsciousness and the appearance of going somewhere else or of searching for something on the ground. In this way appearing, if noticed at all, each time in some different position to the right or left of them, Johnny followed them to the fringe of woodland which enabled him to draw closer to their heels.

Utterly oblivious of this artistic "shadowing" in the insignificant person of the small boy who once or twice even crossed their path with affected timidity, they continued an apparently confidential previous interview. The words "stocks" and "shares" were alone intelligible. Johnny had heard them during the day, but he was struck by the fact that Uncle Ben seemed to be seeking information from the paragon and was perfectly submissive and humble. But the boy was considerably mystified when after a tramp of half an hour they arrived upon the debatable ground of the Harrison-McKinstry boundary. Having been especially warned never to go there, Johnny as a matter of course was perfectly familiar with it. But what was the incomprehensible stranger doing there? Was he brought by Uncle Ben with a view of paralyzing both of the combatants with the spectacle of his perfections? Was he a youthful sheriff, a young judge, or maybe the son of the Governor of California? Or was it that Uncle Ben was "silly" and didn't know the locality? Here was an opportunity for him, Johnny, to introduce himself and explain and even magnify the danger, with perhaps a slight allusion to his

own fearless familiarity with it. Unfortunately, as he was making up his small mind behind a tree, the paragon turned and with the easy disdain that so well became him, said:

"Well, I wouldn't offer a dollar an acre for the whole ranche. But if *you* choose to give a fancy price—that's your look out."

To Johnny's already prejudiced mind, Uncle Ben received this just contempt submissively, as he ought, but nevertheless he muttered something "silly" in reply, which Johnny was really too disgusted to listen to. Ought he not to step forward and inform the paragon that he was wasting his time on a man who couldn't even spell "ba-ker," and who was taught his letters by his, Johnny's brother?

The paragon continued:

"And of course you know that merely your buying the title to the land don't give you possession. You'll have to fight these squatters and jumpers just the same. It'll be three instead of two fighting—that's all!"

Uncle Ben's imbecile reply did not trouble Johnny. He had ears now only for the superior intellect before him. *It* continued coolly.

"Now let's take a look at that yield of yours. I haven't much time to give you, as I expect some men to be looking for me here—and I suppose you want this thing still kept a secret. I don't see how you've managed to do it so far. Is your claim near? You live on it—I think you said?"

But that the little listener was so preoccupied with the stranger, this suggestion of Uncle Ben's having a claim worth the attention of that distinguished presence would have set him thinking; the little that he understood he set down to Uncle Ben's "gassin." As the two men moved forward again, he followed them until Uncle Ben's house was reached.

It was a rude shanty of boards and rough boulders, half burrowing in one of the largest mounds of earth and gravel, which had once represented the tail-

ings or refuse of the abandoned Indian Spring Placer. In fact it was casually alleged by some that Uncle Ben eked out the scanty "grub wages," he made by actual mining, in reworking and sifting the tailings at odd times—a degrading work hitherto practised only by Chinese, and unworthy the Caucasian ambition. The mining code of honour held that a man might accept the smallest results of his daily labour, as long as he was sustained by the prospect of a larger "strike," but condemned his contentment with a modest certainty. Nevertheless a little of this suspicion encompassed his dwelling and contributed to its loneliness, even as a long ditch, the former tail-race of the claim, separated him from his neighbours. Prudently halting at the edge of the wood, Johnny saw his resplendent vision cross the strip of barren flat, and enter the cabin with Uncle Ben like any other mortal. He sat down on a stump and awaited its return, which he fondly hoped might be alone! At the end of half an hour he made a short excursion to examine the condition of a blackberry bramble, and returned to his post of observation. But there was neither sound nor motion in the direction of the cabin. When another ten minutes had elapsed, the door opened and to Johnny's intense discomfiture, Uncle Ben appeared alone and walked leisurely towards the woods. Burning with anxiety Johnny threw himself in Uncle Ben's way. But here occurred one of those surprising inconsistencies known only to children. As Uncle Ben turned his small gray eyes upon him in a half astonished, half questioning manner, the potent spirit of childish secretiveness suddenly took possession of the boy. Wild horses could not now have torn from him that question which only a moment before was on his lips.

"Hullo, Johnny! What are ye doin' here?" said Uncle Ben kindly.

"Nothin'." After a pause, in which he walked all round Uncle Ben's large figure, gazing up at him as if he were

a monument, he added: "huntin' blackberrieth."

"Why ain't you over at the collation?"

"Ruperth there," he answered promptly.

The idea of being thus vicariously present in the person of his brother seemed a sufficient excuse. He leaped over the stump on which he had been sitting as an easy unembarrassing pause for the next question. But Uncle Ben was apparently perfectly satisfied with Johnny's reply, and nodding to him, walked away.

When his figure had disappeared in the bushes, Johnny cautiously approached the cabin. At a certain distance he picked up a stone and threw it against the door, immediately taking to his heels and the friendly copse again. No one appearing he repeated the experiment twice and even thrice with a larger stone and at a nearer distance. Then he boldly skirted the cabin and dropped into the race-way at its side. Following it a few hundred yards he came upon a long disused shaft opening into it, which had been covered with a rough trap of old planks, as if to protect incautious wayfarers from falling in. Here a sudden and inexplicable fear overtook Johnny, and he ran away. When he reached the hotel almost the first sight that met his astounded eyes, was the spectacle of the paragon, apparently still in undisturbed possession of all his perfections—driving coolly off in a buggy with a fresh companion.

Meantime Mr. Ford, however touched by the sentimental significance of the celebration, became slightly wearied of its details. As his own room in the Eureka hotel was actually thrilled by the brass band without and the eloquence of speakers below, and had become redolent of gunpowder and champagne exploded around it, he determined to return to the school-house and avail himself of its woodland quiet to write a few letters.

The change was grateful, the distant murmur of the excited settlement

came only as the soothing sound of wind among the leaves. The pure air of the pines that filled every cranny of the quiet school-room, and seemed to disperse all taint of human tenancy, made the far-off celebrations as unreal as a dream. The only reality of his life was here.

He took from his pocket a few letters—one of which was worn and soiled with frequent handling. He re-read it in a half methodical, half patient way, as if he were waiting for some revelation it inspired, which was slow that afternoon in coming. At other times it had called up a youthful enthusiasm which was wont to transfigure his grave and prematurely reserved face with a new expression. To-day the revelation and expression were both wanting. He put the letter back with a slight sigh, that sounded so preposterous in the silent room that he could not forego an embarrassed smile. But the next moment he set himself seriously to work on his correspondence.

Presently he stopped; once or twice he had been overtaken by a vague undefinable sense of pleasure, even to the dreamy halting of his pen. It was a sensation in no way connected with the subject of his correspondence, or even his previous reflections—it was partly physical, and yet it was in some sense suggestive. It must be the intoxicating effect of the woodland air. He even fancied he had noticed it before, at the same hour when the sun was declining and the fresh odours of the undergrowth were rising. It certainly was a perfume. He raised his eyes. There lay the cause on the desk before him—a little nosegay of wild Californian myrtle encircling a rose-bud which had escaped his notice.

There was nothing unusual in the circumstance. The children were in the habit of making their offerings generally without particular reference to time or occasion, and it might have been overlooked by him during school hours. He felt a pity for the forgotten posy already beginning to grow

limp in its neglected solitude. He remembered that in some folk-lore of the children's, perhaps a tradition of the old association of the myrtle with Venus, it was believed to be emblematic of the affections. He remembered also that he had even told them of this probable origin of their superstition. He was still holding it in his hand when he was conscious of a silken sensation that sent a magnetic thrill through his fingers. Looking at it more closely he saw that the sprigs were bound together, not by thread or ribbon, but by long filaments of soft brown hair tightly wound around them. He unwound a single hair and held it to the light. Its length, colour, texture, and above all a certain inexplicable instinct, told him it was Cressy McKinstry's. He laid it down quickly, as if he had, in that act, familiarly touched her person.

He finished his letter, but presently found himself again looking at the myrtle and thinking about it. From the position in which it had been placed it was evidently intended for him; the fancy of binding it with hair was also intentional and not a necessity, as he knew his feminine scholars were usually well provided with bits of thread, silk, or ribbon. If it had been some new absurdity of childish fashion introduced in the school, he would have noticed it ere this. For it was this obtrusion of a personality that vaguely troubled him. He remembered Cressy's hair; it was certainly very beautiful, in spite of her occasional vagaries of *coiffure*. He recalled how, one afternoon, it had come down when she was romping with Octavia in the playground, and was surprised to find what a vivid picture he retained of her lingering in the porch to put it up; her rounded arms held above her head, her pretty shoulders, full throat, and glowing face thrown back, and a wisp of the very hair between her white teeth! He began another letter.

When it was finished the shadow of

the pine-branch before the window, thrown by the nearly level sun across his paper, had begun slowly to reach the opposite wall. He put his work away, lingered for a moment in hesitation over the myrtle sprays, and then locked them in his desk with an odd feeling that he had secured in some vague way a hold upon Cressy's future vagaries; then reflecting that Uncle Ben, whom he had seen in town, would probably keep holiday with the others, he resolved to wait no longer, but strolled back to the hotel. The act however had not recalled Uncle Ben to him by any association of ideas, for since his discovery of Johnny Filgee's caricature he had failed to detect anything to corroborate the caricaturist's satire, and had dismissed the subject from his mind.

On entering his room at the hotel he found Rupert Filgee standing moodily by the window, while his brother Johnny, overcome by a repletion of excitement and collation, was asleep on the single arm-chair. Their presence was not unusual, as Mr. Ford, touched by the loneliness of these motherless boys, had often invited them to come to his rooms to look over his books and illustrated papers.

"Well?" he said cheerfully.

Rupert did not reply or change his position. Mr. Ford, glancing at him sharply, saw a familiar angry light in the boy's beautiful eyes, slightly dimmed by a tear. Laying his hand gently on Rupert's shoulder he said, "What's the matter, Rupert?"

"Nothin'," said the boy doggedly, with his eyes still fixed on the pane.

"Has—has—Mrs. Tripp" (the fair proprietress) "been unkind?" he went on lightly.

No reply.

"You know, Rupe," continued Mr. Ford demurely, "she must show *some* reserve before company—like to-day. It won't do to make a scandal."

Rupert maintained an indignant silence. But the dimple (which he usually despised as a feminine blot) the cheek nearer the master became

slightly accented. Only for a moment; the dark eyes clouded again.

"I wish I was dead, Mr. Ford."

"Hallo!"

"Or—doin' suthin'."

"That's better. What do you want to do?"

"To work—make a livin' myself. Quit totin' wood and water at home; quit cookin' and makin' beds, like a yaller Chinaman; quit nussin' babies and dressin' 'em and undressin' 'em, like a girl. Look at *him* now," pointing to the sweetly unconscious Johnny, "look at him there. Do you know what that means? It means I've got to pack him home through the town jist ez he is thar, and then make a fire and bile his food for him, and wash him and undress him and put him to-bed, and 'Now I lay me down to sleep' him, and tuck him up; and Dad all the while 'scootin round town with other idjits, jawin' about 'progress' and the 'future of Injin Spring.' Much future we've got over our own house, Mr. Ford. Much future he's got laid up for me!"

The master, to whom those occasional outbreaks from Rupert were not unfamiliar, smiled, albeit with serious eyes that belied his lips, and consoled the boy as he had often done before. But he was anxious to know the cause of this recent attack and its probable relations to the fascinating Mrs. Tripp.

"I thought we talked all that over some time ago, Rupe. In a few months you'll be able to leave school, and I'll advise your father about putting you into something to give you a chance for yourself. Patience, old fellow; you're doing very well. Consider—there's your pupil, Uncle Ben."

"Oh, yes! That's another big baby to tot round in school when I ain't niggerin' at home."

"And I don't see exactly what else you could do at Indian Spring," continued Mr. Ford.

"No," said Rupert gloomily, "but I could get away to Sacramento. Yuba Bell says they take boys no bigger

nor me in thar express offices or banks—and in a year or two they're as good ez anybody and get paid as big. Why, there was a fellow here, just now, no older than you, Mr. Ford, and not half your learnin', and he dressed to death with jewellery, and everybody bowin' and scrapin' to him, that it was perfectly sickenin'."

Mr. Ford lifted his eyebrows. "Oh, you mean the young man of Benham and Co., who was talking to Mrs. Tripp?" he said.

A quick flush of angry consciousness crossed Rupert's face. "Maybe; he has just cheek enough for anythin'."

"And you want to be like him?" said Mr. Ford.

"You know what I mean, Mr. Ford. Not like him. Why *you're* as good as he is, any day," continued Rupert with relentless *naïveté*; "but if a jay-bird like that can get on, why couldn't I?"

There was no doubt that the master here pointed out the defectiveness of Rupert's logic and the beneficence of patience and study, as became their relations of master and pupil, but with the addition of a certain fellow sympathy and some amusing recital of his own boyish experiences, that had the effect of calling Rupert's dimples into action again. At the end of half an hour the boy had become quite tractable, and, getting ready to depart, approached his sleeping brother with something like resignation. But Johnny's nap seemed to have had the effect of transforming him into an inert jelly-like mass. It required the joint exertions of both the master and Rupert to transfer him bodily into the latter's arms, where, with a single limp elbow encircling his brother's neck, he lay with his unfinished slumber still visibly distending his cheeks, his eyelids, and even lifting his curls from his moist forehead.

The master bade Rupert "good-night," and returned to his room as the boy descended the stairs with his burden.

But here Providence, with, I fear, its occasional disregard of mere human morality, rewarded Rupert after his own foolish desires. Mrs. Tripp was at the foot of the stairs as Rupert came slowly down. He saw her, and was covered with shame; she saw him and his burden, and was touched with kindness. Whether or not she was also mischievously aware of Rupert's admiration, and was not altogether displeased with it, I cannot say. In a voice that thrilled him, she said,

"What! Rupert, are you going so soon?"

"Yes, ma'am — on account of Johnny."

"But let me take him—I can keep him here to-night."

It was a great temptation, but Rupert had strength to refuse, albeit with his hat pulled over his downcast eyes.

"Poor dear, how tired he looks."

She approached her still fresh and pretty face close to Rupert and laid her lips on Johnny's cheek. Then she lifted her audacious eyes to his brother and pushing back his well-worn chip hat from his clustering curls she kissed him squarely on the forehead.

"Good-night, dear."

The boy stumbled, and then staggered blindly forward into the outer darkness. But with a gentleman's delicacy he turned almost instantly into a side street, as if to keep this consecration of himself from vulgar eyes. The path he had chosen was rough and weary, the night was dark and Johnny was ridiculously heavy, but he kept steadily on, the woman's kiss in the fancy of the foolish boy shining on his forehead and lighting him onward like a star.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE BIRDS IN WALES.

IN the flat meadows of the midlands, with their deep alluvial soil, there is a certain lush richness of vegetation in June which makes the air heavy and languid. Unless the weather chances to be unusually dry and bright, as it was in the June of last year, you cannot push through even a few yards of that dense herbage without feeling the moisture that lurks in the depths of it; the same moisture that becomes visible, when the sun goes down, in a white film of vapour which rises ghost-like in the dusk, and covers the meadow like a sheet, ending exactly where the hedge divides the upward-sloping pasture-field from the growing hay of the flat ground.

It is at this time, before the hay is cut and the damp of the grass-roots is exposed and dried, at the very time when the flowers are most brilliant, and the gently-flowing water of our streams lingers lazily about the yellow flags and blue geraniums and forget-me-nots that fringe the banks—it is in the very height of the glory of midland verdure that I always feel a strong desire after light air and *short grass*. To mount to some height overlooking the plain, where in an old quarry the rock has been overgrown with thyme, or where on the broad strips of grass that border the road some remnants are still left of the old flora of the down-land, which increasing cultivation has killed in the adjoining fields, is to me at this time always a delight and a relief. Should there chance to be a corner where a few tufts of ling or heather still loiter among the furze-bushes, and where perhaps a little copse of pines varies the almost wearisome landscape of hedgerow elms and growing crops, then it is pleasant to lie for a while and listen to the Linnets or watch

the handsome Stone-chat, picturing to oneself the time when half England was like this little nook, and when no one delighted in his wealth of wilderness as I do in this scanty remnant.

But for those who can get a holiday in June it is possible to go further away from heavy air and sleepy days than to the top of the neighbouring hills. In June the Alps are clothed in their wealth of flowers, and every breath of air is laden, not with rich sweet odours, but with dry invigorating aromatic deliciousness; and many a time have I made my pilgrimage thither, to find the short grass I long for, still uneaten by the cows, and gay with a thousand blooms. Quite as enjoyable, and less far to seek, is the still shorter grass of the chalk downs of southern England, those

“Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.”

For there the light air comes from the sea; though not iced, it is fresh with the salt water; and as it breathes through the long bents and gathers the fragrance of the thyme, it dries up every tiny drop of moisture that has not already sunk into the porous soil, and gives you free leave to throw yourself, without a thought of consequences, on the grass, within an hour or two after a scudding shower has refreshed the thirsty down. There you may lie at ease and watch the winged population of the heights, which differs from that of the lowlands as the fauna of the Alps differs from the fauna of Spain or Sicily; little blue butterflies flit in crowds over the thymy turf—the larger and paler Chalk-hill, and the Clifden Blue of unspeakable iridescent brightness; the Wheat-ear flicks his tail and bows, and the cock Stone-chat sits on the

topmost sprig of a furze-bush and displays his brilliant summer plumage.

But this June of 1888, when duties came to an end at Oxford, it so happened that I could not seek the light air and short grass I longed for, either in the Alps or on the downs; and it was only an accident that took me for three or four days to a hospitable house in the hills of Breconshire, where I found all I needed. This is a district offering none of the "striking scenery" which attracts the tourist, and he is almost unknown in those parts; there is in fact no accommodation for him. During a six weeks' stay in the wildest part of these hills some twenty years ago, working hard and trying to beguile unwilling trout, I saw but one pair of tourists. You may walk for miles over high wet moorland and never strike a track; you may very easily lose yourself and follow down some brook which, with a gradual curve, will take you in the opposite direction to that you wish to make for. And if rain and mist come on, as they did one summer evening years ago, when I was crossing from valley to valley by an ill-defined track, you may find a pocket-compass a deliverance from a very comfortless night.

It was nearly twenty years since I had been in these hills, and they, or rather I should say, all the *details* of them, were as good as new to me. I noticed with curiosity how these details gradually came back to me as things known in a previous state of existence, bringing the old associations back with them, so that I lived in a fresh undergraduatehood once more. Again and again their original writing on my mind had been written over, in other regions and other climates, and yet by some mysterious process it was brought to light, and the palimpsest made intelligible. In ascending one hill through a wood I could not be sure that I was on the old familiar path till certain mossy rocks, jutting out into the path under the ash trees, came

home to me like old friends—not suddenly, but with a growing consciousness of certainty that became firmer every minute. I sat down by those old rocks to let them have their way with me, and to gaze at the view of curving wooded valley which I began to recollect once trying rather lamely to sketch.

In those days I knew nothing of birds; I was far too much engrossed in Aristotle and fishing to find room for natural history. Now, wherever I go I find something new to learn, for birds are everywhere; and in this very spot I had a note to make that was of great interest to me. In the Alps I have noticed that the song of the Tree-pipit is heard in all the lower timbered pastures up to the point at which the pines come to an end, and the real Alps begin. To that point you must ascend if you would hear the true alpine Pipit, which there takes the place of the other, singing perhaps a more monotonous song but one quite as blithe and cheering, as it hovers in the air out of sight, then slowly nears you, to drop on to a boulder or a tuft of alpine rhododendron. During my short climb up the Welsh hill-side I had heard the Tree-pipit continually, and when I reached the margin of the wood and came out on those delicious gentler slopes, where only a tree here and there breaks the welcome skyline, the same bird was still singing vigorously; but as soon as I had left these straggling trees behind me, and was fairly out on the open moorland of sweet short grass and thick dry ling, then I was saluted by the voice, not of the alpine bird, but of our own English Meadow-pipit, which descends in autumn, like its alpine cousin, to lower feeding grounds, and is known in fact to all of us, at all seasons, as the Titlark. For a moment I was fairly carried off to those exquisite Alps above Engelberg, with which I especially associate the alpine bird; for the songs of the two are much alike, though the foreigner is bolder and stronger in his flight, and louder

and more continuous in his strain. He and his song are in keeping with the huge reach of the rocks and peaks around him; the height and range of his flight are great, and you often search for him in vain, as the bell-like notes come now from this side, now from that, or lose him, after once catching sight of him against the sky, as he descends to the ground in the shadow of some dark precipice. But the English bird soon catches your eye and hovers near you if you are likely to approach its nest; no mystery attends it, no great mountain walls encompass it, nor does it mount far away in air and "despise the earth", like the Skylark that was singing there, too, away from all human cultivation, a tiny speck against the light driving clouds.

These Pipits kept me company the whole way over the moor, nor did I see any other birds then but the Skylark and a few Wheatears very anxious about their young, till I came to the edge of the lonely valley where, in 1869, I had spent so many weeks of hard work and fresh air. How pleasant it is to realise once more the landscape that has so long been merely a blurred outline in your mind! How pleasant to recognise little changes and improvements, of which you had only heard! But the most pressing matter at the moment was to remember how we used to cross the stream that flows at the foot of the hill, which is a little too broad and deep to be forded except under pressing necessity. My binocular has fallen into a brook on the way, as I was foolishly jumping it to save going a very short way round, and is unusable; and it is only as I get to the foot of the hill, on which the fragrant mountain-fern has tempted me to linger, that I discover that either time has sadly worn away the fragile one-planked bridge, or that I must have been at twenty-one more capable of balancing myself on such a quaking structure than I am now. But I do get to the other side, and in a few minutes am at the familiar door of my old friend the parson, in whose hos-

pitable house I used to stay; his name I will not mention, but it is not hard to guess.

It is still spring in these wilds; such hedges as there are here are still white with hawthorn blossom, and the wild roses have hardly begun to bloom. The grass even here in the valley is short enough for me: a short thick undergrowth of flowers, with enough of taller grasses to suggest that it is meant for hay. But about these fields, and round the fine solid new church, which stands at the junction of two mountain streams, the Sand-martins are busy, reminding me of the richer water-meadows I have left behind me in England. These Sand-martins took me by surprise: in old days I never noticed them, and never learnt to associate them with water that talks as it runs. About Oxford, where they are perhaps in greater numbers than in any other haunt of mine, their conversation is unbroken by the noise of water; and in the silence of a still summer evening it forces itself on your attention, for there is nothing but your own thoughts to rival it. Here, as I stood in the churchyard, with the streams and the Sand-martins chatting all around me, there seemed to be much more life and stir than by the silent Thames in the heavy English air. Probably this was the last colony on this side of the mountain range which separated me from the Irish Sea: the last ripple of the wave of Sand-martins which comes surging in April up the larger rivers, breaking into lesser parties, we may suppose, to seek old haunts up the smaller streams, and so touching with one of its last laps this far-away mountain hamlet. *Inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos!*

Swift, House-martin, Swallow, are also to be seen here, but in spare numbers, even in the valleys: they have very good reasons for preferring the more cultivated districts. Here a few scattered farm-houses are all the buildings which offer them a chance of nest-building, for villages,

in the English sense of the word, are almost unknown. And it struck me too that the slaty soil can hardly supply the Martins with the sticky mud which is one of their most pressing architectural needs. It would be curious, by the way, to ascertain whether the number of the Martin population in any district is really affected by the nature of the soil. On the hill-tops and the moorland, as in the higher Alps, all these birds are absent; or are perhaps only to be seen there in very fine weather, such as I did not enjoy on this visit.

No sooner had I arrived at my friend's house, than the old familiar mountain rain began to scud down the valley in front of the windows, and kept me indoors till it was time to depart; so I was not able to look for the Buzzards which live here, and used to build, if I do not mistake, on the wooded crag beyond the house. Once, in 1869, a magnificent Kite came gliding over the hills, and stayed about the valley for the greater part of a day: a fact of which I still have a note in a diary kept in those days. Happy is the English ornithologist who has seen this splendid bird on the wing! "A few pairs," says Mr. Seebohm, "still remain in the secluded districts of Wales." This is one of those districts, or rather perhaps an outlying portion of one; for though I had heard a rumour that there was a Kite's nest in this very parish and at this very time, I could hear nothing of it on the spot, even from the parson's twelve-year-old boy, who could tell me something about other birds and their nests.

Returning by the valley (for it was still raining hard), I gradually passed into a region of greater luxuriance, which I had been able to explore for birds the previous day. For the last mile or so the road passes nearly at the foot of a very steep hill, clad up to its very crown with trees—oaks for the most part, but among them ashes, too, and birches, and with sycamores

bordering the road at the bottom. Beneath the trees is no great luxuriance of grass, for the brake-fern here has it all its own way, and covers the whole hill-side, except where an occasional bit of rock juts out, in the shelves and crannies of which a mossy turf is spread. The aspect of this hill is southern, and below it is a trout-stream: could any place be a more pleasant and beautiful home for wood-loving birds? In fact this, and the adjoining higher hill whose head is free from forest, are wonderfully rich in bird-life. I have often noticed that a steep slope, where trees are not too closely packed for the sun to shine freely in among the shadows, is always a favourite haunt. Was there not, and is there not, the famous hanger of Selborne, made memorable for ever to English bird-lovers? Another such steep wood in the chalk country has been admirably described by the late Mr. Jefferies in the "Gamekeeper at Home." They are good for bird-observers as well as for birds, for there is no position so happy as one from which you can look *down*, unobserved, through a vista of trees, without wearying the eyes by a long, strained, upward search through tangled foliage. Taking up your position at some point where you can command as many trees as possible, leaving the upper and denser foliage for the most part out of your thoughts, but keeping a keen eye on all barer boughs or leafless twigs—for these are specially affected by some birds, and others too will come to them in the course of their wanderings—you may sit quietly down and wait, with binocular ready, and ear as keenly observant as your eye would be if it were watching your flies on the stream far below. In such moments the sharp look-out you have to keep will in no way hinder you from enjoying the beauty of the interlacing oak-branches, or the gray tint which the lichen that everywhere clings to them gives to the whole woodland scene.

The ear will probably be the first watchman to give the signal for a still closer attention. The voices of the ubiquitous Chaffinch and Willow-wren have not been enough to rouse it, for they are at hand everywhere, both in Wales and England. But now I hear the voice of a little bird that is not too common, for I have only lately become familiar with it; it is not unlike the winding up of an old-fashioned watch or a musical box, if you imagine the key turned very slowly at first, then more and more quickly, until the position of the winder's hand compels him to rest for a moment and begin the operation anew. This is the voice of the Wood-wren, or Wood-warbler, which was no doubt heard by White in that same hanger at Selborne, for he himself was the first to describe it. A most curious voice it is, and in spite of the description I have given, very far from unmusical; there is a certain silvery shivering sibilance in it that craves your attention, and grows upon you as it comes nearer and nearer. Patience is necessary if we would see the bird fairly; and the only way is to sit and wait till you have caught him, even but for an instant, with your unassisted eye, and marked the tree in which he is searching for food. He will not wander far, unless you pursue him; the nest is in the fern not far away, and the persistence of his note makes it probable that his wife is still sitting on eggs, and that the duty of finding food for hungry young ones has not yet begun. Watch him till he comes near enough to show you how all a bird's mind is put into his song; as he utters it, his long, closed wings are slightly opened and shaken, and his bill opens wider and wider, till the vibrating tongue is clearly visible as the head is held upwards to sustain the effort. Every now and then he will communicate with his wife by a signal she knows well: it is a series of long, pathetic notes, which can be heard at a long distance, and speak his tender love and appreciation of her labours. These notes are uttered

—for I have watched the bird at a distance of a few feet—with the bill almost closed, and with no sign of effort; they are rather an inward meditation than an outspoken call, in spite of their resonance.

What you see when the singer has revealed himself is nothing but a little brown bird with a whitish-yellow throat and pure white breast and belly; the books indeed tell you that there is much yellow about it, but this you would readily discover only if you had it in your hand and could turn up the feathers. But if not conspicuous in his colouring, he is a model of perfect grace in shape and movement; and if birds are to be studied, as indeed I hope they are, not merely as empty skins, but as living creatures with minds, hoping and fearing, rejoicing and sorrowing, here is one that I may well watch for half an hour, and feel as much indebted to the sight of his delicate form and harmonious motion as I should to the contemplation of the gracefulest of Greek vases or the purest melody of Mozart.

Perhaps of all living creatures there is none whose beauty of form and colouring exceeds that of the trout, as I had reason to think once more in that very walk, of which the ultimate object was to fish in a stream on the further side of the hill in whose wooded flanks the Wood-wrens were so abundant. But you must catch your trout if you are to see him in all his splendour of spotted sides and golden belly, and you cannot very well watch him at ease in his favourite hole, nor has he a voice to express his hopes and fears. If he had one, I think my fishing career, revived in these few days, would once more be a thing of the past. I fancy, when I come to think of it, that one reason at least why of all sports fishing is the only one that pleases me is because a fish is a silent animal. You haul him from his element—he complains not but by gesture; you put a speedy end to his existence by a sharp knock—he leaves his life indignant but in silence. There

is a certain tarn among these hills where the trout are said, when caught, to give vent to their indignation in inarticulate sounds; but I have never fished in that pool, nor, if I found the story true, would I fish there a second time.

There is one other bird which I should wish to notice before I leave these woods and close these notes for the present, which does not need to be watched for like the Wood-wren, but obtrudes himself upon your attention by his bright plumage, his comparatively loud note of warning, and his preference for the lower and barer boughs of the trees. It is not often that we of the midlands have the chance of seeing a Pied Flycatcher alive, and this was only the second time that I had come across him in our island. If he appears in Oxfordshire, as he did once in my village in April, and once last spring in a wood near Oxford, he is only a passing visitor. It would seem that the flat country is not to his mind, and he makes north and west for wooded hills. From Cumberland we have an excellent account of him in Mr. Macpherson's "Birds of Cumberland", and in Breconshire and Radnorshire he is almost a common bird—perhaps as common as his cousin the little Spotted Flycatcher, who is content with any garden or orchard in any district where he can find flies. The common-places of English scenery will not do for the handsome pied bird, perhaps because his brilliant black and white attracts the attention of the most cruel bird-nesting population in the world, or simply because one of those predilections for which we can never altogether account urges him to sunny timbered slopes, where the trees are old and offer him a choice of many a cavernous homestead. Certain it is, that whenever I have seen him on the Continent he has always been in such places, whether among the larger timber of a Swiss mountain-side or on the forest-slopes of the Taunus range. Just as the trout loves swiftly-running

streams, or as the Wood-warbler is sure to be heard where the oak is the prevailing tree, so there are certain spots which you instinctively feel that this Flycatcher *ought* to have chosen for his habitation, and if you are in the right district you may lay a fair wager that he will be found there.

Such a spot, on the edge of the beech-forests of Wiesbaden, will always remain in very clear outline in my memory, for it was there I first heard the song of this bird. It is very seldom now that I hear a song that is quite new to me. If it were not that so many of our songsters sing all too short a time, and that when they tune up one by one for the orchestra of the spring season, each instrument touches the ear with the fresh delight of recognition, I might feel as much at the end of my tether as the mountaineer who has no more peaks to climb. But this song was not only new, but wonderfully sweet and striking. "Something like a Redstart's", say the books, (*e.g.*, Mr. Seebohm, and Mr. Saunders in his excellent "Manual of British Birds", now being published in parts); and this is not untrue, so far as it represents the outward form, so to speak, of the song—the quickness or shortness of notes, the rapid variations of pitch. But no one who has once accustomed his ear to the very peculiar *timbre* of the voice of either kind of Redstart will mistake for it the song of the Pied Flycatcher. My notes taken on the spot, and before I had seen any other description of it, recall the song to my memory; the short notes at the beginning, the rather fragmentary and hesitating character of the strain, and the little *coda* or finish, which reminded me of the Chaffinch; but all this will have no meaning to my readers. There is but one way of learning a bird's song, and that is by listening to it in solitude again and again, until you have associated it in your mind with the form and habits and haunts of the singer.

The song had long ago ceased in

these Welsh woods, and the birds were no longer, as at Wiesbaden, exploring the holes in the trees for a good nesting-place: the hen going into a hole and coming out again to report, while the cock clung like a Swift to the outside, showing me every feather in his back, wings, and tail. Nesting was over in the woods I write of, and the young birds, in their comparatively dull juvenile dress, were flitting about among the moss-clad sycamores, or being fed by their parents if still *in statu pupillari*. It was time that I should shoulder my rod and creel, and cross the open mountain to the trout-stream in the next valley—taking care, so I was warned, not to fall over the slate-quarry—with some hope of hearing the Curlew's call, or of seeing the young Ring-ousels that are bred on these moors; and destined to get drenched in heavy and pitiless showers, before I have extracted a dozen little trout from the deep-brown peaty pools, and the rising water and splashing rain has diverted their minds from my fly.

Though Wales is too far west for the Nightingale, and too little cultivated to suit some few other birds which live entirely on seeds and grain, the naturalist will find plenty to do there, and a field of operations which is

almost unworked. The Welsh do not seem to take kindly to natural history as yet, in spite of their four colleges and their projected University. "The Birds of Wales", when it comes to be written, should far exceed in interest the monographs of the ornithology of single English counties, if only because Wales is a natural division of this island, and not merely an artificial one. I have only written in this paper of two or three species, but the woods were alive with many other kinds, and I had no difficulty, by questioning those who had lived all their lives in the district, in making a list of near a hundred species during the few days of my visit. That visit will always be remembered by me as a delightful break in what promises to be a dull and inhospitable summer. I return to the midlands to find the hay still uncut, or lying in sodden heaps on a soaking soil, and I begin to long again already for the light air and short grass of the hills, and for the musical chat of the mountain-brooks. In pensive moments I seem to feel the living weight of a trout at the end of my line, or to hear the shivering note of the unseen Wood-wren coming gradually nearer to me through the lichened oak-boughs.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.¹

HALF a century after his death, Praed, who is loved by those who love him perhaps as sincerely as most greater writers, has had his works presented to the public in a form which may be called complete. This is of itself rather a cautious statement in appearance, but I am not sure that it ought not to be made more cautious still. The completeness is not complete, though it is in one respect rather more than complete; and the form is exceedingly informal. Neither in size, nor in print, nor in character of editing and arrangement do the two little fat volumes which were ushered twenty-four years ago into the world by Derwent Coleridge, and the one little thin volume which appeared last year under Sir George Young's name with no notes and not much introduction, and the very creditable edition of the political poems which has just appeared under the same care but better cared for, agree together. But this, though a nuisance to those who love not a set of odd volumes, would matter comparatively little if the discrepancies were not equally great in a much more important matter than that of mere externals. Only the last of the four volumes and three books just enumerated can be said to be really edited at all; and though that is edited very well, it is the least important. Sir George Young, who has thus done a pious

work to his uncle's memory, was concerned not merely in the cheap issue of the prose last year, but in the more elaborate issue of the poems in 1864. But either his green unknowing youth did not at that time know what editing meant, or he was under the restraint of some higher powers. Except that the issue of 1864 has that well-known page-look of "Moxon's", which is identified to all lovers of poetry with associations of Shelley, of Lord Tennyson, and of other masters, and that the pieces are duly dated, it is difficult to say any good thing of the book. There are no notes; and Praed is an author who is much in need of annotation. With singular injudiciousness, a great deal of album and other verse is included which was evidently not intended for publication, which does not display the writer at his best, or even in his characteristic vein at all, and the memoir is meagre in fact and decidedly feeble in criticism. As for the prose, though Sir George Young has prefixed an introduction good as far as it goes, there is no index, no table even of contents, and the separate papers are not dated, nor is any indication given of their origin—a defect which, for reasons to be indicated shortly, is especially troublesome in Praed's case. Accordingly anything like a critical study of the poet is beset with very unusual difficulties, and the mere reading of him, if it were less agreeable in itself, could not be said to be exactly easy. Luckily Praed is a writer so eminently engaging to the mere reader, as well as so interesting in divers ways to the personage whom some one has politely called "the gelid critic", that no sins or shortcomings of his editors can do

¹ 1. "The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge." In two volumes. London, 1864.

2. "Essays by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, collected and arranged by Sir George Young, Bart." London, 1887.

3. "The Political and Occasional Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, edited, with Notes, by Sir George Young". London, 1888.

him much harm, so long as they let him be read at all.

Winthrop Mackworth was the third son of Serjeant Praed, Chairman of the Board of Audit, and, though his family was both by extraction and by actual seat Devonian, he was born in John Street, Bedford Row, on June 26th, 1802, the year of the birth of Victor Hugo, who was perhaps about as unlike Praed in every conceivable point, except metrical mastery, as two men possessing poetic faculty can be unlike one another. John Street may not appear as meet a nurse for a poetic child as Besançon, especially now when it has settled down into the usual office-and-chambers state of Bloomsbury. But it is unusually wide for a London street; it has trees—those of the Foundling Hospital and those of Gray's Inn—at either end, and all about it cluster memories of the Bedford Row conspiracy, and of that immortal dinner which was given by the Briefless One and his timid partner to Mr. Goldmore, and of Sydney Smith's sojourn in Doughty Street, and of divers other pleasant things. In connection however with Praed himself, we do not hear much more of John Street. It was soon exchanged for the more cheerful locality of Teignmouth, where his father (who was a member of the old western family of Mackworth, Praed being an added surname) had a country house. Serjeant Praed encouraged, if he did not positively teach, the boy to write English verse at a very early age: a practice which I should be rather slow to approve, but which has been credited, perhaps justly, with the very remarkable formal accuracy and metrical ease of Praed's after work. Winthrop lost his mother early, was sent to a private school at eight years old, and to Eton in the year 1814. Public schools in their effect of allegiance on public school-boys have counted for much in English history, literary and other, and Eton has counted for more than

any of them. But hardly in any case has it counted for so much with the general reader as in Praed's. A friend of mine, who, while entertaining high and lofty views on principle, takes low ones by a kind of natural attraction, says that the straightforward title of "*The Etonian*" and Praed's connection with it are enough to account for this. There you have a cardinal fact easy to seize and easy to remember. "Praed? Oh! yes, the man who wrote '*The Etonian*'; he must have been an Eton man," says the general reader. This is cynicism, and cannot be too strongly reprehended. But unluckily, as in other cases, a kind of critical deduction or reaction from this view has also taken place, and there are persons who maintain, that Praed's merit is a kind of coterie-merit, a thing which Eton men are bound, and others are not bound but the reverse, to uphold. This is an old, but apparently still effective trick. I read not long ago a somewhat elaborate attempt to make out that the people who admire Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems admire them because they, the people, are Oxford men. Now this form of "ruling out" is undoubtedly ingenious. "You admire Mr. Arnold's poems?" "Yes, I do." "You are an Oxford man?" "Yes, I am." "Ah! I see." And it is perfectly useless for the victim to argue that his admiration of the poet and his allegiance to the University have nothing to do with each other. In the present case I at least am free from this illogical but damaging disqualification. I do not think that any one living admires Praed more than I do; and neither Eton nor Cambridge, which may be said to have divided influence on him, claims any allegiance from me.

On Praed himself, however, the influence of Eton was certainly great, if not of the greatest. Here he began in other school periodicals besides "*The Etonian*" ("*The College Magazine*", "*Horæ Otiosæ*", "*Apis Matina*")

his prose and, to some though a less extent, his verse-exercises in finished literature. Here he made the beginnings of that circle of friends (afterwards slightly enlarged at Cambridge by the addition of non-Etonians and including one or two Oxford men who had been at Eton) which practically formed the staff of "The Etonian" itself and of the subsequent "Knight's Quarterly" and "Brazen Head". The greatest of them all, Macaulay, belonged to the later Trinity set; but the Etonians proper included the two Coleridges (Derwent and his cousin and brother-in-law, Henry Nelson), Moultrie, W. S. Walker, C. H. Townsend, and others. There has been, I believe, a frequent idea that boys who contribute to school-magazines never do anything else. Praed certainly could not be produced as an instance. He was not a great athlete, partly because his health was always weak, partly because athletics were then in their infancy. But he is said to have been a good player at fives and tennis, an amateur actor of merit, expert at chess and whist, and latterly a debater of promise, while, in the well-known way of his own school and University, he was more than a sufficient scholar. He went to Trinity in October, 1821, and in the three following years won the Browne Medals for Greek verse four times and the Chancellor's Medal for English verse twice. He was third in the Classical Tripos, was elected to a Fellowship at his college in 1827, and in 1830 obtained the Seatonian Prize with a piece, "The Ascent of Elijah", which is remarkable for the extraordinary facility with which it catches the notes of the just published "Christian Year". He was a great speaker at the Union, and, as has been hinted, he made a fresh circle of literary friends for himself, the chief ornaments whereof were Macaulay and Charles Austin. It was also during his sojourn at Cambridge that the short-lived but brilliant venture of "Knight's Quarterly" was launched.

He was about four years resident at Trinity in the first instance; after which, according to a practice then common enough but now, I believe, obsolete, he returned to Eton as private and particular tutor to Lord Ernest Bruce. This employment kept him for two years. He then read law, was called to the Bar in 1829, and in 1830 was elected to Parliament for the moribund borough of St. Germans, was re-elected next year, contested St. Ives, when St. Germans lost its members, but was beaten; in 1834 was elected for Great Yarmouth, and 1837 for Aylesbury, which last seat he held to his death. During the whole of this time he sat as a Conservative, becoming a more thorough one as time went on; and as he had been at Cambridge a very decided Whig, and had before his actual entrance on public life written many pointed and some bitter lampoons against the Tories, the change, in the language of his amiable and partial friend and biographer, "occasioned considerable surprise". Of this also more presently: for it is well to get merely biographical details over with as little digression as possible. Surprise or no surprise, he won good opinions from both sides, acquired considerable reputation as a debater and a man of business, was in the confidence both of the Duke of Wellington and of Sir Robert Peel, was made Secretary of the Board of Control in 1834, married in 1835, was appointed Deputy-High Steward of his University (a mysterious appointment, of the duties of which I have no notion), and died of disease of the lungs on July 15th, 1839. Not very much has been published about Praed personally; but in what has been published, and in what I have heard, I cannot remember a single unfriendly sentence.

Notwithstanding his reputation as an "inspired schoolboy", I do not know that sober criticism would call him a really precocious writer, especially in verse. The pieces by which

he is best known and which have most individuality date in no case very early, and in almost all cases after his five-and-twentieth year. What does date very early (and unluckily it has been printed with a copiousness betokening more affection than judgment, considering that the author had more sense than to print it at all) is scarcely distinguishable from any other verses of any other clever boy. It is impossible to augur any future excellence from such stuff as

" Emilia often sheds the tear
But affectation bids it flow ",

or as

" From breasts which feel compassion's glow
Solicit mild the kind relief ";

and for one's own part one is inclined to solicit mild the kind relief of not having to read it. Even when Praed had become, at least technically, a man, there is no very great improvement as a whole, though here and there one may see, looking backwards from the finished examples, faint beginnings of his peculiar touches, especially of that pleasant trick of repeating the same word or phrase with a different and slightly altered sense which, as Mr. Austin Dobson has suggested, may have been taken from Burns. The Cambridge prize poems are quite authentic and respectable examples of that style which has received its final criticism in

" Ply battleaxe and hurtling catapult :
Jerusalem is ours! *Id Deus vult* ",—

though they do not contain anything so nice as that, or as its great author's more famous couplet respecting Africa and the men thereof. The longer romances of the same date, "Gog", "Lillian", "The Troubadour", are little more than clever reminiscences sometimes of Scott, Byron, Moore and other contemporaries, sometimes of Prior and the *vers de société* of the eighteenth century. The best passage by far of all this is the close of "How to Rhyme with Love", and this,

as it seems to me, is the only passage of even moderate length which, in the poems dating before Praed took his degree, in the least foretells the poet of "The Red Fisherman", "The Vicar", the "Letters from Teignmouth," the "Fourteenth of February" (earliest in date and not least charming fruit of the true vein), "Good-night to the Season", and best and most delightful of all, the peerless "Letter of Advice", which is as much the very best thing of its own kind as the "Divine Comedy" itself.

In prose Praed was a little earlier, but not very much. "The Etonian" itself was even in its earliest numbers written at an age when many, perhaps most, men have already left school; and the earlier numbers are as imitative of the "Spectator" and its late and now little read followers of the eighteenth century as is the verse above quoted. The youthful boisterousness of "Blackwood" gave Praed a more congenial because a fresher cue; and in the style of which Maginn as Adjutant O'Doherty had set the example in his Latinisings of popular verse, and which was to be worked to death by Father Prout, there are few things better than the "Musæ O'Connorianæ" which celebrates the great fight of Mac Nevis and Mac Twolter. But there is here still the distinct following of a model, the taint of the school-exercise. Very much more original is "The Knight and the Knave": indeed I should call this the first original thing, though it be a parody, that Praed did. To say that it reminds one in more than subject of "Rebecca and Rowena", and that it was written some twenty years earlier, is to say a very great deal. Even here, however, the writer's ground is rented, not freehold. It is very different in such papers as "Old Boots" and "The Country Curate", while in the later prose contributed to "Knight's Quarterly" the improvement in originality is marked. "The Union

Club" is amusing enough all through : but considering that it was written in 1823, two years before Jeffrey asked the author of a certain essay on Milton "where he got that style", one passage of the speech put in the mouth of Macaulay is positively startling. "The Best Bat in the School" is quite delightful, and "My First Folly", though very unequal, contains, in the scene in the introduction between Vyvian Joyeuse and Margaret Orleans, a specimen of a kind of dialogue nowhere to be found before, so far as I know, and giving proof that if Praed had set himself to it he might have started a new kind of novel.

It does not appear however that his fancy led him with any decided bent to prose composition, and he very early deserted it for verse ; though he is said at a comparatively late period of his short life to have worked in harness as a regular leader-writer for the "Morning Post" during more than a year. No examples of this work of his have been reprinted nor, so far as I know, does any means of identifying them exist, though I personally should like to examine them. He was still at Cambridge when he drifted into another channel, which was still not his own channel, but in which he feathered his oars under two different flags with no small skill and dexterity. Sir George Young has a very high idea of his uncle's political verse, and places him "first among English writers, before Prior, before Canning, before the authors of the 'Rolliad', and far before Moore or any of the still anonymous contributors to the later London press". I cannot subscribe to this. Neither as Whig nor as Tory, neither as satirist of George the Fourth nor as satirist of the Reform Bill, does Praed seem to me to have been within a hundred miles of that elder school-fellow of his who wrote

"All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise
Lepaux."

He has nothing for sustained wit and ease equal to the best pieces of the "Fudge Family" and the "Two-Penny Postbag"; and (for I do not know why one should not praise a man because he happens to be alive and one's friend) I do not think he has the touch of the true political satirist as Mr. Traill has it in "Professor Balloonatics Craniocracs", or in that admirable satire on democracy which is addressed to the "Philosopher Crazed, from the Island of Crazes".

Indeed, by mentioning Prior, Sir George seems to put himself rather out of court. Praed is very nearly if not quite Prior's equal, but the sphere of neither was politics. Prior's political pieces are thin and poor beside his social verse, and with rare exceptions I could not put anything political of Praed's higher than the shoe-string of "Araminta." Neither of these two charming poets seems to have felt seriously enough for political satire. Matthew we know played the traitor ; and though Mackworth ratted to my own side, I fear it must be confessed that he did rat. I can only discover in his political verse two fixed principles, both of which no doubt did him credit, but which hardly, even when taken together, amount to a sufficient political creed. The one was fidelity to Canning and his memory : the other was impatience of the cant of the reformers. He could make admirable fun of Joseph Hume, and of still smaller fry like Waithman : he could attack Lord Grey's nepotism and doctrinairism fiercely enough. Once or twice, or, to be fair, more than once or twice, he struck out a happy, indeed a brilliant flash. He was admirable at what Sir George Young calls, justly enough, "political patter songs" such as,

"Young widowhood shall lose its weeds,
Old kings shall loathe the Tories,
And monks be tired of telling beads,
And Blues of telling stories ;

And titled suitors shall be crossed,
 And famished poets married,
 And Canning's motion shall be lost;
 And Hume's amendment carried;
 And Chancery shall cease to doubt,
 And Algebra to prove,
 And hoops come in, and gas go out
 Before I cease to love".

He hit off an exceedingly savage and certainly not wholly just "Epitaph on the King of the Sandwich Islands" which puts the conception of George the Fourth that Thackeray afterwards made popular, and contains these felicitous lines :

"The people in his happy reign,
 Were blessed beyond all other nations:
 Unharm'd by foreign axe and chain,
 Unhealed by civic innovations;
 They served the usual logs and stones,
 With all the usual rites and terrors,
 And swallowed all their fathers' bones,
 And swallowed all their fathers' errors.

"When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
 All swore that nothing should prevent them,
 But that their representatives
 Should actually represent them,
 He interposed the proper checks,
 By sending troops, with drums and banners,
 To cut their speeches short, and necks,
 And break their heads, to mend their manners".

Occasionally in a sort of middle vein between politics and society he wrote in the "patter" style just noticed quite admirable things like "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine". Throughout the great debates on Reform he rallied the reformers with the same complete and apparently useless superiority of wit and sense which has often, if not invariably, been shown at similar crises on the losing side. And once, on an ever memorable occasion, he broke into those famous and most touching "Stanzas on seeing the Speaker Asleep" which affect one almost to tears by their grace of form and by the perennial and indeed ever increasing applicability of their matter.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: it's surely fair,
 If you don't in your bed, that you should
 in your chair:

Longer and longer still they grow,
 Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
 Talking by night and talking by day;
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker: sleep, sleep while you
 may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: slumber lies
 Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes—
 Fielden or Finn, in a minute or two,
 Some disorderly thing will do;
 Riot will chase repose away;
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker; Cobbett will soon
 Move to abolish the sun and moon;
 Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
 Of the House on a saving of thirteen-pence;
 Grattan will growl or Baldwin bray;
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: dream of the time
 When loyalty was not quite a crime,
 When Grant was a pupil in Canning's
 school,
 And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
 Lord, how principles pass away!
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sweet to men
 Is the sleep that comes but now and then;
 Sweet to the sorrowful, sweet to the ill,
 Sweet to the children who work in a mill.
 You have more need of sleep than they,
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you
 may".

But the chief merit of Praed's political verse as a whole seems to me to be that it kept his hand in, and enabled him to develop and refine the trick referred to of playing on words so as to give a graceful turn to verse composed in his true vocation.

Of the verse so composed there are more kinds than one; though perhaps only in two kinds is the author absolutely at his best. There is first a certain class of pieces which strongly recall Macaulay's "Lays" and may have had some connection of origin with them. Of course those who are foolish enough to affect to see nothing good in "The Battle of the Lake Regillus", or "Ivry", or "The Armada" will not like "Cassandra" or "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor", or the "Covenanter's Lament for Bothwell Brigg" or "Arminius". Nevertheless they are fine in their way. "Arminius" is too long, and it suffers from the obvious comparison

with Cowper's far finer "Boadicea". But its best lines, such as the well-known

"I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The scatterers of the Roman rods,
The quellers of the bark,"

are excellent in the style, and "Sir Nicholas" is charming. But not here either did Apollo seriously wait for Praed. The later romances or tales are far better than the earlier. "The Legend of the Haunted Tree" shows in full swing that happy compound and contrast of sentiment and humour in which the writer excelled. And "The Teufelhaus", is except "The Red Fisherman" perhaps, the best thing of its kind in English. These lines are good enough for anything :

"But little he cared, that stripling pale,
For the sinking sun or the rising gale ;
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was
tasted,
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long mous-
taches."

And these :

"Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went :
Not with more joy the schoolboys run
To the gay green fields when their task is
done ;
Not with more haste the members fly,
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye."

But in "The Red Fisherman" itself there is nothing that is not good. It is very short, ten small pages only of some five-and-twenty lines each. But there is not a weak place in it from the moment when "the Abbot arose and closed his book" to the account of his lamentable and yet lucky fate and punishment whereof "none but he and the fisherman Could tell the reason why". Neither of the two other practitioners who may be called the masters of this style, Hood and Barham, nor Praed himself elsewhere, nor any of his and their imitators has

trodden the breadthless line between real terror and mere burlesque with so steady a foot.

Still not here was his "farthest", as the geographers say, nor in the considerable mass of smaller poems which practically defy classification. In them, as so often elsewhere in Praed, one comes across odd notes, stray flashes of genius which he never seems to have cared to combine or follow out, such as the unwontedly serious "Time's Song", the best wholly serious thing that he has done, and the charming "L'Inconnue". But we find the perfect Praed, and we find him only, in the verses of society proper, the second part of the "Poems of Life and Manners" as they are headed, which began, as far as one can make out, to be written about 1826, and the gift of which Praed never lost, though he practised it little in the very last years of his life. Here, in a hundred pages, with a few to be added from elsewhere, are to be found some of the best-bred and best-natured verse within the English language, some of the most original and remarkable metrical experiments, a profusion of the liveliest fancy, a rush of the gayest rhyme. They begin with "The Vicar", *vir nullâ non donandus lauru*.

"[Whose] talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses."

Three of the Vicar's companion "Everyday Characters" are good, but I think not so good as he ; the fifth piece however "The Portrait of a Lady" is quite his equal.

"You'll be forgotten—as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow ;
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow ;
Forgotten—like the luscious peach
That blessed the schoolboy last September ;
Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

" Yet ere you sink into the stream
 That whirls alike sage, saint, and
 martyr,
 And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,
 And Canning's wit, and Gattton's charter,
 Here, of the fortunes of your youth,
 My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,
 Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
 As passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures".

Here, and perhaps here first, at least in the order of the published poems, appears that curious mixture of pathos and quizzing, sentiment and satire, which has never been mastered more fully or communicated more happily than by Praed. But not even yet do we meet with it in its happiest form: nor is that form to be found in "Josephine" which is much better in substance than in manner, or in the half-social, half-political patter of "The Brazen Head", or in "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine". It sounds first in the "Song for the Fourteenth of February". No one, so far as I know, has traced any exact original for the altogether admirable metre which, improved and glorified later in "The Letter of Advice", appears first in lighter matter still like this:

" Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
 Whom no one e'er saw, or may see,
 A fancy drawn Laura Amelia,
 An *ad libit.* Anna Marie?
 Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
 Go mad for a G. or a J.,
 Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,
 And print it on Valentine's Day?"

But every competent critic has seen in it the origin of the more gorgeous and full-mouthed, if not more accomplished and dexterous, rhythm in which Mr. Swinburne has written "Dolores", and the even more masterly dedication of the first "Poems and Ballads". The shortening of the last line which the later poet has introduced is a touch of genius, but not perhaps greater than Praed's original discovery of the extraordinarily vivid and ringing qualities of the stanza. I profoundly believe that metrical quality is, other things being tolerably equal, the great secret of the enduring attraction of

verse, and nowhere, not in the greatest lyrics, is that quality more unmistakable than in the "Letter of Advice." I really do not know how many times I have read it; but I never can read it to this day, without being forced to read it out loud like a schoolboy and mark with accompaniment of hand-beat such lines as,

" Remember the thrilling romances
 We read on the bank in the glen:
 Remember the suitors our fancies
 Would picture for both of us then.
 They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
 They had vanquished and pardoned their
 foe—
 Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
 My own Araminta, say 'No!'"

He must walk—like a god of old story
 Come down from the home of his rest;
 He must smile—like the sun in his glory,
 On the buds he loves ever the best;
 And oh! from its ivory portal
 Like music his soft speech must flow!
 If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
 My own Araminta, say 'No!'"

There are, metrically speaking, few finer couplets in English than the first of that second stanza. Looked at from another point of view, the mixture of the comic and the serious in the piece is remarkable enough; but not so remarkable, I think, as its extraordinary metrical accomplishment. There is not a note or a syllable wrong in the whole thing, but every sound and every cadence comes exactly where it ought to come, so as to be, in a delightful phrase of Southey's, "necessary and voluptuous and right".

It is no wonder that when Praed had discovered such a medium he should have worked it freely. But he never impressed on it such a combination of majesty and grace as in this letter of Medora Trevilian. As far as the metre goes I think the eight-lined stanzas of this piece better suited than the twelve-lined ones of "Good Night to the Season" and the first "Letter from Teignmouth", but both are very delightful. Perhaps the first is the best known of all Praed's

poems, and certainly some things in it, such as

"The ice of her ladyship's manners,
The ice of his lordship's champagne",

are among the most quoted. But this antithetical trick, of which Praed was so fond, is repeated a little often in it; and it seems to me to lack the freshness as well as the fire of the "Advice". On the other hand, the "Letter from Teignmouth" is the best thing that even Praed has ever done for combined grace and tenderness.

"You once could be pleased with our ballads—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads—
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many—
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

"They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song:
They tell me—and what does it matter?—
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel:
They tell me you're loved by a Blue:
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
But to me, you are still what I found you,
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once
bound you;
And you'll come—won't you come!—to
our Ball!"

Is not that perfectly charming?

It is perhaps a matter of mere taste whether it is or is not more charming than pieces like "School and School-fellows" (the best of Praed's purely Eton poems) and "Marriage Chimes", in which, if not Eton, the Etonian set also comes in. If I like these latter pieces less it is not so much because of their more personal and less universal subjects as because their style is much less individual. The resemblance to Hood cannot be missed, and though I believe there is some dispute as to which of the two poets actually hit upon the particular style first,
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there can be little doubt that Hood attained to the greater excellence in it. The real sense and savingness of that doctrine of the "principal and most excellent things", which has sometimes been preached rather corruptly and narrowly, is that the best things that a man does are those that he does best. Now though,

"I wondered what they meant by stock,
I wrote delightful Sapphics",

and

"With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning",

are very nice things, I do not think they are so good in their kind as the other things that I have quoted; and this, though the poem contains the following wholly delightful stanza in the style of the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy":

"Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic."

The same may even be said of "Utopia", a much-praised, often-quoted, and certainly very amusing poem, of "I'm not a Lover now," and of others, which are also, though less exactly, in Hood's manner. To attempt to distinguish between that manner and the manner which is Praed's own is a rather perilous attempt; and the people who hate all attempts at reducing criticism to principle, and who think that a critic should only say clever things about his subject, like M. Jules Lemaitre, will of course dislike me for it. But that I cannot help. I should say then that Hood had the advantage of Praed in purely serious poetry; for Araminta's bard never did anything at all approaching "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies", "The Haunted House", or a score of other things. He had also the advantage in pure

broad humour. But where Praed excelled was in the mixed style, not of sharp contrast as in Hood's "Lay of the Desert Born" and "Demon Ship", where from real pity and real terror the reader suddenly stumbles into pure burlesque, but of wholly blended and tempered humour and pathos. It is this mixed style in which I think his note is to be found as it is to be found in no other poet, and as it could hardly be found in any but one with Praed's peculiar talent and temper combined with his peculiar advantages of education, fortune, and social atmosphere. He never had to "pump out sheets of fun" on a sick-bed for the printer's devil, like his less well-fated but assuredly not less well-gifted rival; and as his scholarship was exactly of the kind to refine, temper, and adjust his literary manner, so his society and circumstances were exactly of the kind to repress, or at least not to encourage, exuberance or boisterousness. In his literary matter there are I believe who call him trivial, even frivolous; and if this be done sincerely by any careful readers of "The Red Fisherman" and the "Letter of Advice" I fear I must peremptorily disable their judgment. But this appearance of levity is in great part due exactly to the perfect modulation and adjustment of his various notes. He never shrieks or guffaws: there is no horse-play in him, just as there is no tearing a passion to tatters. The slight mannerisms more than once referred to rarely exceed what is justified by good literary manners. His points are very often so delicate, so little insisted on or underlined, that a careless reader may miss them altogether; his "questionings" are so little "obstinate" that a careless reader may think them empty.

"Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?"

The author of this perhaps seems to some a mere jesting Pilate, and if he

does, they are quite right not to even try to like him.

I have seen disdainful remarks on those critics who, however warily, admire a considerable number of authors, as though they were coarse and omnivorous persons, unfit to rank with the delicates who can only relish one or two things in literature. But this is a foolish mistake. "One to one" is not "cursedly confined" in the relation of book and reader; and a man need not be a Don Juan of letters to have a list of almost *mille e tre* loves in that department. He must indeed love the best or those among the best only, in the almost innumerable kinds, which is not a very severe restriction. And Praed is of this so fortunately numerous company. I do not agree with those who lament his early death on the ground of its depriving literature or politics of his future greatness. In politics he would most probably not have become anything greater than an industrious and respectable official; and in letters his best work was pretty certainly done. For it was a work that could only be done in youth. In his scholarly but not frigidly correct form, in his irregular sallies and flashes of a genius really individual as far as it went but never perhaps likely to go much farther, in the freshness of his imitations, in the imperfection of his originalities, Praed was the most perfect representative we have had or ever are likely to have of what has been called, with a perhaps reprehensible parody on great words, "the eternal undergraduate within us, who rejoices before life". He is thus at the very antipodes of Wertherism and Byronism, a light but gallant champion of cheerfulness and the joy of living. Although there is about him absolutely nothing artificial—the curse of the lighter poetry as a rule—and though he attains to deep pathos now and then, and once or twice (notably in "The Red Fisherman") to a kind of grim earnestness, neither of these things is his real *forte*. Playing with literature and with life, not

frivolously or without heart, but with no very deep cares and no very passionate feeling is Praed's attitude whenever he is at his best. And he does not play at playing as many writers do: it is all perfectly genuine. Hardly, if at all, could he have kept up this attitude towards life after he had come to forty year; and he might have become either a merely intelligent and respectable person, which is most probable, or an elderly youth, which is of all things most detestable, or a caterwauler, or a cynic, or a preacher. From all these fates the gods mercifully saved him, and he abides with us (the presentation being but slightly marred by the injudicious prodigality of his editors) only as the poet of Medora's musical despair lest Araminta should derogate, of the Abbot's nightmare sufferings at the hands of the

Red Fisherman, of the plaintive appeal after much lively gossip—

“And you'll come—won't you come?—to our Ball”,

of all the pleasures, and the jests, and the tastes, and the studies, and the woes, provided only they are healthy and manly, of Twenty-five. Unhappy is the person of whom it can be said that he neither has been, is, nor ever will be in the temper and circumstances of which Praed's verse is the exact and consummate expression; not much less unhappy he for whom that verse does not perform the best perhaps of all the offices of literature, and call up, it may be in happier guise than that in which they once really existed, the “many beloved shadows” of the past.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE CENTENARY OF BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY.

THE celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to take part in it. As a spectacle, it will remain an ineffaceable vision of gorgeous colouring, stately architecture, representative notabilities and youthful enthusiasm. As a historical event, it stands apart even in an age of centenaries, as possessing a significance the fulness of which no single observer can possibly exhaust. The national character of the festival in honour of the mother of all Italian universities was emphasised by the presence of the King and Queen of re-united Italy; while its international importance was attested by the part taken in it by the ambassadors of Germany, Spain and Portugal, by congratulatory telegrams from the sovereigns of several other States, and by addresses and deputations from learned bodies in every quarter of the civilised globe.

It may be convenient to recall the claims of Bologna to such exceptional homage.

I. When a crowd of students has gathered round a body of eminent teachers, and the teachers have organised a system of co-opting qualified persons into their order by recognising them as brother teachers, or "Doctors", a university may fairly be said to have made its appearance. This seems first to have occurred at Bologna, though the University of Paris, now no longer in existence, could boast of almost equal antiquity.¹ Like other great institutions, the University of Bologna grew rather than was made. No papal bull or imperial edict called her into being, and the epoch of her recognised maturity is preceded by many isolated

indications of activity, among which it is difficult to single out any one as marking beyond question the commencement of her history. The year 1088 has therefore been chosen somewhat arbitrarily for this purpose, but there is little doubt that before the end of the century then drawing to its close students had been attracted to the town by the law lectures of Pepo, and Irnerius had already begun his interpretation of the Pandects.² Thereupon followed the long succession of the teachers of the Civil Law, and the gradual organization of their scholars into the two "Universities" (or corporations) of the "Cismontani" and "Transmontani", of whose large autonomy in the election of their Rectors some traces still remain in the constitution of the universities of Scotland. The English universities were moulded rather on the rival type of Paris, in which the predominant corporations were those of the Professors. These student-universities, in which, by the by, students who were citizens of Bologna had no part, were subdivided into many "Nations", such as the "Theotonicus", "Burgundiones", "Ungari", and "Anglici", in one or other of which the stranger found himself at once among compatriots. The Professors, or Doctors, became a sort of guild, retaining in their own hands the right of admitting new members into their society, by granting to them the teaching licence, which is the real

² The claim to a much older origin, supported by a spurious charter of Theodosius the Second, has long been relegated to the limbo whither it has been too tardily followed by the myths which connect the foundation of the University of Oxford with King Alfred. There has been however of late years a reaction in favour of the historical character of the derivation of the law schools of Bologna from those previously existing at Ravenna.

¹ These two, with Oxford and Salamanca, were recognised by the Popes as the "quatuor orbis generalia studia."

meaning of a university degree. Graduation, here as elsewhere, had three stages. A student was first promoted to the position of "bachelor"; next, after due examination, he received a licence to enter on the teaching of his subject; and lastly, after giving a specimen lecture (called his "inception" or "commencement") in full convocation, the "licentiate" was solemnly created a "Doctor", by a representation of the Doctors under whom he had studied. The ceremonial consisted in the bestowal of a hat, a ring, a book and a kiss, with induction into the professorial chair.

II. It was from Bologna that Europe received the priceless gift of the Civil Law. Of the potent influence for good exercised by this great system; of its use as an instrument of education; of its indirect effects upon the development of the law of France, England, Italy, and Spain; of its marvellous adoption as the common law of Germany; of the triumph of its principles, and even its nomenclature, in the great modern codes, this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that these results were obtained by a study of the Roman law, not in its original sources, but as interpreted by the schools of Bologna (*"quidquid non agnoscit glossa non agnoscit curia"*). Irnerius, or Werner, at the end of the eleventh century, created single-handed the school of the "Glossators" (*"studuit per se, sicut potuit"*), in which he was followed by the "four doctors"—Bulgarus, Martin, Hugo, and Jacobus, and by Azo and the Accursii.¹ The "Glossators" of Bologna were succeeded there in the thirteenth century by the "Commentators," and these in turn by the "Humanists," such as Alciatus, who united to the learning and acuteness of the older schools the scholarship of the Renaissance. To the labours of these men is due the renewed life of the law of

Rome; nor must it be forgotten that the canonists of Bologna were nearly as famous as her civilians. The *"Decretum Gratiani"* was the work of a Bolognese monk, and the subsequent collections of canons are respectively dedicated by Popes Gregory the Ninth, Boniface the Eighth, and Clement the Fifth to their "beloved sons, the doctors and scholars residing at Bologna".

III. To the law schools of Bologna were added in 1316 a Faculty of Medicine and Philosophy, and in 1362 a Faculty of Theology. In these studies also the University won for itself an honourable name, and is especially proud of its contributions to the knowledge of anatomy and to several branches of physical science. A peculiar distinction of Bologna has been the part taken in its teaching by learned ladies, such as were Properzia di Rossi, Laura Bassi, Clotilda Tambroni, and Gaetana Agnese. Novella, the beautiful daughter of Johannes Andrea, Professor of canon law, sometimes acted as her father's deputy, but we are told that, when lecturing,

"She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence."

It was to celebrate such achievements as these, continued through eight centuries, that the recent festival was organised. The preparations for it began two years ago, when the King consented to assume the title of "Protector" of the University, and a strong national committee was formed for working out the details of the centenary. Letters were sent out in December last to all the Universities of the world, inviting them to send delegates to share in the rejoicings, so that *"indictæ feriæ sæculares maxima doctorum frequentia et lectissimorum ingeniorum splendore non modo Italiæ sed etiam ceterarum gentium celebrarentur."* Some months later the students followed suit, in a circular letter to their comrades throughout the world.

Bologna may not strike the

¹ Of this school were Placentinus, who carried the Roman law to Montpellier, and Vacarius, by whom it was first taught at Oxford.

passing tourist, especially if his passage through it happens to occur in the Long Vacation, as possessing the characteristics of a university town. There is picturesqueness enough in the narrow streets, in the miles of continuous arcades offering a shelter which is here indispensable alike from summer glare and winter snowstorm, in the piazzas and fountains, in the massive and sombre residence of the old papal legates, in the rugged front of the great church of San Petronio, in the long lines of Renaissance palaces. But one may see and enjoy all this and miss the traces of a university. These are of three periods.

The earliest are the tombs of the Glossators. As Verona and some other cities take a character from the lofty monuments built for themselves by the tyrants who ruled over them, so here the last resting-places of the great expounders of the Civil Law must once have met the eye at every turn. Two of these are still standing in the Piazza Galileo. They are perhaps twenty feet high. Rising from a massive stone base, a multitude of marble columns support the sarcophagus of the learned man, who is represented on its exterior in the act of lecturing to a class which, as in modern times, is busily engaged in taking notes. Other such monuments are to be found in various churches, *e.g.* in those of San Francesco and San Domenico; several are built into the arcade of the Piazza Malpighi, but the best preserved specimens are now collected in two rooms of the Museo Civico. In almost every case the figure of the professor is obviously a careful portrait, and the attitudes of his class are admirably various and life like. Among the monuments, on all of which laurel wreaths were placed during the festivities by the pious care of the Municipality, are those of Othofredus, the Accursii, Lignanum, Tartagnus, and many another well known to students of civilian lore. In the days of those great men degrees were conferred in the cathedral church

of St. Peter, now restored beyond recognition. Lectures were at first given in private houses, later in large halls set apart for the purpose. Of the colleges founded at different times for the residence of students, one only is still devoted to its original purpose.¹

A new departure was made in the equipment of the University, when in 1562 Pope Pius the Fourth employed the architect Terribilia to build for its reception a fine Renaissance Palazzo, consisting of spacious lecture-rooms approached from open galleries running round a central court-yard. The walls and ceilings of these galleries are entirely covered with tablets, busts, and painted coats of arms, in commemoration of many generations of professors and students. This building is still known as the "Archiginnasio," though now applied to other uses.

Early in the present century the University, with its library and collections, was removed to new quarters in the Via Zamboni. The ground plan of the present building, formerly the Palazzo Cellesi, designed by Pellegrino Tibaldi, is somewhat similar to that of the Archiginnasio, and its halls and corridors are already decorated by many memorial busts and tablets. The modern University possesses four Faculties (Letters, Science, Law and Medicine), with about one hundred and forty professors and lecturers, and fourteen hundred students.

Such were the outward surroundings in which took place the proceedings at which I had the honour of being one of the representatives of the University of Oxford. The festivities were in fact two-fold. Concurrently with the doings of the reverend signors of the University and their foreign colleagues, there were also always in progress a succession of revels among the undergraduates, who had a reception-committee of their own, and

¹ On the Spanish College at Bologna, see "Macmillan's Magazine" for March, 1888.

were giving right hospitable entertainment to deputations of students not only from all the Italian universities but also from seats of learning as far apart as Athens and her modern Scottish compeer. Had it been possible to live two lives at once, or even by exertions prohibited by a thermometer at 85° in the shade to approximate to such a mode of existence, it would have been interesting to have made a careful comparative study of the undergraduates of all nations, but things being as they are, I was compelled to restrict my personal observations mainly to the professorial side of the picture. I am especially sorry to have missed the scene at the railway-station on Saturday, June 9th, when the Bolognese students, with such of their foreign friends as had already come, were assembled to welcome fresh arrivals. The train brought not only a deputation from Paris, but also deputations from Turin, with a huge cask of wine, from Pavia, with an enormous cheese, and from Padua, with a magnificently caparisoned white ox. These presents bore Latin inscriptions, suasive of eating and drinking, and were most warmly received. A joyous procession was formed, in which the cask, with students dressed as Bacchus, a Satyr and a Bacchante; the cheese with a student dressed as Ceres, and the milk-white ox with its attendants, occupied prominent places. The carriages containing the French and German deputations were unhorsed, and drawn by the willing hands of the Bolognese students to the hotel which was the head-quarters of the revelry. On Sunday the stranger students, among whom Oxford, alas, was not represented, were formally welcomed by their brethren at the university building, and were later harangued by Signor Panzacchi in the Teatro Brunetti.

In the meantime the professorial delegates were invading the city in such force that many, who neither were quartered on private hospitality nor had taken the

precaution of securing rooms at the hotels, endured no little hardship. Hence some explosions of ill-humour and complaints of mismanagement which found an echo in the English newspapers, but for which my own experience affords no support. Engagements in England prevented me from arriving before 2.40 A.M. on Monday the 11th, but even at that inconvenient time I was welcomed at the station by members of the reception-committee, and received my billet for the Palazzo of the Marchese M., where for several days I was in enjoyment of a vast, cool, and, what is not easily found in Bologna, absolutely quiet bedroom. On my declining to knock up my entertainer at such an hour, my new friends insisted on seeing me safely installed for what remained of the night in the Hôtel Brun, where I had prudently engaged a room a fortnight beforehand. This turned out to be the rendezvous of the British and American delegates. Of my colleagues in the representation of Oxford, Mr. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. Warren-Vernon (who, being members of Christ Church, were described in the official list as *della Chiesa Cristiana*, and were supposed accordingly to be Anglican clergymen) were already established there: Mr. Addington Symonds was prevented from coming. The representatives of other British Universities actually present at Bologna, were—for Cambridge, Professors Jebb and Middleton; for Durham, Mr. Hastings Rashdall; for London (and the Royal Society), Dr. Pole; for Victoria (Manchester), Professor Munro; for Glasgow, Professors Ramsay, Jebb, and Fergusson; for St. Andrew's, Principal Donaldson and Professor Knight; for Edinburgh, Rector Sir W. Muir and Professor Sir H. Oakley; for Dublin, Professor Haughton; for the Royal University of Ireland, President Moffett and Professors Johnston, Owen and Moffatt; for Bombay, Vice-Chancellor Sir Raymond West; for Sydney, Mr. Justice Fawcett.

The events of Monday were, at nine

o'clock, the arrival of the King and Queen with the Prince of Naples ; at ten, the reception of the delegates of foreign universities by the Rector (Professor Capellini) and the syndic of the city (Commendatore Tacconi) ; at five, the unveiling by the King of a bronze equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel in the great piazza, in the presence of the foreign delegates, the syndics of many Italian cities, the deputations of students with their banners, and a crowd of perhaps twenty thousand people ; at half-past eight, a "fiaccolata", or procession of troops and citizens with thousands of little coloured lamps in lieu of torches ; at half-past nine, an illumination. At ten, the King and Queen received the foreign Professors in the old government palace. All present were charmed with the unaffected *bonhomie* of the King and with the grace and linguistic accomplishments of the beautiful Queen.

At an early hour on Tuesday, the great day of the festival, the professorial delegates began to fill the *cortile* of the University with a babel of strange tongues and kaleidoscopic effects of astounding official costumes, the delegates of each nation finding their way to the group of their compatriots which had gathered under their national flag. About nine o'clock, at a signal given according to ancient usage by blast of trumpet, there issued forth into the Via Zamboni, a truly remarkable procession, following one of guilds and students which had already started. First came the delegates of something like twenty Italian universities, preceded by bedels with silver maces. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, and in each country in alphabetical order of universities, marched the representatives of foreign learning. Last came the full teaching staff of the University of Bologna with their banner bearing the proud device *Alma Mater Studiorum*. The procession was afterwards declared to have surpassed anything ever witnessed at Bologna, not excepting the scenes at

the coronation of the Emperor Charles the Fifth by Pope Clement the Seventh. The varied costumes of the representatives of about a hundred and ten universities, as remote from one another as Moscow and Buenos Ayres, Sydney and Harvard, Aberdeen and Granada, would furnish material for a curious chapter on the survivals and development of dress. The eye rested now on the huge scarlet cloth birettas of some German Doctors of Divinity, now on the massive gold chain of a Rector, now on the yellow silk and ermine of the Sorbonne, now on the sombre robe and bright scarlet cowl of Madrid, now on the quaint court-dress of Christiania, till one ceased at last to discriminate in the whirl of purple, violet, blue and crimson. The Doctors of the several Bolognese Faculties are distinguished by a sort of broad silk sash, passing over the shoulders, white for Letters, green for Science, blue for Law, and red for Medicine. An undergraduate's cap is of one or other of these four colours according to the study in which he is engaged.

The procession slowly wound its way for perhaps three-quarters of a mile, through gaily decorated streets and applauding crowds, by the Via Rizzoli to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where the royal party saluted its progress from a balcony of the Palazzo Municipale, then by the Via d'Azeglio to the Via Farini, and so, under a shower of oak sprigs thrown by ladies in the Palazzo Pizzardi, between the serried ranks of students who lined the Via Pavaglioni, shouting "Viva la Francia !" "l'Allemagna !" and, with peculiar fervency, as we flattered ourselves, "Viva l'Inghilterra", while they pressed forward to grasp the hands of the foreigners. From this scene of wild enthusiasm we turned into the Archiginnasio, and filed into the places reserved for us on the right of the throne. The spectacle was an imposing one. Accommodation had been found in the *cortile*, which was protected by an awning from the dazzling

sunlight, and in its surrounding galleries for about three thousand people. The old historical monuments were varied but not concealed by the flags of all the nationalities present. The dark masses of the deputations of students were relieved by the banners of the Italian universities, by the gay dresses of the ladies, by professorial robes, and by military uniforms.

The arrival of the procession was followed at a short interval by the entry of the King and Queen, with the Prince of Naples, the Court dignitaries, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the ambassadors of Germany, Spain, and Portugal. After the performance by a full orchestra, vocal and instrumental, of a hymn written for the occasion by Signor Panzacchi, and set to music by Baron Franchetti, the speeches began. First a short and business-like statement by the Rector, Capellini. Then an adequately eloquent address of twenty minutes or so by the Minister of Public Instruction, Boselli, standing correct in official gold lace on the steps of the throne. Next appeared in the tribune Professor Carducci, to deliver a historical oration which, though it lasted an hour, was followed with unflagging attention, and constantly interrupted by enthusiastic applause. It was interesting to watch the Radical poet, at one moment turning to address some respectfully audacious sentiment to the King, at the next repressing with a wave of the hand the too long continued cheers evoked by some telling reference to the torn flags of the student-volunteers of 1849, or to the accomplishment of Italian unity by the conspiring efforts of Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi: "Un repubblicano monarchico, un monarca rivoluzionario, un dittatore ubbediente." "When the law schools of Rome were destroyed," he told us, "the books of the law were removed to Ravenna, and thence to this city of Bologna. Who brought them? The wind of freedom, the breath of life, which was driving on-

wards the renewed Italian race from the old seats and old traditions to new activity and more distant horizons." The orator was applauded to the echo, and warmly congratulated by the King, who afterwards sent him the grand cross of the Crown of Italy. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, the delegates advanced in groups to lay at the foot of the throne the addresses from their respective universities. A few congratulatory phrases, generally in Latin or Italian, were at the same time read on behalf of each nationality. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about one p.m. with a Latin speech of thanks to the delegates, spoken by Professor Gandino as I have never heard Latin spoken before. Looking round him with quiet mastery of his apparently improvised chain of thought, he rolled out his mellifluous periods in what one forgot was a dead language. Applying to the foreign professors the phrase applied by ambassadors of Greece to the Roman Senate, he said: "Quos quidem viros vere principes et reges licet appellare, siquidem rerum domina est sapientia, ejusque domicilium stabile et præcipuum in Academiis est collocatum"; ending with a prayer that, especially in the interests of learning, "Bellum hoc immane et intolerandum quod pacis nomine jamdiu toti Europæ immanet, tandem depellatur".

At six p.m. a dinner was given in the Borsa to nearly four hundred delegates and local notabilities. The tables were arranged down each of the four sides of the enormous hall, so that only those who were in the immediate neighbourhood of the chairman made any pretence of listening to the speeches, which were mercifully short. By nine o'clock we were all assisting at a gala performance, in the spacious and well-lit Teatro Comunale, of Wagner's opera of "Tristano e Isotta." In the meantime a thousand students were drinking toasts and exchanging fraternal embraces at a great dinner-party four miles out of town.

The event of Wednesday was the conferring of honorary degrees. It seems that to do this is not within the ordinary powers of Italian universities, the action of which is strictly controlled by the legislature. A royal decree had however been issued authorizing the several Faculties, for this occasion only, to grant degrees *ad honorem*, with strict injunctions to exercise the greatest care in selecting the recipients of the distinction. The ceremony took place at the Archiginnasio, which presented much the same appearance as on the preceding day, in the presence of the King and Queen, the ambassadors, the delegates, and the deputations of students, Italian and foreign. The degrees were given by each of the four Faculties on its separate responsibility. The procedure was as follows: The Dean of the Faculty, in his distinctive costume,¹ took his stand by the Rector and, after a short Latin prelude, read out the list of persons whom, by the authority confided to him, he created Doctors of the University, ending with the formula "*creo, pronuntio, prædico.*" As the names were called, if the person named was present as a delegate, which happened in about one-third of the cases, he advanced to the foot of the throne, placed the forefinger of his right hand in a great gold ring held by the Dean, with whom he shook hands, as also with the Rector, receiving from the latter a handsome diploma, with an impression of the University seal attached in a silver box. He then bowed to the King and backed as best he could from the royal presence. The loudest applause perhaps followed upon the announcement of the names of Mommsen, of Gladstone, of Pasteur, and of the great chemist Hoffmann. Then stalked into the tribune the gaunt and impressive figure of the great criminal advocate Ceneri, Professor of Roman law, whose fiery eye and emphatic delivery gave full effect to

every point in his speech. He had been commissioned by his brother professors to offer to their visitors "*l'affettuoso e fraterno saluto d'addio*", an honour which he modestly ascribed "*all' occupar quella cattedra di Diritto Romano che nei prischi tempi fu il grande titolo di gloria dello studio nostro*". Then, after reading a sympathetic telegram from the statesman-jurist Mancini, he went on to describe most eloquently the debt of the present to the past, eulogising, "*The martyrs of free inquiry against the insane pretensions of despotism and theocracy*", and ending with a wish for the future fraternity of nations, each secure within the boundaries traced for it by nature, and working together for the good of all.

Thus ended the official festivities, but the students prolonged their revelry through the rest of the day and far into the night. I did not see the cavalcade of students on donkeys, which caused vast amusement in the streets through which it passed, between seven and eight, but went later to the "*festa umoristica*" at the "*Montagnola*," near the railway-station, and a very humorous, as well as very pretty affair it was. Theatres, concert-rooms, refreshment-bars, and picture-shows surrounded an open space, festooned with an incredible number of coloured lamps, and crowded with visitors of all nationalities. The whole entertainment was provided and carried out by students, who sustained the parts and performed the duties of ballet-dancers, barmaids, café-chantant singers and actresses, as well as those more appropriate to their sex.

It must be some time before the city will recover from its academical and quasi-academical dissipations; since, besides all the doings already mentioned, one heard every day of much else that was going on: trotting-matches, shooting-matches, the inauguration of a statue of Galvani, dinners to students of this or that nationality, testimonials for Professor Carducci, for the sculptor

¹ Pellicioni for Letters, Ciaccio for Science, Regnoli for Law, Brugnoli for Medicine.

of the statue of Victor Emanuel, presentation to foreign students of gifts prepared for them by the ladies of Bologna, meetings of all kinds of societies, notably of a federation of students' democratic clubs, where there was some sounding talk, to the effect that the foreign professors had by their visit founded a new religion, that of a collective Messiah, whose Gospel is scientific discovery, and were likely at their next gathering to found new systems of law and morality. Nor must it be forgotten that, for those who had time to see it, there was an Exhibition, International in the department of musical instruments, National for the Fine Arts, and Provincial for Agriculture and Industry.

The Centenary was most successful. In all the essentials of a patriotic and scientific festival it was perfect. Especial mention should be made of the sumptuous editions of the oldest extant statutes of the University, recently discovered in the chapter library at Presburg, and of the oldest rolls of "Lettori", copies of which were presented to every delegate. The delegates, for their part, brought with them not only congratulatory addresses under the seals of their respective universities, but also multitudes of what would be called in Germany "Festschriften"—works of permanent value prepared by a university or an individual in honour of the occasion. Of the many handsome presents of this kind, I happen to remember a volume from Zürich, on the fifth centenary of the Bologna doctorate of Provost Hemmeli; one from Macerata, on ecclesiastical law in Lombardy and Predial Servitudes; one from Pavia, on the early documents of that University; works by Professors Fitting, Ricci and Chiappelli on the origin of the schools of

Bologna; and last, not least, a magnificent Pindaric Greek ode in praise of Bologna, by Professor Jebb of Glasgow. The addresses, often costly works of art, will be permanently exhibited in one of the rooms of the University.

English visitors could not help being struck by the absence of anything like a clerical element in the proceedings. It is of course well known that the Faculties of Theology have for some time been suppressed in the Italian universities, but it can hardly have been by accident that one so seldom caught sight of a priest, even in the streets. The ecclesiastical authorities had refused to allow the celebration to take place, in accordance with mediæval precedent, in the church of San Petronio. There can be no doubt that public opinion at Bologna is bitterly anti-papal. For the rest, the general feeling is unmistakably democratic, though loyal to the reigning House, not less for the sterling and attractive qualities of its members than as a symbol of the unity of Italy. The citizens take an intelligent pride in the beauties and in the antiquity of their city, and in the University which has so long been one of its chief ornaments. The students are perhaps more interested in social and political questions than is the case with English undergraduates. They carry their frolic further into the region of burlesque than is customary in this country. Their hospitality and kindness to their foreign friends were beyond praise; and they managed to combine with the enthusiasm which befits their southern blood, a readiness, which might perhaps advantageously find imitation elsewhere, to subordinate for a time their private amusement to the progress of a public function.

T. E. HOLLAND.

GAME PRESERVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE question of game preservation and sporting rights has of late years been one of increasing interest to two large classes in the older States of the Union. Sportsmen and landowners are practically one in this country, the latter, at any rate, are here the chief patrons of the chase. In America the owners of game and the men who shoot it belong (so very generally that the exceptions need not be regarded) to two distinct and almost antagonistic sections of the community—the plain farmers on the one hand, and the better class of townsfolk on the other. I use the term older States advisedly, for in the thinly-peopled West, and in other sections remote from busy centres, the matter is as yet for obvious reasons one of no moment. Furthermore, the attitude taken up on this question in those regions where a necessity for some understanding has arisen, is a sure index of what is to come when the area of dispute, by virtue of advancing civilisation, extends itself over districts that have no cause now to trouble their head upon the matter.

Big game, and the hunting of big game in the West, in no way come under the heading of this paper. Such sports belong to the early stage of development. They are temporary only, and have no interest whatever as a social question, or any bearing on the future position of American sportsmen. The law may indeed prolong for a time the existence of the buffalo, and of other large game that the inevitable advance of civilisation must sooner or later extirpate; but the buffalo, the antelope, or the *Ovis Ammon* have no interest for the majority of American sportsmen, who by virtue of the present distribution of population happen to dwell in the Atlantic States. There are plenty of deer and even bears still in

the older States, but these, with exceptions into which there is neither necessity nor space to enter, frequent wildernesses that have defied, and to a great extent will always defy civilisation. Such of course are the happy hunting-grounds of great numbers of Eastern sportsmen. Some day, perhaps, great sporting monopolies may arise in the Alleghanies and the Adirondacks, and drive out the professional hunter and the holiday sportsmen that employ him; but these are mere conjectures, and have no connection with the present matter. And though it is possible that one owner of a breech-loader, perhaps, in five hundred may kill a deer during the season in the older States, the vast majority of sportsmen confine themselves entirely to the pursuit of small game, and do not expect to go out of the neighbourhood if they are in a good shooting-country, or travel more than twelve hours, say, by rail, if they are less conveniently situated. It is this class, numerically much the largest in the country, the most educated, and upon the whole the most sportsmanlike, that have been for some time now creating "a game question."

To realise the situation, however, it must above all be borne in mind that the American landowner is not himself a sportsman, or at any rate a sportsman in the higher sense of the word. Plentiful exceptions there are to this general truth, of course, but if reduced to statistics, such exceptions would appear a percentage of the farming community so insignificant as to add force only to the assertion that sport as represented by wing-shooting has no attraction for the modern American agriculturalist. The commercial and professional classes on the other hand have of late years taken to

the field in rapidly increasing numbers. The demand for shooting has entirely disarranged the old free and easy ideas, only possible when well-equipped and straight-shooting sportsmen were scarce. Farmers, who, it is hardly necessary to observe, are the freeholders of their own lands, are now thoroughly alive to the fact that they are the possessors of a commodity which is being greatly sought after by others. So far no financial solution of the question has, I believe, been thought of: things are hardly ripe for that yet. Fond of money, and much in need of it as the American farmer generally is, the idea of taking it for the right of shooting would for many reasons require a good deal of digestion before it became a thoroughly accepted one. There are isolated instances undoubtedly of this being done now, either directly or indirectly; and before long shooting is pretty certain to assume its price wherever the conditions favour such a thing. At present the tendency of the farmers to assert their privileges in this respect—a tendency which has developed enormously in the last ten years—is confined to advertising the facts that their lands are preserved, and making permission to shoot, whether easily or grudgingly given, or withheld altogether, a distinct item in the sportsman's preparation.

It is not only that the number of sportsmen has vastly increased in Eastern America during the past few years, but the composition of the whole body has undergone a great change. To explain this change we must look back, and in looking back we must regard the North and South as they once were—two sections, distinct in this as in other matters. The position of the Southern sportsman was altered by the war and the re-distribution of population that followed it: that of the Northern sportsman by the waning of a prejudice on which I shall touch presently. To begin with the South. In former days the large landowner and slaveholder was the chief patron

of the chase. He hunted foxes and shot game on his own broad acres and upon the lands of his neighbours of all classes as a matter of right and neighbourly feeling, exercised, no doubt, where such was required, with tact and discretion. The mass of smaller landowners were fond of seeing foxhounds run, and were often good rifle-shots, but were as little given to shooting on the wing as the present generation of American farmers, North and South. The supply of wing-shooting, to use a convenient American phrase, was, in fact, greater than the demand over the larger half, and that the best stocked, of old settled States. There were no outsiders or intruders looking for shooting-grounds in those days, nor had the negro and the old army-musket then appeared upon the scene as an extra incentive to the protecting instincts of landowners.

Now all is changed. The old-fashioned Southern sportsman of the days before the war has gone; his Joe Manton is rusting in some obscure cupboard; his sons and nephews, ay, and grandsons ere this, contemptuously use his battered powder-horns to load their cartridges with; the cow-horn, that called his foxhounds round him on winter mornings before the first streak of dawn had touched the sky, hangs mute upon the wall. He himself, perhaps, is dead, and a marble shaft proclaims his solid virtues to a field of rustling maize that, under the exigencies of modern times, has displaced the blue-grass sod that once matted around the family graveyard. If he still lives, however, it matters little whether he lingers on in the old homestead or is serving out his time in some distant city: he is at any rate no longer a factor in the social or sporting life of America. His descendants have not left all their homes, as some cursory observers of the South are given to asserting; but the majority have drifted townwards, and their place is taken by plainer, harder-fisted farmers who care little for sport but

have grown of late exceedingly jealous about their game. Without pausing, therefore, to note all the numerous exceptions to the rule, one may state with quite sufficient accuracy for general purposes, that the Southern sportsman nowadays, as the Northern sportsman, to distinguish him from the pot-hunter and trapper, always has done, comes from the towns.

I have dwelt on the South particularly, because the preservation of game, as a future practical question in America, there assumes the most interesting phase. I have shown in a former paper in this magazine that the Virginia quail is the only indigenous non-migratory game-bird that offers plentiful sport to those Americans who cannot afford to travel for days into Western wilds—to the mass, that is to say, of Eastern and Southern sportsmen—and the quail inhabits almost wholly that larger half of the older States which used to be, and by force of habit still is, called the South. Again, because the Southern towns, though neither very numerous nor very large, contain much of the old sporting Southern blood, and with increasing wealth are sharpening the local demand for shooting-grounds. Furthermore, though one speaks of the North and South still as distinct sections, the sporting brotherhood are nowadays becoming practically one in their interests and ideas.

The immense increase in the number of shooting-men is more marked I think in the North than in the South, where the love of sport was always conspicuous. This increase is due to several causes. The large manufacture in recent years of cheap breech-loaders is one of them: another is the great extension and cheapening of railroad facilities. A still stronger one is the increase of wealth since the war and consequently of leisure. Though it is true this leisure is still in America more given to further financial aggrandisement than it would be in this country, still the doctrine of *mens sana in corpore sano* has made

great strides with our cousins during the last few years. Every form of healthy sport and pastime has received an immense impetus, much to the improvement of the hitherto somewhat dreary routine of life. It must be remembered that in the New England States unquestionably, and to a less degree in the non-slave-holding middle States, it is not many years since a prejudice existed with regard to amusements of all kinds that to the Englishman was simply unintelligible. In the professional and commercial ranks of the North-eastern States, the old Puritanical dislike to amusement survived in a most mistrustful and doubtful attitude towards field-sports. This strange superstition is by no means dead, but its supremacy has been destroyed: society has emancipated itself from the dreary thralldom, and sensible men can nowadays afford to disregard it. Before the war—to make a fairly accurate use of a great landmark in the American calendar—the man who shot wild ducks for a pastime ran great risk of being confounded in the opinion of those who influenced his career with the individual who trotted horses or played euchre for high stakes. Sport of all kinds, even the most harmless, was more or less frowned on by commercial and professional respectability. To define the exact strength of a prejudice which was stronger in some districts than in others is not necessary, even if it were possible. It is sufficient for the purpose in hand to state that, till ten or fifteen years ago, the social attitude towards sport and sportsmen in the older Northern States was distinctly discouraging. American opinion was never famous in any section for discrimination or tolerance in social matters. Even now the provincial merchant or lawyer, when on some hot noon he experiences a legitimate yearning for a glass of lager beer, looks up and down the street several times before he ventures to make a dive into the saloon. He knows that there are several people

whose good opinion he cannot afford to lose and who are in other respects intelligent, besides a very large proportion indeed of the fair sex, who would write him down an inebriate beyond salvation if they happened to be witnesses of the crime. So in former days the New Englander of standing was very generally compelled to look up and down the street before he ventured out with his dogs and gun.

There is still an element in the country who regard every moment not spent in remunerative labour as wasted. Practically, however, Americans have emancipated themselves from the chains of narrow bigotry in such matters that bound them when comparatively poor and struggling. Sport with the rod and gun is now regarded by sensible people very much as it is with us, and the elevating associations and influences of field sports are fully recognised. A large sporting literature, unconnected with racing and gambling matters, and treating only of rural pursuits and natural history, has sprung up. In its numerous and well-edited pages alone there would be ample evidence, if such were needed, that there is plenty of enthusiasm in the country for the attractions of field, forest, and river.

Before touching on the present and future relations of sportsmen and landowners it will be well to take a brief survey of the distribution of game in the Atlantic States. This can only be done here upon broad and general lines. To go into details and to take note of exceptions would not merely be impossible, but quite unnecessary for present purposes.

The deer is ubiquitous, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Wherever men are few, the deer abounds in greater or less numbers. The conditions of his existence, however, and of his pursuit, place this branch of sport outside the question of private game preservation. The laws as to close seasons have of late years been much more rigidly enforced; but

such friction as there is with regard to shooting-rights lies in the antagonism exhibited in the very wild districts between the professional hunters and the amateur sportsmen who come in with packs of hounds.

Wild-fowl shooting, though common to all latitudes, is in a very limited sense a question of land or trespass. Everything that can be done, however, by State laws and private monopoly to protect and reserve the great "ducking-grounds" along the sea-coast and tidal rivers, has been done. Wealthy clubs and hotels have succeeded in getting the cream of the shooting more or less under their control. At the head of the Chesapeake, for instance, a licence of sixty pounds a year was, and, I presume, still is, required by the State law for the right of putting out a sink-box and decoys in the bay three times a week during the season. Upon a part of the coast of North Carolina, famous for wild-fowling, no one is allowed by law to shoot ducks in the particular way there most conducive to success, without being actually a freeholder of land in the neighbourhood.

It is to the winged game of the cultivated lands that the larger proportion of sportsmen turn their attention. Here the North and the South, taking the old political line between Pennsylvania and Maryland as quite accurate enough for present purposes, materially differ.

The snipe and the woodcock, as birds of passage, visit in due season their respective haunts, regardless of latitude; their sojourn is brief, their numbers, judged by let us say an Irish standard, are, with a few marked exceptions, trifling. The wild turkey is indigenous to the whole country. In the North it is very scarce and only found at all in wild spots, but from Pennsylvania southwards this grand bird is everywhere. It seldom, however, comes out of the woodlands, and the whole science of its pursuit consists of stalking rather than shooting. So it cannot on the whole be

classed as offering great inducements to the stranger sportsman, who wishes to make his time, as it is probably short, at least a merry one. Quail, ruffed grouse, and rabbits remain; of the last there are two sorts, though both are really hares—a large long-legged brute that lives mostly in wooded swamps and belongs to the North, and a smaller, more edible animal that is found mostly in the South. The latter is far more numerous, lives generally in open fields, and is to the sportsman what the hare is in England. I might add that he is the original of the famous "Brer Rabbit" of Uncle Remus. The ruffed grouse, colloquially called pheasant in the South and partridge in the North, is a fine bird. Though it is indigenous to almost the whole area in question, it is thick enough scarcely anywhere to offer great inducements to the sportsman. It is distinctly a woodland bird, shy as well as scarce, and is greatly addicted to tree-tops when flushed. It is found in the greatest numbers, of course, in the backwoods and in wild mountain chains, but is at the same time quite compatible with the oldest settlements and the highest civilisation so long as there is a fair abundance of timber. Just, however, as the bad habits and the comparative scarcity of the ruffed grouse prevent its being ranked for a moment with the quail or the wild duck on the American game-list, so its exclusively woodland habits prevent its being in the eyes of the farmer such an obvious subject for protection as the former.

The quail alone remains, but the position of the quail makes it of pre-eminent importance above all other birds in considering the prospects of American sport. Though I have spoken of it and with accuracy as a Southern bird, it is found in numbers sufficient for moderate sport in several districts from Pennsylvania to Connecticut. Upon farms north of Maryland game is exceedingly scarce, still, this sprinkling of quail here and there,

with a thin distribution of ruffed grouse and rabbits, and of the migratory game-birds in their season, is sufficient in many places to arouse the jealousy of the farmers as to trespass. For several years there has been a great deal of friction in this respect. But though locally interesting, and interesting, too, as a social question, it is hardly to the scanty preserves of Pennsylvania or Connecticut, that the Eastern sportsman of moderate or still more ample means looks, or will in the future look. With the northern boundary of Maryland the quail-grounds of the Atlantic States may be said to begin in real earnest. If any one will take a map of the United States they will see that this boundary embraces some, including the capital, and approaches comparatively near to, all the greater seats of wealth and population in older America. Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, without going West or South, make an immense available shooting-ground for the local sportsman and those of the Atlantic cities. With an average existence of nearly two centuries, these great and long-settled districts are still to-day well stocked with what I have ventured to call the finest game-bird in the world. Nor is there any reason why they should not remain so for all time.

Local sportsmen have hitherto had this fine field pretty much to themselves. Of late years, however, the Northerners have begun to realize that in a few hours and at slight expense they can be on the best of shooting-grounds, and are beginning sensibly to swell the local ranks. With anything like care there is not merely room for all those that now take the field, but for ten times their number, in those accessible States alone that I have mentioned. It is becoming quite evident that the future of the chief domestic game-bird of America may be safely left in the hands of the farmers.

To any one who remembers the free

and easy ideas as to shooting prevalent ten or fifteen years ago, when, generally speaking, even to ask permission was an act of courtesy, the difference of late years is very striking. Land close to towns was always, more or less and after a fashion, preserved, but that mattered little. Nowadays whole neighbourhoods remote from city and railroad, where the perfect stranger a few years ago might have roamed with dogs and gun unquestioned, are often banded together in a kind of game-preserving federation impregnable to the stranger, and exceedingly inconvenient even for the well known and popular resident. The whole rural air is impregnated with what may fairly be called a novel sensation of proprietorship in game. There are still, it is true, immense districts very little affected as yet by it, where friction is hardly yet possible. There are at the same time large areas where the extent of shooting and amount of game is far greater than any possible demand could for the present require, in which the farmers seem to have anticipated future probabilities and ostentatiously proclaimed their lands as sacred. Even popular landowners who are sportsmen, and who a few years since would have shot over the whole country as a matter of neighbourly right, have now to be most circumspect and diplomatic, and find a good deal of land locked up even from them. The odd part of all this is that the farmer has no idea of shooting his birds himself, nor, as a general thing, of reserving them for immediate friends or relatives. It is simply an assertion of a right, badly needed in some parts, very reasonable in others, ridiculous here and there—a good sign, however, for the future of American sport. There is no tenant-class in America to intrude between landowner and sportsman, and irritate both; and the question of preserving game is now in an interesting stage of transition, and will no doubt terminate before long in financial agreements satisfactory to all parties.

Social jealousy between town and country have, no doubt, added immensely to the game-preserving movement that has so very widely taken hold of American farmers of late years. I have already shown that the mass of sportsmen nowadays come from the towns and villages. Every one familiar with rural America is also familiar with that peculiar want of sympathy, amounting almost to dislike that, speaking broadly, the farmer and the city-man have for one another. The term "countryman" in the mouth of the latter expresses a good deal of supercilious patronage. The agriculturist fully retaliates by the tone of voice in which he alludes to "them city fellahs." The townsman of the higher class is better dressed, better educated, wealthier probably, and better born than Farmer Homespun, substantial and respectable though the latter may be. No amount of republicanism will prevent two such different specimens from moving in two widely separate social spheres, that know practically very little about one another. The countryman knows all this of course: it certainly does not keep him awake at nights, but still there is a feeling of soreness lurking deep down in the rural breast at a social difference that is inevitable. Pride, in a country of political equality and without pronounced distinctions of class, would prevent much open expression being given to such slight and unavoidable grievances. Still, the gap that exists between the class in the towns from which sportsmen are mostly drawn and that over whose lands they mostly shoot, is quite wide enough to have a very great influence in the question of shooting-rights, and it is certainly responsible for a good deal of the game-preservation movement.

There are other and more substantial grounds, too, on which the farmer looks askance on the townsfolk. He is given to regarding the population of towns as a combination of "rings" with the sole object of robbing him of his just profits. It is true he is in a defence-

less position, and is sometimes badly robbed by middlemen, but on this subject he is almost always unreasonable and illogical. He is prone to take the standard of agricultural labour as the standard of all labour, to miscalculate the reward due to brain-work, to ignore the expense of a high education; to regard the very moderate legal fees of provincial America, for instance, as extortionate, and to complain because a judge or a physician makes more than the two dollars a day earned by the bricklayer or the harvest-hand.

Leaving for a moment the question of private ownership and its attitude with regard to game, and turning towards the State laws as to close seasons, an immense stride has been made during the last decade. In Maryland or Virginia, for example, no respectable sportsman would now dream of shooting before the lawful commencement of the season, and if he did he would in all probability get himself into trouble. A dozen years ago few people paid any attention to such dates, while the masses knew nothing at all about them. The netting of quail, too, which in former days was quite a recognised pastime, has been completely stamped out. The illiterate turkey-hunter of the Alleghany spurs would ten or fifteen years ago have resented the bare idea of his comings and goings being anybody's business but his own. He knows much better now. Even if, presuming on the isolation of his log-cabin, he steals out with his old Kentucky rifle after a "gobbler" in August, he takes pains to impress on any neighbours he comes across that he is "jes' squ'r'l hunt'n."

It speaks well for the law-abiding qualities and the good sense of the American people that all this has been accomplished with scarcely any legal precaution, without violence, and with a minimum of real ill-feeling. Respect for public opinion, or rather for local opinion, is very strong in the rural districts of all sections. Once let the idea take root that game should not be killed in close seasons, and let people recognise that the old backwoods liberty of action in the chase is no longer feasible, the laws will be generally respected without a particle of physical pressure. Nor does the preserver of game require any assistance at present other than the form, which varies according to districts, of declaring his lands closed to the sporting public. The reluctance to outrage the rights of property in any way is very strong where public opinion is the opinion of a landowning yeomanry.

Associations have been formed from time to time for the destruction of vermin, which in the quail-countries creates far more havoc among the game than the gun does. The funds collected by annual subscriptions are devoted to the payment by the head for all vermin destroyed in their district. Hawks, with which the whole country swarms, are more particularly marked out for destruction. What work such associations are doing at this moment I am in no position to say; but from personal experience I should be inclined to think that, admirable as their intention is, the results, for many reasons into which there is no space to enter, will be for a long time imperceptible.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE GLORIFIED SPINSTER.

THE student of social phenomena who considers that the modification of human beings by their environment follows the same general laws, and is, at least, as interesting and important as the evolution of inferior organisms by the same method, and who, believing that observation is the true parent of knowledge in both spheres, has furthermore kept his ears and eyes open, will not have failed to notice the appearance of a new variety of the class *Homo* within the last two decades.

This variety, as commonly happens among naturalists when similar discoveries are made, has given rise to a dispute concerning its claim to the dignity of being deemed a new species; and philosophers have answered this question in accordance with the natural bent of their several minds. Those who lay stress on external characteristics deny the claim; on the other hand, those who adhere to more modern methods and are inclined to doubt the necessary identity of the essential with the external, are disposed to make an addition to those divisions of mankind which have been hitherto recognised.

It may be granted that the careless observer will not at once be able to distinguish the individuals who form the subject of this paper from the class Spinster, from which they have been evolved. If he content himself with noting only the "morphology" of the specimen under notice, he will behold nothing but a plainly-dressed woman, clad in an ulster and unmistakably home-made hat or bonnet; but if he note her self-reliant bearing, her air of having some definite business to perform in a definite time, her general aspect of being ready to meet all emergencies, he will begin to see

he has here something differing considerably from the ordinary female. Other characteristic marks are her agility in gaining the tops of omnibuses, her power of entering a train-car without stopping the horses, her cool self-possession in a crowd, her utter indifference to weather, and, it must be added, an undoubted disposition to exact her rights to the uttermost farthing. If he should chance to overhear her conversation with a boon companion he would be still more enlightened, and perhaps dismayed. For the sisterhood hold strong opinions which, however, they are very cautious not to promulgate to the vulgar. Dependent for subsistence on the patronage of middle-class Philistines they are too wise to shock their prejudices needlessly, but atone for this reticence in public by the boldness of their private speculations. Some are theoretically Socialists who would limit the population by forcible means; others are thorough-going Democrats who would hail a revolution as the quickest and best solution of existing difficulties; others, Dames of the Primrose League. Varied as are their nostrums, they agree in ardently desiring the public good, and would make considerable sacrifices to attain that object. Their courage in following out the premises they severally accept is striking. It is not uncommon to hear them discuss such propositions as the lawfulness of suicide, the advantages of a State-regulated infanticide, the possibility of compelling incurable invalids or useless individuals to undergo euthanasia after a certain time, or the merits of a general redistribution of property.

One of them explained this trait by saying that while other people were hampered by the necessity of making

their theories coincide with personal or family interests, they themselves, having given no hostages to fortune, were exempt from the temptation to shirk facts and conclusions which logically lead to the re-organization of the social structure. The speaker added that, since they have at present little power for good or evil, they indulge in such academic discussions rather as an intellectual pleasure than with any strong wish to see such measures actually tried, and that personally they were always remarkably law-abiding and orderly citizens. Like meteors, they wander free in inter-familiar space, obeying laws and conventions of their own, and entering other systems only as strange and rare visitants. Widely read and often highly cultured, their circumstances prevent them from associating with the learned classes, who in England are always wealthy, while their tastes and habits forbid them finding enjoyment in ordinary middle-class female society.

By careful investigation we find that the main forces which have brought about the evolution of this variety of *Femina* have been, in the first place, the present contraction of means among the professional classes without their standard of comfort being correspondingly lowered, which has driven the sisters and daughters to seek remunerative employment; the same cause has operated powerfully in checking the marriage-rate, and thus leaving more women unprovided for. Secondly, the democratic spirit of the age, which is unfavourable to satisfied acquiescence in a position of dependence and subjection. Thirdly, the general spread of education, which has enabled many women to find happiness in intellectual pleasures and to care comparatively little about social environment.

As concerns the all-important question of money, it may be stated that the Glorified Spinster is invariably poor, her income varying from eighty to one hundred pounds. If it approach

the latter sum she is quite sure to disburse a considerable amount yearly for the benefit of her relatives; for, in spite of the apparent selfishness of her mode of life, she readily acknowledges the claims of family, and, if the truth must be told, her male connections show themselves very willing to shift the burden of providing for the ineffective members of the family to her willing shoulders.

But in spite of the smallness of her resources, she manages to see every good piece at the theatres, to attend a dozen good concerts during the season, to visit the chief picture-exhibitions, and in addition to experience something of foreign travel. She shows herself a financial genius in extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure out of every shilling. She patronizes the galleries of the Albert and St. James's Halls, and the pits at the playhouses, where, be it confessed, she is sometimes unreasonable enough to resent being subjected to the scrimmage which ensues at such places. A man with her income would be wretched, but as she spends no money on beer, tobacco, or bets, she manages to exist in tolerable comfort.

She economises, too, in her lodgings. A visit to the den of one of the sisterhood reveals a small room, twelve feet by fourteen, in a quiet street in Kensington, for which its occupant pays six shillings a week. In one corner stands a small wooden bed covered with gay chintz, an idea evidently adopted from Newnham College; before the window is a large tin trunk, the battered sides and numerous labels of which attest it has been a wanderer in its time; this also has a chintz cover, not over clean, be it noted. Next, comes a cheap imitation of an old-fashioned bureau which is meant to conceal the necessities of the toilet; but, alas! the spring is broken, and the Irish expedient of inserting a small wedge of paper has been, perforce, adopted. Over the mantelpiece are well-filled bookshelves, in which may be noted Mill's *Logic*, two volumes of Mr.

Browning's poems, one of Walt Whitman's, Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology", and several French and German novels. The Spinster is an omnivorous reader, and would sooner forego her breakfast than her newspaper. A small cupboard fills the recess which contains her wardrobe—"two frocks and a rag," as the proprietress observes. But in the bottom of a common painted chest of drawers, carefully enfolded in sheets of tissue paper, reposes her one "dress", usually a handsome garment of satin or velvet, which is so ingeniously contrived as to be capable of serving for an evening robe, by the removal of certain portions of the bodice. In this she appears when she revisits the upper air, at her brother's, the doctor's, dinners, or her married sister's Christmas parties; it likewise forms her Sunday gown when she runs down to the old rectory home for a short holiday. The other drawers are a confused mass of reels, pens, handkerchiefs, linen, papers—tidiness in small matters being the first virtue to disappear in a Bohemian life. A hammock-chair, one of the common bedroom pattern, and a small table, complete the furniture. On the walls are a few good photographs and prints, her own property, but the room is otherwise without any attempt at ornament. My friend explains that, as one must not expect much dusting for six shillings a week, the fewer nicknacks one has, the better. A person very fastidious as to cleanliness would have to pay at least double rent, which would mean an entire renunciation of all amusements and pleasure. She herself prefers roughing it a little, and by keeping a couple of private dusters, avoids being absolutely choked, and her daily bath keeps her in health. This is an all-important matter. Illness is the unpardonable sin among the sisterhood; it is looked upon as a sign of culpable weakness, and as disqualifying the sufferer for aught but matrimony. "A little extra sickness then does not matter," they declare.

They obtain the wherewithal to keep up their modest establishments by acting as teachers, nurses, accountants, clerks, librarians, heads of certain business-departments, and so forth. Their great grievance is that their pay is always much lower than what would be given to men for the same work; but they recognise that at present their only chance of employment is to undersell the other sex in the labour-market.

My own acquaintance was kind enough to describe her working-day. She said: "I rise at half-past seven and have breakfast, which I eat standing, brought to me on a tray, and then walk a mile and a half to my business. I choose to live at this distance because I consider the daily walk essential for health, and again, as an unappreciative public only bestows a poor eighty pounds a year on me, I must economise, and so prefer not being exposed to the chance visits of casual acquaintances. One does not mind receiving *friends*, of course, and many an absorbing conversation do we hold concerning all things in heaven and earth, while toasting our toes at the shabby little bedroom grate; but these friends are of old standing, and not to be influenced by one's surroundings. We have several times tried to form clubs, which would be an inestimable boon; but as long as most of us are practical teetotallers, and consider that a shilling a day must provide for food, clubs, I fear, will always prove financial failures.

"To go on with my day: I begin work at nine o'clock and leave off at half-past six. We have half an hour's interval at one o'clock, when the richer ones among us pay ninepence for a substantial meal; we indigent creatures get a small plate of meat with potatoes and cabbage for sixpence. On my way home in the evening, I usually stop at a workman's café, and buy, for tea, two ounces of capital collared head, brawn, pressed tongue, or salt beef for a couple of pence; sometimes I indulge in eggs or fish. As soon as I reach my

lodgings, I divest myself of my frock, and don either the 'rag' before mentioned or my dressing-gown, prop myself up with pillows on my bed, which thus serves for a couch, have tea brought to my side on a small table, and prepare to enjoy both it and my papers. This is my principal meal, and is often prolonged for over an hour, most of my light reading being done at this time. Towards half-past eight I have to rouse myself and resume work, if I wish to keep Saturday pretty free; but on one or two evenings of the week this is not necessary, and so I have an opportunity of occasionally attending a concert or lecture. You ask if I never crave for companionship in my leisure hours. Candidly I do not. After all we are, as yet, but a small class, and congenial spirits are rather hard to meet with, as they are scattered all over London. You must not for one moment imagine that anything like half of the women at present earning their own living belong to our denomination. All those must be eliminated who are looking forward to marriage as their ultimate destiny, those who are living with their own relations, and again, all who are properly classified as Old Maids, that is to say, women who feel themselves cruelly deprived of their natural sphere of work and happiness, and becoming soured, lack strength and spontaneity to make a full and satisfactory life for themselves. An Old Maid is a woman *minus* something; the Glorified Spinster is a woman *plus* something, as was lately well remarked in a public print. This being so, we do not care for ordinary female society, and one of our grievances is that custom in this country prevents us from mixing freely with men on whose moral and intellectual level we more nearly are. We should be ticketed. Not in the marriage market, and then be allowed perfect freedom in choosing our friends. This would be of mutual advantage. We are rather inclined to believe our *dicta* infallible in matters of art, literature, and politics, and

outside criticism would do us good, and check our private tendency to self-assurance; while, on the other hand, we should act as a most salutary and much-needed stimulus to the ordinary British Philistine. Some of us, of course, have succeeded in making and keeping male friends, but custom and social prejudice are against it."

It was delicately hinted to my informant that, were her suggestion carried out, certain difficulties might arise, and the Spinster fall from her high estate to become a mere household-drudge and a suckler of infants! This she declared utterly improbable, and proceeded to give her reasons. Without entirely endorsing Mrs. Poyser's biting remark that "a man likes to make sure of one fool as 'ull think he's wise," she thought there was a certain truth in it. A man marries to enjoy the pleasures of protecting and caring for some one less able than himself, and rightly feels that in so doing he is developing the best side of his nature. His instinct teaches him to crave in his spouse those qualities of gentleness and softness in which he is himself deficient, and most men have no other conception of unselfishness than in providing for their own house. He would soon discover that the Spinster is not the complementary nature he needs, though he may acknowledge her to be "a good fellow", and be fond of meeting her socially, unless perchance his vanity is hurt by finding a woman as well educated and as intelligent as himself. Secondly, the Spinster has tasted the sweets of liberty and independence, and would be very loth to relinquish them; in perfect good faith she considers marriage as a last resort for those who lack sufficient strength of mind or body to maintain their footing in the world alone. Again, she is still sufficient of a woman to require something of a hero in a husband, and her critical faculty is usually so abnormally developed that the power of idealising human beings has gone from her, and consequently falling in love is almost

impossible. But she is no misanthropist, and prides herself on her capacity for lasting friendships and her affection for animals and children.

So far we have dwelt on the side of her lot which most strikes an observer who has been accustomed to consider women as necessarily connected with family life, and incapable by nature of finding happiness alone. Our Spinster has good health, good spirits, few worries, few restraints, and a keen appetite for amusement, which she has special facilities for gratifying. But being human, she has of course her share in the common lot of trouble and sorrow. Old age is her nightmare. Her small income makes it impossible to lay up any provision, and her value in the labour-market rapidly declines after the age of thirty-five or forty. Some of her sisters talk openly of seeking a euthanasia when their powers of self-support fail; others regard the Peabody buildings as a possible refuge; the greater part refuse to look forward at all. The present at least belongs to them, and they feel that to make the most of the present is the only true wisdom when the future holds out no pleasing prospects.

In the next place, although her training and education have more or less approximated to that of her brothers, still the Spinster cannot rid herself of the nervous frame and general sensitiveness bequeathed to her by her mother, which often causes her to feel monotonous daily toil a greater burden than she can readily bear. She lacks the hereditary aptitude for prolonged steady exertion which men have acquired through centuries of training, and so becomes exhausted by a day's work in a way which is absolutely unknown to them. Then she has not yet learnt a man's sublime indifference to the petty whims, tempers and "nastinesses" of "the Governor", meaning her own especial "powers that be". If not in danger of being dismissed, most young men care next to nothing for hard words and unreasonable fault-finding, but to her they are real tor-

ture. It may seem a strange assertion, but her most crying need is in some way to counterbalance this thin-skinnedness.

Thirdly, as a rule, she has strong religious or humanitarian feelings, and in proportion as these incline towards Christianity, she is conscious of a conviction, which often amounts to downright suffering, that her mode of life is essentially selfish, and therefore stands condemned. Nevertheless, she finds no way of escape. She has been formed and located by circumstances beyond her control, and is hardly responsible for either her special virtues or vices; but she more than suspects that she is in danger of serious moral deterioration, and that the want of a field wherein to exercise them threatens some of her noblest powers with extinction.

Take her for all in all, the Glorified Spinster is a most curious product of our civilization. Uniting some of the characteristics of both sexes, she differs from each in essential points. She is, above all, an eager recipient of new ideas, and has little respect for the failings of past generations. This is the peculiarity which most distinguishes her from men. To her, it is inconceivable how these allow universally acknowledged evils, which they confess must be ultimately removed, to go on year after year in apparent indifference to the inevitable crop of misery and crime. She instances the present system of dealing with pauper children, the prolonged abuses of the London vestries, the misappropriation of endowments, and the land laws. She declares, and supports by historical illustration, that it takes the male mind at least a generation before it can act on a newly established premise—not on account of any doubt as to its truth, but from an instinctive conservative desire to defer the day of change as long as possible; perhaps also from an intellectual difficulty in following out a new line of thought. Her own instinct drives her to make action follow close on conviction. Undoubtedly she is

often too hasty in selecting her remedies, and would frequently do more harm than good; this necessarily follows from her want of practical experience and from an incapacity to recognize the difficulties of change in a highly organised society; but, right or wrong, she at least tries to combat the evil she perceives.

In spite of her training, moral and intellectual, she has naturally a strong feminine side, and the chief question about her is, whether this will be finally forced under the surface by the severe struggle of life in these days of competition.

It was pointed out in a very able article in one of the quarterly reviews last spring that the special virtues as well as the special vices of women had been produced by their race-history. The circumstances of her life have done much to deliver our Spinster from some of the latter—want of courage and straightforwardness, narrowness, vacillation, stupidity; it will be a grievous loss to both the community and herself if the former also are allowed to disappear. As the reviewer remarked, the peculiar womanly virtues—power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance—represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost. Into the characteristic vices of Old Maids our Glorified Spinster will not fall. Her contentment, on the whole, with her lot, her unfeigned thankfulness in escaping some of the trials incident to married life, her marvellous faculty of extracting happiness in apparently most unpropitious circumstances, the prolongation of youthful looks and sensations until middle age, will preserve

her from the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" supposed to belong of right to a woman in the unmarried state; but she may become self-absorbed, self-centred, incapable of high enthusiasms, unless some way is found of giving her a recognized place in the social and political scheme. That State is most prosperous which avails itself of the proper capacities of each class of its citizens and employs them for the general good; and the class treated of in this paper—destined in the near future to become numerically very large—has certain very special powers and capacities. They can neither fill the place nor do the work of *Hausvater* or *Hausmutter*: they can neither accumulate capital nor greatly add to the wealth of the country; but the philanthropist and the statesman should find among them potent and ready instruments for the battle against ignorance, vice, and crime. They who possess by inheritance woman's passionate pity for suffering and power of self-abnegation, while hard necessity has, perforce, taught them something of self-control, coolness of judgment, and the adaptation of means to ends, should be the knight-errants of forlorn hopes, the unfailing champions of the miserable, the sworn foes of all abuses. They should find their happiness in expending for the public advantage those powers for good which in other women find their natural and right use in the family circle; and he who can discover a method to bring up these recruits to the aid of those who are already desperately struggling with the evils which threaten to overwhelm our civilization will perhaps do as much for the commonwealth as the inventor of a new torpedo or the originator of a new party-cry.

THE INDIAN NATIVE PRESS.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, in his "History of Persia," makes mention of the appalling latitude of speech enjoyed by the common people. Strangers, he tells us, would be amazed to hear the meanest fellow aiming imprecations at his betters, sometimes even at the king himself. The most outrageous freedom seemed to pass unheeded; "never receiving consequence," Sir John shrewdly observes, "from the unwise interference of power." A small trader (a greengrocer, we should call him) came one day to the Governor of Ispahan, vowing he was unable to pay a new tax that had been imposed on the city. "You must pay it," was the Governor's curt reply, "or leave Ispahan. Go to Shiraz or Kashan, if you like those towns better." "What relief can I expect at either place," asked the seller of vegetables, "when your brother is master at Shiraz and your nephew at Kashan?" "You may go to the Court," said the forbearing Governor, "and complain to the Shah, if I have done injustice." "Your other brother is prime minister at Court," the tax-payer protested. "Then go to hell!" the Governor exclaimed, "and vex me no more." "That holy man your deceased father may be there," was the audacious rejoinder; and it provoked nothing worse than the smiles of those present and a promise from the Governor that he would inquire into the man's grievance. An incident of this kind is natural enough in a Mohammedan country like Persia. Islam teaches that in the sight of God all men are equal. It is possible for any one to rise from the lowest estate to the very highest. Free speaking, even when it verges on contumely, provokes on the one hand less indignation in the breast of him who may be abased to-morrow,

while it seems the prerogative of the lowly who only wait for destiny to elevate them. Intellect, not wealth nor rank, entitles a man to speak his mind. A Nawab and a porter talk on equal terms. Hindoo society is not quite so easy-going. The laws of Manu prescribe fearful punishments for the man who calumniates a Brahmin; and the restraints of caste have always tended to keep the members of one order from speaking ill of those of another. Caste, indeed, has checked freedom of every kind, both freedom of action and freedom of speech outside narrow bounds. Within those bounds speech is remarkably free; and throughout Eastern countries in general, extreme hyperbole of praise appears to be counterbalanced, in accordance with a natural law of compensation, by an equally wonderful hyperbole of obloquy and vituperation. It must be said, however, that left to themselves Asiatics would never take either ornament of speech much to heart.

The phenomenon which struck Sir John Malcolm in Persia appears in India in a somewhat different shape. The stranger is confronted with the spectacle of a national Press devoting a large share of its energy to reprobating the measures of Government and to traducing the character of individuals. Were India a purely Asiatic state, the liberties taken by the Press would either (like the popular drama of Persia) be regarded with composure, or would be kept in check from time to time by purely Oriental methods,—by private retaliation or by summary extinction at the hands of some despotic ruler less imperturbable and long-suffering than the Governor of Ispahan. But while such methods are repugnant to English notions, we

have done much to stimulate the feeling that reputation, public or private, is a form of property and that to attack it is a reprehensible offence. It has therefore become a question whether the freedom of the Indian Press is not a danger to the State. Before attempting to find any answer, it may be as well to give some account of the present condition of the native Press, or rather of that portion of it which uses the vernaculars of the country.

Some few years ago an admirable account of the native Press of India was given by Sir George Birdwood in a lecture read before the Society of Arts. Besides explaining its general condition, Sir George minutely analysed the statistics of publication and circulation. His figures would require but slight modification to bring them up to date; but for the present purpose, perhaps, a few rougher estimates may suffice. The total number of vernacular newspapers published in India is under three hundred and fifty. Of these there are one hundred and seventy with a circulation of less than three hundred. About one hundred have a circulation of from three hundred to seven hundred copies. Fifty or so have a circulation of between seven hundred and one thousand; while twenty-seven rejoice in a circulation of over one thousand. These figures are only approximately correct, since the reports on which they are based are not always drawn up in the same form; and not much trouble is taken by the various offices to distinguish newspapers from magazines and other periodical literature. However, it is easy to give a more precise account of the native Press in the different provinces of the Indian empire. It is in the Presidency of Bengal that the vernacular Press flourishes with the most abundant luxuriance. Here there are fifty-nine vernacular newspapers. Over twenty of them are published in Calcutta, and the attitude these maintain towards the leading questions of the day is

closely imitated by their provincial contemporaries, and also to a great extent by the native Press of Upper India. Of the Calcutta papers, one (the weekly "*Bangabasi*") is said to have a circulation of twenty thousand; of seven others the circulation ranges from one thousand to five thousand; the remainder have a circulation of under one thousand. The general tone of the Bengal vernacular Press, says a report just published, is but little changed; and as no further details are given we must go back to the report of a year ago. "The tone of the Calcutta Press," we are there told,

"is generally antagonistic to both the legislative and the administrative action of Government, and this in writing which cannot be described as coming within the limits of temperate and reasonable discussion. Beyond this there is too often the exhibition of a spirit of rancorous hostility to the European community displayed with the deliberate intention of keeping alive differences between Europeans and natives. . . . There is little doubt that the editors of, and writers in, these newspapers are generally disappointed placemen or school-boys, many of whom are brought up and taught in schools by men who inculcate that a spirit of insubordination is a sign of proper independence. But perhaps the most mischievous influence which native papers now exercise is the terrorism they exert on native officials, deterring them from the effective discharge of their duties."

In the Bombay Presidency there are sixteen vernacular papers with circulations ranging from one thousand to four thousand four hundred, and about one hundred more with a circulation of under one thousand, of which about fifty do not circulate more than three hundred copies. The stock grievances of the Bombay native Press are described as the existence of an established Christian Church in India, the Arms Act, and the alleged rapacity of Government servants when on tour. The latest official report, which refers as usual to a twelvemonth that expired more than a year ago, tells us that by the vernacular Press generally the war in Upper Burma was disapproved of, the imposition of a salt-tax was deprecated and preference given to a revival of

the cotton-duties, the enrolment of native volunteers was insisted on, the idea of appointing a parliamentary Commission to inquire into Indian administration was warmly applauded, and much admiration was displayed for the Home-Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone. Concerning the native Press of Madras, I could give little more than indigestible statistics which are hardly worth exhuming from the official reports in which they are smothered. Of the native Press of Upper India, comprising the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, I can speak from personal experience, and shall record what I know later on.

The peculiar stridency of the native Press of India is in marked contrast to the simple mechanism of this organ of public opinion. Like the cicada, a native newspaper makes a noise out of all proportion to its size and consequence. A year or two ago, while trying a case of defamation, the district judge of Lahore, Mr. E. W. Parker, described in his judgment the manner in which a native newspaper can be started and worked. Little or no capital is needed. "A few rupees will purchase the necessary lithographic apparatus; and the services of a small establishment, comprising a writer, a copyist, and a press-man, complete the arrangements." Almost without exception, vernacular newspapers are lithographed, movable type being for the most part unsuited for the presentation of Oriental characters. A lithographic press will cost under fifteen pounds complete. The editor, in whose name the paper is usually registered, may be a smart lad fresh from school on a monthly salary of one pound; and there are few editors who would not gladly abandon journalism for a government-post worth fifty pounds a year. News is mostly obtained by the simple and uncostly process of translation from the English daily papers, the latest story from the bazaar being thrown in occasionally by way of sensation. A native

paper, as we have seen, rarely sells more than a few hundred copies; and the working expenses for a circulation of three hundred need not be more than four pounds a month everything included, from printer's ink to the editor's salary. The price of a single copy of the paper ranges from a farthing to a penny, or thereabouts. Wealthy subscribers are expected to pay a higher rate for the paper than the poor. Strange devices are adopted in order to obtain an additional income in the shape of subsidies and grants in aid. As likely as not, the paper is the mouth-piece of a society or of some private patron with a cause to agitate or an enemy to defame. By many editors black-mail is levied without scruple from native officials and others who would stand well in the eyes of the public and in the estimation of the authorities, from all who are afraid of having their family secrets proclaimed from the house-tops, or who wish their good deeds noised abroad. "Fulsome flattery," says Mr. Parker, "on the one hand, and aspersion on the character of individuals on the other, are sure to make the enterprise successful." The main point to be noticed is that people who are vilified are without any easily applied remedy. To seek for compensation in a civil court is usually a hopeless endeavour, and a criminal prosecution costs money. "The result is that the person defamed must either submit or ingratiate himself with the editor . . . The difficulty and expense of a prosecution and the uselessness of a civil remedy for compensation enable the editor of a native journal to put almost what he likes into his paper with impunity." The libelled man, in fact, is practically without protection. The editor is a person of no substance; and if threatened with proceedings, civil or criminal, he is exceedingly likely to vanish into space. It need not be supposed that this sweeping condemnation applies to all the native papers alike. Some of them are admirably conducted, the "*Oudh-i-Akhbar*" of Lucknow, for example, and others

might be named, but there are very few indeed of any consequence which are blameless in their behaviour.

We have seen that the difficulties connected with the native Press come under two heads. In the first place, either through malice or through ignorance, native newspapers are too apt to speak evil of the Government; while secondly there seems to be no limit to the violence of their attacks on private persons. We may take the political acrimony first. So long as the equanimity of Government was plainly undisturbed by vituperation, possibly not much harm was done; the Press may have acted to a certain extent as a useful safety-valve. But the native papers have seen for some time past that the sound of their clamouring does not fall on deaf ears, and that their strong language is permitted, not because it is a matter of indifference to the rulers of the country, but because, after one or two vain endeavours, Government does not quite know how to deal with what it plainly regards as a nuisance. The Government is credited with a willingness to wound and a fear to strike; and this is bound to have a bad effect. Lord Dufferin recently described the native Press as it might be and as we should wish it to be. Addressing himself to native journalists, His Excellency said: "When England gave you a free Press, she intended that it should become an instrument for the guidance and enlightenment of the Government and for the protection of the people. . . . Nor will any Viceroy or Government complain, no matter how severely you criticize what they have said, written or done, provided there is that ring of sincerity and conviction in your utterances which none can mistake." Lord Dufferin was speaking to the native Press generally and not merely to the vernacular section of it; but his remarks apply with greatest force to the latter. And it must be confessed that as a rule the tone of the vernacular Press is the direct opposite of what Lord Dufferin would wish it to be.

The ring of sincerity and conviction is often inaudible, and too often the native papers undoubtedly "do seek to excite the hatred of the people against Government by attributing to it intentions and designs which are the fruit of their own imaginations." But let us turn to the papers themselves. It may be conceded in the first place that the articles published are often harmless enough. This may be seen from the more elegant extracts given in the "*Voice of India*," a monthly compilation professing to reflect every shade of public opinion in the country. But it does not reflect the worst side, and unfortunately the moderation of some does not atone for the license of others, even if we could hope, which is impossible, that the disreputable ones are in the minority. The native journalist's range of political vision is more extended than penetrating. He discourses on European and English politics with remarkable fluency and vigour. He is quite ready to enlarge on the effects of our system of party government. For instance, a paper called the "*Vritta Dara*," which circulates no less than one hundred and thirty copies, moodily informs its readers that "when the Liberals are in power in England, they make a point of promoting the welfare of the people. On the other hand the Conservatives are always in favour of the aggrandisement of the Empire. . . . India always receives some benefits from a Liberal government and the reverse is the case in the time of a Conservative government." Another Bengali paper observes that the Secretary of State for India "is an important member of Parliament, but though he draws pay from India he never thinks it his duty to study Indian questions or to guide Indian affairs. His demoralizing example is very naturally followed by the Viceroy as well as by Governors, Commissioners and District Magistrates." The Irish question frequently affords a text for excited appeals to Indian patriotism. The "*Svadar-*

manish" (circulation three hundred), writes:

"Brothers, look here! Take an example from your brethren the Irish, who are in the same condition under the British Government as yourselves. Make an effort. . . . The people of Wales have established a Land League, heedless of the firing of guns, the laying on of sticks, the damage caused by dynamite and the moon-lighters, by the tyranny of Government and other things. . . . When will the people of India do the same? When will the people be ready to establish leagues in this country; to raise funds and to relieve themselves from distress? O God! how long wilt Thou make the Aryans suffer excruciating torture?"

The "Aryavart," a paper with a circulation of one hundred and fifty, vows that it is no use appealing to Government for the redress of grievances. "With the consent of the National Congress, the people of India should resolve not to pay taxes. This will be an imitation of the Irish nation. The people of every village and every town should hold meetings and form public opinion in this matter."

The political situation on the Continent is made the subject of still more inflammatory articles. The "Dannik and Chandrika" says:

"Out of fear of Russia, Europe is shuddering. All other Powers are in their dotage, and Russia is now in full bloom. No one has been able to do what Russia is now doing. No one possesses such a vast empire as Russia has. Russia possesses the greater part of Europe and half of Asia. She is increasing the number of her troops. She has wealth, learning and power. The prowess of Russia was tried in the Crimean war. Since that war the Russians have strengthened their power. Who will not fear such an opponent? There is not a single country in Europe which can single-handed fight Russia. The Russians are very powerful, and if the French join them that will be a grand thing. If a fire breaks out in Europe it would be better for England not to take part in that affair."

A Poona paper recommends emigration as a remedy for the ills that India is alleged to be heir to. English statesmen, its readers are informed, are cruel in the extreme. Those natives who wish for happiness should bid farewell to the English and settle among the independent Americans, or

should repair to the waste lands of Africa or Central Asia. "Better to live under the Russians than to be the slaves of the cruel English." The oppressiveness of British rule is painted in strong colours by the "Maharashtra Mitra" (circulation two hundred and fifty).

"The country of the Aryans is clad in mourning garments, her body is smeared with ashes. She is about to be swallowed up in the darkness of the deluge, and is weeping bitterly. If the Indian Government believes that its rule is maintained by oppression, there is no help. In the increase of the salt-tax, the oppression reaches its zenith."

But in the opinion of some high authorities the attitude of the native Press towards private persons really demands interference even more than the attacks made on Government measures. A fair idea of the evil may be gathered from a short account of a prosecution for criminal defamation brought not long ago against a paper called the "Arya Mitter." The complainant was a clerk or secretary formerly employed by a Sikh gentleman, and afterwards by his widow. This lady the "Arya Mitter" had attacked in a series of articles most of which would be untranslatable. Being a lady of position it was impossible for her to come into court in person, and there was therefore no direct remedy. One of the articles began with the couplet:

"The heart aches at the inditing of the matter,
The pen sheds tears, and the liver is wrung
asunder!"

This lady, the writer proceeded to say, "causes her noble family to be evilly spoken of by great and small, rich and poor, throughout the Punjab. If the Rani has any regard for her honour, why does she not part with her servant?" This was followed up by a charge of immorality. The articles were evidently written with the object of extorting black-mail from a victim who was unable to protect herself from contumely except by satisfying the rapacity of her assailants. But, luckily for her, the clerk was able to

protect himself. By way of making the attack more effective, the libellers had called him a "pig-faced fellow," and "black-faced;" adding that, besides the disgrace he had brought on his mistress, he had robbed her. An accusation was accordingly brought in a criminal court with the clerk as nominal complainant. The native editor of the "Arya Mitter" was tried on a charge of defamation and sent to prison. The paper ceased to appear, and has never since been revived. In pronouncing sentence the judge referred in severe terms to "the system known to prevail among the lowest classes of vernacular journals of levying black-mail from respectable people by threats of libel. If the money is not paid, a libel is published." It is to be feared that the practice is more or less in vogue amongst native journals of every class; though some are more skilful than others in resorting to it, and cases in which the offender meets with the punishment he merits are rare. Sometimes papers are started with no other object than the vilification of an obnoxious person; in other cases, indiscriminate libelling is resorted to merely to push the paper. In any circumstances, the offence is rarely punished. Even if the paper is sold up, no very serious loss is incurred. But the victim is usually content to suffer in silence, and the wrong done is unredressed. Sometimes the attack is made in a manner which to the European mind might not seem very flagitious after all; but our native officials in India are getting nervous. They know that charges brought against them by the vernacular Press are certain to come under the notice of the Government; and they firmly believe that their reputation at headquarters will largely depend on what is said of them in the newspapers. When we read in a paper that the proceedings of a subordinate in a judicial court (whose name is printed in full) are calculated to suggest doubts as to his honesty, that he

ought to be removed from his post and transferred to some other position where he may be less able to inflict injuries on the people, we may safely infer that the way is being prepared for the extraction of hush-money. If he pays up, the onslaught will be discontinued, and the victim may find himself sharing the good-will of the Press with the jailor of Berhampore, who is complimented by a Moorsheadabad paper on the humanity with which he performs his duties: "The convicts in Berhampore jail are subject to no oppression by such kind-hearted officials."

Of course the law relating to libel is not altogether satisfactory in England; but there are natural checks here which in India do not exist. The facility and cheapness with which a native paper can be started and carried on, the victim's reluctance to have his private affairs discussed in a court of law, and the lightness of the penalty incurred, combine to render the profession of *chantage* an easy and profitable one. Nor are natives the only sufferers. Our own officials are even more at the mercy of the native Press, as they cannot stoop to pay black-mail. An experienced officer in Upper India writes to me, speaking of Bengal: "The power of the native Press has demoralized the whole administration of the province. I had no idea till I spoke to some men from those parts what a system of terrorism had been established."

The problem presented by these conditions is not easy to solve. Almost always attacking the policy of Government, and habitually discerning in it a wrong motive, vernacular papers instead of being as they might be a vehicle for political instruction are a standing incitement to disaffection. Their influence for mischief may be felt less widely than some people imagine; but the evil is there, and would be sure to expand and develop at the most troublesome time. Many if not most of the charges brought against Government would be pro-

nounced by an educated European too ludicrous to obtain credit for an instant; but the credulity of the uneducated Asiatic is omniverous. Nor must we limit the influence of a native newspaper to its registered circulation. Read out to a small circle, passed on from hand to hand, each single copy may have a hundred readers and more. Over and above the political annoyance, there is the grievous wrong inflicted on private persons, who, to speak plainly, are at the mercy of a gang of professional libellers. Even if the Indian Government is strong enough to disdain its traducers, protection is required for the weaker victims; and as any steps taken to defend them would improve the tone of the Press all round, the subject of a remedy seems well worthy of consideration.

We have still to see, however, whether any explanations or excuses can be found for such a state of things. We must remember, to begin with, that the native Press is directed for the most part by men whom we ourselves have educated: in fact, we may see in it the first-fruits of our system of public instruction. The young native in our Government schools and colleges has been made to study the English literature of a period when great writers proclaimed the independence of intellect and demanded liberty of speech as their birthright. Historians have pointed out how after the Revolution of 1688 English letters began to exercise an influence on French opinion and through that on the opinion of the world: they inspired the writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, and mainly contributed to the great upheaval on the Continent. The Bengalee has been made to study the same literature; and one result is the not altogether unnatural ferment of thought which finds expression in the vernacular newspaper. The most startling passages are really little more than renderings into the vernacular of half-understood and mis-

understood echoes from the high utterance of revolutionary England. The tone is grotesquely offensive, but matters would hardly be mended were the invective more polished. For the political aggressiveness of the native journalist we have in great measure ourselves to thank. He has been educated by our department of public instruction, in nine cases out of ten at the cost of the State. Instead of being taught to understand the lessons of Indian history, the history of a country which had never enjoyed the chief blessings of freedom till it came under British rule, he has been allowed to run riot among the strongest thinkers of the West. Instead of learning to reverence authority, he has been led to suppose that national progress means national emancipation; and that his pen could be devoted to no nobler purpose than to protest against foreign rule. The result of our education is a difficulty which cannot be remedied in a day.

The other excuse or explanation, that sedition pays, is not a good one. At any rate I believe that where the poison has not done irreparable harm a loyal tone would still be profitable from a business point of view, were the paper which adopted it well managed in other ways. But this is a question we may consider when suggesting remedies; and we may pass on to inquire if there are any excuses for the organized system of *chantage* on which the vernacular papers largely subsist. Here the explanation undoubtedly is that it pays; and so long as this is the case, we can hardly expect any improvement. The risk is small and the profit certain. It is a mistake to suppose that the spread of education in India and the gradual enlightenment of the people will alone suffice to put down this form of libelling. The use of lithography makes it cheap and easy; we must do something to make it difficult.

In Russia the Press is regarded as an instrument of popular education; and as such it is curbed and con-

trolled with despotic power. In England, we have long been accustomed to read the newspaper as an index to public opinion. It was hoped in India that the native Press would serve to enlighten the people as to the policy of Government, and would at the same time keep Government in touch with the feelings of the people. But the Press was left to discover and fulfil its functions by itself, as best it could; and the result is that its energy is now expended in what can only be called a wrong direction. The time has gone by for taking those measures for its guidance and control which should have been tried at first. Still something may be done. A further attempt might be made to encourage the growth of a better class of vernacular journalism. Respectable native gentlemen often complain that unless they subscribe to disloyal and libellous papers, they can get no news at all; and they would gladly patronize and support any decent journal within their reach. As to the kind of encouragement that could be given to a well-conducted paper there are various concessions and privileges which might easily be granted in connection with postal and telegraphic rates and the publication of official news. It might also be feasible, with the approval of the papers already in existence, to put some check on the growth of new papers started with no other object than to libel obnoxious persons and to vilify the Government. One plan would be to require every paper to take out a licence, granting it only to new papers on condition of their finding security for good behaviour; the security to be liable to forfeiture in the event of gross misconduct, such as defamation proved in a court of law. A free licence might be given to every

existing paper, and its withdrawal should entail a stoppage of all concessions and privileges of the kind indicated above. In course of time the Press would find its account in adopting a more moderate tone, the legitimate emoluments of journalism would reach a higher scale, and the worst stamp of papers would be killed by the competition of the better. Hitherto our policy has been either to leave the native Press severely alone or to check sedition by the strong measures of Lord Lytton's Vernacular Press Act. That Act being no longer in force, we shall be wise to try another plan; offering such advantages to well-conducted papers as will induce them to regard abstention from libels whether on the State or on individuals as an essential condition of remunerative journalism.

At the same time something might be done to facilitate the swift punishment of gross defamation. The Indian penal code provides an adequate penalty for the offence, but the difficulty is to set the law in motion. Government servants are seldom permitted to institute proceedings, either civil or criminal, against newspapers. Sanction should be given more frequently in clear cases, and one or two successful prosecutions in each province would go far to abate the evil. The encouragement, however, of a better stamp of newspaper should proceed together with the suppression of the worse. If only the authorities will decide on a definite line of policy and will resolve to pursue it steadily, there is every reason to anticipate a gradual improvement. If on the other hand nothing is done, the evil will continue to grow till it passes altogether beyond our control.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

POPE AND THE POETRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is one notable change in Pope's position since the last centenary of his birth. His manner is now old enough to bear revival. A clever writer of epigrammatic couplets, with something much less exquisite than Pope's mastery of his favourite stave, and much less strong and keen than his wit, a passably clever imitator in short, would be certain now of a wide and cordial welcome. Of course a certain discretion would have to be shown in the line of imitation: not all the master's subjects would serve equally well for the modern disciple. We should probably find little to admire in a new "Windsor Forest"; even a new "Essay on Man", with all our recent modern developments in philosophy and religion thrown in, might not attract as wide a circle of readers as "Robert Elsmere"; but it may safely be said that the time is ripe for new "Imitations of Horace" if only the man were ready. As for a new "Dunciad", that is a more delicate subject to hint at, as nobody knows what might happen, and it would not be a comfortable experience to be hitched into the rhyme if the new satirist had as sharp a tooth as his great original. It is better to let sleeping cynics lie. But certainly it is a wonder that in these days of "New" things, New Lucians, New Republics, New Plutarchs, and so forth, nobody should have essayed to give us a New Dunciad. Is it that in this age of universal cleverness we have no Dunces, or that Pope's form is not quite so easy to imitate as it was the fashion fifty years ago to say? Or is it that we are all so very good-natured that the "airy malevolence" of the great satirist would not be tolerated?

This much at least is certain, that if we had material, and a satirist, and if
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our satirist were dexterous enough to evade the law of libel—another barrier to the imitator of Pope—the form of epigrammatic couplets would now have all the charm of novelty, whereas a hundred years ago the public ear was tired of them. From the first of these propositions we imagine there will be no dissent; but as regards the second a very general impression to the contrary prevails. In spite of the labours of such accurate historians of literature as the late Mr. Mark Pattison and Mr. Stopford Brooke, Pope's relations to the poetry of the latter half of the eighteenth century are still very generally misunderstood. If the average educated man, with some knowledge of the broad outlines of literary history but no special interest in its details, were asked as a question pertinent to the recent celebration, what would have been the probable reception of a poem in Pope's manner when last his centenary came round, he would probably answer out of a vague impression that in the year 1788 a poem in any other manner would have been promptly extinguished by the critics. The general notion is that the authority of Pope was supreme throughout the eighteenth century, and that it remained unshaken till the advent of the new potentates, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Byron. It is supposed that the public taste was so devoted to Pope and what is called the "classical school" that no departure from its principles of composition would have been received with patience; that even Milton and the great Elizabethans were decried and neglected; and that long and determined efforts were needed before the public could be brought back to a higher standard of poetic excellence. This indeed is commonly given as the

explanation of the utter decay of poetry in the eighteenth century, that people lived in slavish subjection to narrow and exclusive rules of art; that all who felt an impulse to write in verse were intimidated into taking artificial standards as their guide rather than Nature; that genius was stifled by timid and laborious endeavour after correctness. And Pope's name was the bugbear used to frighten unruly genius into submission.

Such was the view of the poetry of the eighteenth century proclaimed with authority some fifty years ago, and still, after a good many years of sober contradiction, very extensively held. An opinion backed by the confident and brilliant rhetoric of Macaulay is not easily dislodged. The reaction against the critical school that set in with the great poetic expansion at the beginning of this century was definitely established by Macaulay's article on Moore's "Life of Byron" in the "Edinburgh Review". It gave articulate expression to the effect produced on the public mind by the destructive criticism of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Bowles were the leading exponents. Their tone of course was much more judicial, but since they laid stress on the defects of Pope, and the public had been accustomed for two or three generations to hear chiefly of his merits, the general impression produced was that his poetry was essentially and radically vicious, that he was as it were an impostor who had long deceived the people but had been detected and exposed at last. This exaggerated condemnation was not the fault of the new critics, but it was the natural result of their saying what they said at the time when they said it. That happened in Pope's case which happens in the progress of all conceptions towards exact qualification. Thinking on any subject is generally done by halves or by bits, each of which as it comes into prominence fills the area of the whole truth. As long as the public mind was dazzled by certain

splendid qualities in Pope's verse, these qualities virtually represented the sum of poetic excellence: he was simply a poet: there was no question of defects or limitations. There came a time when the defects were loudly insisted upon, and the public mind was occupied in the same exclusive manner with poetic excellence of a different type which had yet to undergo its process of qualification. Pope was then simply no poet: he was the complete antithesis of poetic excellence. Pope's reputation followed the ordinary law in passing through those two violent stages on its way towards a more fixed and definite formation: it may safely be said to have now reached a further stage in which merits and defects are no longer in mutually destructive antagonism, and Pope is recognized as a great poet, to be admired, enjoyed, and studied for what he was, without being despised or neglected for what he was not.

We speak of the conception of Pope's poetry in that vague but none the less real receptacle of ideas, the general mind, to the fluctuations and advances of which it is not easy to obtain a definite index. Perhaps one of the most satisfactory gauges of public opinion, whether of men or of measures, is to be found in the attitude of moderate critics. If moderate critics are apologetic and conciliatory in hinting at blemishes, the man or the measure, we may be sure, stands high in public estimation. In the case of Pope, we find that in the eighteenth century, before his poetry had passed through the crucible of the Wordsworthian school, such a moderate critic as Joseph Warton had to be cautious in pointing out Pope's limitations; whereas thirty years ago such a temperate admirer as Mr. Carruthers had to guard himself carefully against the charge of putting Pope's merits too high. More recently Mr. Elwin's elaborate criticism of Pope has been received with some impatience on account of its hostile and unsympathetic tone; and the remarks made about

him within the last two months have shown a disposition to make amends for the violence of previous disparagement.

While there has been this oscillation concerning Pope's merits in the general mind, following in its own way the movements of critical dialectic, there has been comparatively little substantial difference of opinion among the few who, in Wordsworth's language, make "a serious study of poetry". Although critics of the Wordsworthian school discredited Pope so much that it became among their more foolish adherents a mark of corrupt taste to find a word to say in favour of anything written in the eighteenth century, the leaders themselves, especially Coleridge and Bowles, were by no means insensible to Pope's unrivalled brilliancy within his own limits. On the other hand, it is a mistake to suppose that the critics of the eighteenth century, even in the generation immediately after Pope's own, were unconscious of those limits, although they had more complete sympathy with the poet's merits and were more ungrudging in their praise. Too many of us still see even the criticism of the eighteenth century through the spectacles of reactionaries who were in too violent a heat to see clearly. The admiration of Pope was not an unqualified and unreasoning idolatry among the critics of the eighteenth century. Even Bowles's main contention, over which there was so much discussion at the beginning of this century, that satiric and ethic poetry are necessarily from their subject-matter inferior species, and cannot entitle a poet to the first rank however masterly in execution, was put forward in substance by Joseph Warton as early as 1756. It was put forward in substance though with a slight difference, Warton's exact position being that wit and satire are transitory and perishable, while nature and passion are eternal. And ten years earlier this same ambitious youth, having just taken his degree at Oxford, issued a

volume of odes, in the preface to which he expressed a modest hope that they "would be looked upon as an attempt to bring poetry back into its right channel", his opinion being that "invention and imagination are the chief faculties of a poet", and that "the fashion of moralizing in verse had been carried too far". This was in 1746, within three years of Pope's death, and the bold venture was so far successful that a second edition was at once called for. The Odes of Warton's schoolfellow and friend, Collins, who wrote in the same independent spirit, but with infinitely greater genius, were published at the same time: they had indeed intended at first to publish together. The poetry of Collins was of a much less simple, commonplace, and popular cast, and his volume of Odes remained unsold; but it opened the door to an intimacy with Thomson and Johnson, an evidence that such critical authorities were far from being disposed to stifle genius that did not accommodate itself to the manner of Pope. But it may be said that Warton's free criticism of Pope was only an impotent heresy, an individual eccentricity serving only to make more marked the general drift of opinion. Was it not the case that he kept back the second part of his essay for more than a quarter of a century, and that Johnson supposed the reason for this to be "disappointment at not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope"? Yes; but the "opinion" to which Johnson referred was the opinion that Pope's reputation in the future would rest upon his "Windsor Forest", his "Eloisa to Abelard", and his "Rape of the Lock", rather than upon his moral and satirical poems. Of Warton's essay itself—or rather of the first part, for the second part was not published till a year or two before his death—the great critic repeatedly wrote and spoke in terms of the highest praise. It was this essay that he described as "a book which teaches how the brow of Criti-

cism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity to attract and delight". No man was ever less disposed than Johnson to suppress independent criticism, however paradoxical this may seem to those who have been taught to regard him as the inflexible administrator of narrow and arbitrary critical laws. He was punctiliously conscientious in always giving a reason for his critical decisions. Lord Mansfield's famous advice to the judge who knew no law would have been abhorrent to one who prided himself on his knowledge of critical law, and who held that all critical laws worthy of respect were founded in reason. "Reason wants not Horace to support it", was one of his characteristic maxims. That his reasons were always valid would be too much to claim; but they were always, except when thrown off in the caprice of conversation, the result of profound and penetrating thought, and he would be a very presumptuous critic that should lightly set them aside.

"Temporary arrest of poetic expansion" would be a fairer description of what took place in the eighteenth century than "utter decay of poetry"; and to assign as the explanation of this arrest the overbearing force of Pope's example, or the chilling influence of Johnson's precepts, or slavish subservience to arbitrary rules is, to put it soberly, not to give a sufficient explanation. It is not quite fair to criticism to regard it as if its main function were to direct and nourish its poetry of the period, and to argue that it stands condemned as necessarily unsound if the contemporary poetical crop is poor and scanty. It has been too much the habit of literary historians to look upon the poverty of the poetry as the main literary phenomenon of the eighteenth century. If the idea had occurred—and it is at least worthy of examination—that possibly the critical school of which Johnson was the master helped to lay a foundation for the splendid outburst

of poetic production in a subsequent generation, the critical principles of the eighteenth century would have had a fairer chance of being judged upon their merits. Johnson was certainly no champion of narrow and exclusive tenets. There were certain obvious and definite qualities in Pope, smooth melodious rhythm, clear sense, elegance or refinement of phrase and idea, on which he frequently dwelt as high poetic merits. "Here", he exclaimed of Pope's "Eloisa", "is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, no asperity of language". But highly as he admired such qualities, and although he probably did not feel with sufficient force the danger of buying them at too great a sacrifice, the absence of them did not blind him to other merits. He appreciated the power of Collins, though he did find fault with his occasional obscurity and his "harsh clusters of consonants"; He found harshness and barbarity in the diction of Milton, but that did not prevent him from speaking of Milton as "that poet whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness is obliterated"; or from saying that "such is the power of his poetry that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration". With all his love for Pope, he found passages in Dryden "drawn from a profundity that Pope could never reach". He criticised Shakespeare, as he said, "without curious malignity or superstitious veneration", but whoever thinks that he measured Shakespeare by cold and formal notions of correctness, should read his noble Preface. "The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed some-

times with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity". This is not the language of a narrow and exclusive critic with a single eye to correctness of an artificial kind.

The poetic barrenness certainly cannot be explained by the predominance of narrow and exclusive critical theories. Exclusive admiration of Pope and the classical school, contented acquiescence in its methods and subjects as the perfection of art, inability to feel and enjoy excellence of any other kind, cannot be charged against the critics of the time. Pope himself was by no means insensible to the greatness of his great predecessors, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. His conversations with Spence afford abundant evidence of his catholicity as well as his delicacy of judgment. And if we pass from Pope to his successors in the eighteenth century, we find that we cannot number disrespect for Shakespeare among the causes of their poetic incompetence, and that Nature was often in their heads, if not in their hearts, as the great original from which the poet ought to draw. The Winchester school-boys, Warton and Collins, were perhaps singular in their enthusiasm for Spenser. But the cult of Shakespeare was universal. Edition followed edition and commentary commentary, while Garrick in Shakespearian parts was the delight of the town. When Aken-side, in the last year of Pope's life, extolled with much applause "The Pleasures of the Imagination", he began by invoking the aid of "Fancy", as the Spirit of Poetry,

"From the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the
turf
Where Shakespeare lies".

A few years later, in 1749, when a company of French players acted by subscription at the Theatre-Royal, Akenside's enthusiasm was such that

he treated their visit as an insult to Shakespeare, and put the following "Remonstrance" into the mouth of the outraged dramatist:

"What though the footsteps of my devious
Muse
The measured walks of Græcian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet what my age and climate held to view
Impartial I surveyed and fearless drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler
field,
For lofty thought, for daring fancy yield?"

The same note was struck by Churchill in the first year of the reign of George the Third.

"May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian
praise? . . .
There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's
muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native
fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at
his height.
Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic powers
Have we not Shakespeare? is not Jonson
ours?"

We have quoted enough to show that the poets of the eighteenth century, from beginning to end of what has been called the darkest period of the century, were not, in principle at least, enamoured of tameness and trimness in art, and that they did not of set choice and with deliberate acquiescence confine themselves to a low range of imaginative effort. Rather they seem to have been striving and straining with turbulent ambition after higher things—after things too high for their powers. Gray, who had more right to speak than any of those whom we have quoted, seems to have been conscious of this impotence, this disproportion between desire and achievement.

"But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's and in Milton's
page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven".

The difficulty would be to find the critics whose authority the minor poets resented and considered it necessary to abjure. Rymer, who is sometimes referred to as if he had been a representative critic of the period, was at least as much laughed at in his own generation as he has ever been since, and represented only a perverse and splenetic opposition to the general strain.

The inability of the period to fulfil its aspirations after a larger and bolder style of poetry, with more of life and passion in it, would be almost pathetic if it were really required of every generation to be great in poetry, and it were to be held dishonour to come short of greatness in the divine art. The tyrannical authority of a critical school cannot be held responsible for this dishonour to the generation after Pope, if dishonour it be. The only respect in which criticism may have had a discouraging influence was this, that there was so much of it. Under the lead of Johnson, the great aim of criticism was to discover how the heart was reached, to detect by analysis of an impressive passage what helped and what hindered the effect. "You must show how terror is impressed on the human heart", he said, in speaking with his friends of what a critic ought to do in considering the use made of a ghost in a play: this was the only kind of criticism that he would call real criticism, "showing the beauty of thought as formed on the workings of the human heart". Now when an artist begins to consider too curiously how an effect is produced, he is apt to be hampered and, it may be, paralysed if he has not energy enough to transcend the consciously or painfully analytic stage, or to perform his analysis with such swiftness and sureness of perception that he proceeds at once and as if by instinct to the required combination. The amount of poetic production in the generation after Pope may have been lessened by excess of the critical spirit and the multiplication of negative conditions, but this could have affected only the minor

poets or men of poetic talent, because the man of poetic genius will not and needs not consider his ways and means too curiously.

How are we to account for the arrest of poetry in the eighteenth century, if it was not due to the chilling influence of critics imbued with artificial principles? Burke's aphorism that "the march of the human mind is slow", is a part of the explanation that should not be lost sight of in the search for minute causes. Leaps and bounds of poetic expansion are not to be expected in every generation. Slow progress is the normal law, and we need not torture ourselves to discover reasons for a particular case of slow progress as if it were something exceptional. After all, there was some progress even in poetry itself, besides what may have been done in the way of suggestion and collection of material for the poetry of the future. Collins and Gray are great names, though not of the first rank; and even in the darkest period such minor bards as the Wartons, Shenstone, and Beattie did not merely grind old tunes but sounded a distinctive note, however humble. Collins, in especial, added an ever-living branch to the tree of our literature: his Odes are not mere dry twigs on that tree. Of the peculiar form in which he expressed the rapture of learned meditation, gathering together the most moving incidents of human experience under abstractions conceived as living forces, Collins is the one great master. He is essentially a scholarly or academic poet, and could never be popular in the wide sense, his subjects being historical and his mode of expression such that he cannot be followed without some intellectual effort; but the effort is worth making, because he had deep and genuine feeling to put into his verse, and the power to transmit that feeling, whole and harmonious, to the reader. One of Wordsworth's central qualities, his attitude towards Nature, is a natural and easy transition from the spirit in which Collins conceived the pageant of history.

Great bursts of poetic activity come but seldom. They are exceptional facts; and those anxious *rerum cognoscere causas* should first endeavour to determine the causes or leading conditions of those departures from the normal law. It should be an easier task, and should conduce to the understanding of the comparative inactivity of other periods. If we take the works of the leaders of the great poetic revival of this century—Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron—we find that they differ in certain broad respects from all the works of the eighteenth century. We find something like the origination of new species or new varieties in poetry. The form, in a large sense of the word, is new, and the vein of feeling is new. New themes are treated in a new way, and with a new spirit. Consider the mere form of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel", the first genuinely popular poem, interesting to all classes, of the new era—a metrical romance regularly constructed, with perfect unity of action, incidents all helping forward the progress of the story through various complications to a catastrophe. No such poem had ever been written before; it was a new form in poetry—classical regularity of form combined with romantic freedom of accident. The precepts of the classical school, reiterating how an epic, the vain ambition of the poets of the eighteenth century, ought to be constructed, were not thrown away upon Scott, although he made a free use of them. Then the spirit of the poem—the serious epic treatment of the necromancing Ladye of Branksome Hall, the Wizard, the Goblin Page, and the bold Mosstrooper. We have nothing like this in the eighteenth century. In Pope's time such personages would either have been burlesqued or treated with affected respect such as a grown-up person would use towards fairies and hobgoblins in telling stories about them to a child. They might have figured in an Ode to Superstition, but an artist would hardly have dared to narrate their doings with the air of a

serious believer, and without taking the polite reader into his confidence. Taken altogether, in form and spirit, the "Lay" was a new thing in literature, a new species of poem. The same may be said of "Childe Harold". Here also we find a new species of epic, such as the formal writers on epic poetry had never contemplated—the hero of which is not a mythical king like Arthur, or a personified Virtue moving in Faeryland like Spenser's Red Cross Knight, or Guyon, or Britomart, but a modern man moving in modern scenes. Wordsworth also is new in form as well as in spirit. No poet before him had dared to shut himself up in the country and choose as the subject of his verse, without any reference to his fine friends in town, his own personal feelings and reflections as aroused by the moving spectacle of sky and hill and glen, and the homely life of rustic neighbours. He wrote a species of pastoral poetry that had not been legislated for by the technical lawgivers of the art, though the want of it had been vaguely felt by Walsh when he wrote wistfully of a Golden Age in which "the shepherds were men of learning and refinement".

Whether or not these are the main characters of the new poetry, the vital principles underlying smaller differences, it is in such large new features that we must seek the secret of the great expansion rather than in little changes of artistic aim or conscious repudiation of definite critical theories. The fetters that had to be broken were nothing so palpable as formal rules of critical authority. They were bonds from which emancipation is much less easy, the restraints of unformulated, undogmatic, inarticulate custom. It was habits of feeling that had to be changed, not rules of art. And the reason of the comparative poverty of the poetry of the eighteenth century was that no poet was born or bred with sufficient force of personality to effect this change. Probably it could not have been

effected without the invention of forms of poetry that had the broad characters of new species, so inveterately were the old habits of feeling associated with the old forms, drama, epic, descriptive poem, ode, elegy, and sonnet each having its established unwritten standard of poetic elegance or refinement. It is only when some distinctively new kind of thing is reached by happy inspiration that creative energy is exalted to the pitch that results in a great period of poetry.

The eighteenth century, possibly because the time was not ripe, had not inventive energy enough in poetry to strike out new lines, but it contributed in many ways to make expansion easier for those that came after. Especially did the rich and varied development of prose in essay and fiction prepare the way for the subsequent emancipation. The influence of this prose as a solvent of established poetic customs has not been sufficiently remarked. Fifty years ago the popular conception of this revolution was that it was a literary echo of the French Revolution; that throughout the eighteenth century poets had bent submissively under the yoke of Pope and the classical school, but that catching the heat of the political ferment they were emboldened to raise the standard of rebellion and throw the rules of their tyrant to the winds. But the example of freedom from traditional standards of dignity set by prose works of imagination and prose comments on life had much more to do with the poetic revolution than the contemporary political excitement, though this also may have been a factor in the result. The serious Muse sat in stiff and starched propriety while her nimbler sister revelled in the enjoyment of freedom, but she tired at last of nursing her dignity, and unbent. Prose writers had familiarised the world with the subjects and sentiments of the new poetry for a generation or two before they attained the intensity that seeks expression in verse. The emancipating

influence of the prose literature becomes obvious when, disregarding their individualities, we look at the general strain of the pioneers and the leaders of the poetic revolution. Cowper might be described with general truth as an essayist in verse. Wordsworth deliberately and articulately claimed liberty to use in verse the same diction that might be used for the expression of the same feelings in prose; and incidents such as he made the subjects of his lyrical ballads had for long been considered admissible material for the novelist. Characters and incidents similar in kind to those in Scott's metrical romances had made their appearance before in prose romance. Byron's "*Childe Harold*" was avowedly suggested by a character in prose fiction: he intended his hero, he said, to be a kind of poetical *Zeluco*. Prose thus led the way to greater freedom of subject and sentiment in poetry, and matured the ideas to which poetry gave the higher artistic expression.

It is of some importance that we should understand the real nature of the last poetic revival, and see that there was more in it than a revolt against established poetic diction and artificial critical rules. This opprobrious word artificial has been allowed too long to create a false prejudice against the poetry of the eighteenth century. It may be doubted whether in any important sense of the word the best poetry of the eighteenth century was more artificial than the best poetry of the nineteenth. The indiscriminating contempt that at one time sought to justify itself by this vague term of reproach, and that was natural enough in the exultation of a new movement, has now all but passed away, and has given place to a feeling that after all the poets of the eighteenth century may be worthy of study by those ambitious of still further developments. And who knows but that in this once-despised period inventive genius may yet find a hint and a starting-point for fresh triumphs?

W. MINTO.

GASTON DE LATOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

PEACH-BLOSSOM AND WINE.

THOSE searchings of thought brought from time to time cruel starts from sleep, a sudden shudder at any wide outlook over life and its issues, draughts of mental east-wind across the hot mornings into which the voices of his companions called him, to lose again in long rambles every sense save that of his firm, abounding youth. Those rambles were but the last, sweet, wastefully-spent remnants of a happy season. The letter for Monsieur Michel de Montaigne was to hand, with preparations for the distant journey which must presently break up their comradeship. Notwithstanding, its actual termination overtook them at the last as if by surprise: on a sudden that careless interval of time was over.

The carelessness of the Three at all events had been entire. Secure on the low, warm, level surface of things, they talked, they rode, they ate and drank, with no misgivings, mental or moral, no too curious questions as to the essential nature of their so palpable well-being or the rival standards thereof, of origins and issues. And yet with all their gaiety, as its last triumphant note in truth, they were ready to trifle with death, welcoming, as a foil to the easy character of their days, a certain luxurious sense of danger—the night-alarm, the arquebuse peeping from some quiet farm-building across their way, the rumoured presence in their neighbourhood of this or that great military leader—delightful premonitions of the adventurous life soon to be their own in Paris. What surmises they had of

vaguer danger, took effect, in that age of wizardry, as a quaintly practical superstition; the expectancy of cadaverous "churchyard things", and the like, intruding themselves where they should not be, to be dissipated in turn, as materially and directly, by counter devices of the dark craft which had evoked them. Gaston, then, as in after years, though he saw no ghosts, could not bear to trifle with such matters: to his companions it was a delight as they supped to note the indication of nameless terrors, if it were only in the starts and crackings of the timbers of the old place. To the turbid spirits of that generation the midnight heaven itself was by no means a restful companion, and many were the hours wasted by those young astrophiles in puzzling out the threats, the enigmatic promises, of a starry sky.

The fact that armed persons were still abroad, thieves or assassins, lurking under many disguises, might explain what happened on the last evening of their time together, when they sat late at the open windows as the night increased, serene but covered summer night, aromatic, velvet-footed. What coolness it had was pleasant after the wine; and they strolled out, fantastically muffled in certain old heraldic dresses of parade, caught up in the hall as they passed through, Gaston alone remaining to attend on his grandfather. In about an hour's time they returned, not a little disconcerted, to tell a story of which Gaston was reminded (seeing them as if only half real, amid the bloomy night, with blood upon their boyish flowers) as they crossed his path again at three intervals. Listening for the night-hush, pushing aside the hedge-row to catch

the evening breath of the honeysuckle, they had sauntered on, scarcely looking before them, along the causeway. Soft sounds came out of the distance, but footsteps on the hard road they had not heard, when three others fronted them face to face—Jasmin, Amadée, and Camille—their very selves, visible in the light of the lantern carried by Camille: they might have felt the breath upon their cheeks: real, close, definite, cap for cap, plume for plume, flower for flower, a light like their own flashed up counter-wise, but with blood, all three of them, fresh upon the bosom or in the mouth. It was well to draw the sword, be one's enemy carnal or spiritual; even devils, as wise men know, taking flight at its white glitter through the air. Out flashed the brave youths' swords, still with mimic counter motion, upon nothing—upon the empty darkness before them.

Curdled at heart for an hour by that strange encounter, they went on their way next morning no different. There was something in the mere belief that peace was come at last. For a moment Huguenots were, or pretended to be, satisfied with a large concession of liberty, to be almost light of soul. The French, who can always pause in the very midst of civil bloodshed to eulogise the reign of universal kindness, were determined to treat an armistice as nothing less than Utopia. To bear offensive weapons became a crime; and the sense of security at home was attested by vague schemes of glory to be won abroad, under the leadership of the Admiral, the great Huguenot Coligni, anxious to atone for his share in the unhappiness of France by helping her to foreign conquests. Philip of Spain had been watching for the moment when Charles and Catherine would call the Duke of Alba into France to continue his devout work there. Instead, the poetic mind of Charles was dazzled for a moment by the dream of wresting those misused Netherlands from Spanish rule

altogether; and it was under these genial conditions that Gaston set out towards those south-west regions he had always yearned to, as popular imagination just now set thither also, in a vision of French ships going forth from the mouths of the Loire and the Gironde, from Nantes, Bordeaux, and La Rochelle to the Indies, in rivalry of Spanish adventure. The spasmodic gaiety of the time blent with that of the season of the year, of his own privileged time of life, and allowed the opulent country through which he was to pass all its advantages. Ever afterwards that low ring of blue hills beyond La Beauce meant more for him, not less, than of old. After the reign of his native apple-blossom and corn, it was that of peach-blossom and wine. Southwards to Orleans and the Loire; then, with the course of the sunny river, to Blois, to Amboise, to Tours, he traversed a region of unquestioned natural charm, heightened greatly by the mental atmosphere through which it reached him. Black Angus, candescent Saumur, with its double in the calm broad water below, the melancholy seigneurial woods of Blois, ranged themselves in his memory as so many distinct types of what was dignified or pleasant in human habitations. Frequently, along the great historic stream, as along some vast street, contemporary genius was visible, a little prematurely as time would show, in a novel and seductive architecture, which by its engrafting of exotic grace on homely native forms spoke of a certain restless aspiration to be what one was not but might become, or something better,—the old Gaulish desire to be refined, to be mentally enfranchised by the sprightlier genius of Italy. With their terraced gardens, their airy galleries, their triumphal chimney-pieces, their spacious stairways, their conscious provision for the elegant enjoyment of all seasons in turn, here surely were the new abodes for the new humanity of this new, poetic,

picturesque, mentally enfranchised age. What but those flawless bodies, duly appointed for typically developed souls, could move on the daily business of life through these dreamy apartments into which he entered from time to time, their very garniture like a personal presence there? Was there light here in the earth itself? It was a landscape, certainly, which did not merely accept the sun, but flashed it back gratefully from those white gracious carven houses that were like a natural part of it. As he passed below, fancy would sometimes credit their distant gables with felicities of combination beyond possibility. What prospects of mountain and sea-shore from those aerial window-seats!

And still, as in some sumptuous tapestry, the architecture, the landscape, were but a setting for the human figures: those palatial abodes, never out of sight, high on the river banks, challenged continual speculation as to their inhabitants—how they moved, read poetry and romances, or wrote those memoirs which were like romance, passed through all the hourly changes of their all-accomplished, intimate life. The Loire was the river pre-eminently of the monarchy, of the court; and the fleeting human interests, fact or fancy, which gave its utmost value to the liveliness of the scene, found a centre in the movements of Catherine and her sons, still roving, after the eccentric habit inherited from Francis the First, from one "house of pleasure" to another, in the pursuit at once of amusement and of that political intrigue which was the serious business of their lives. Like some fantastic company of strolling players amid the hushed excitement of a little town, the royal family, with all its own small rivalries, was housed for the night under the same roof with some of its greater enemies—Henri de Guise, Condé, the Admiral, all alike taken by surprise—courteously, therefore ineffectively. And Gaston, come thus by chance so close to them, had

less the sense of nearness to the springs of great events than of the likeness of the whole matter to a stage-play with its ingeniously contrived encounters, or the assortments of a game of chance.

And in a while the dominant course of the river itself, the animation of its steady downward flow even amid the sand-shoals and whispering islets of the dry season, bore his thoughts beyond it in a sudden irresistible appetite for the sea; and he determined, varying slightly from the prescribed route, to reach his destination by way of the coast. From Nantes he descended imperceptibly along tall hedges-rows of acacia, till on a sudden, with a novel freshness in the air, through a low archway of laden fruit-trees it was visible,—sand, sea, and sky, in three quiet spaces, line upon line. The features of the landscape changed again, and the gardens, the rich orchards, gave way to bare, grassy undulations: only the open sandy spaces presented their own native Flora, for the fine silex seemed to have crept into the tall, wiry stalks, like grasses the seeds of which had expanded by solar magic into veritable flowers, crimson, green, or yellow patched with black.

It was pleasant to sleep as if in the sea's arms, amid the low murmurs, the salt odour mingled with the wild garden scents of a little inn or farm, forlorn in the wide enclosure of an ancient manor, deserted as the sea encroached—long ago, for the fig-trees in the riven walls were tough and old. Next morning he must turn his back betimes with the freshness of the outlook still undimmed, all colours turning to white on the shell-beach, the wrecks, the children at play on it, the boat with its gay streamers dancing in the foam. Bright as the scene of his journey had been, it had had from time to time its grisly touches—an inky accent upon the painted surface—a forbidden fortress with its steel-clad inmates thrust itself upon

the way; the village church had been ruined too recently to count as picturesque; and at last, at the meeting-point of five long causeways across a wide expanse of marshland, where the wholesome sea turned stagnant, La Rochelle itself scowled through the heavy air, the dark ramparts still rising higher around its dark town-folk—La Rochelle, the “Bastion of the Gospel” according to John Calvin, the conceded capital of the Huguenots. They were there, and would not leave, even to share the festivities of the marriage of King Charles to his little Austrian Elizabeth about this time—the armed chiefs of Protestantism, dreaming of a dictator after the Roman manner, who should set up a religious republic. Serried closely together on land, they had a strange mixed following on the sea. Lair of heretics, or shelter of martyrs, it was ready to protect the outlaw. The corsair, of course, would be a Protestant, actually armed perhaps by sour old Jeanne of Navarre—the ship he fell across, of course, a Spaniard. A real Spanish ship of war, gay, magnificent, was gliding even then stealthily through the distant haze, and nearer lay what there was of a French navy. Did the enigmatic Admiral, the coming dictator, Coligni, really wish to turn it to foreign adventure in rivalry of Spain, as the proper patriotic outcome of this period, or breathing-space of peace and national unity?

Undoubtedly they were still there, even in this halcyon weather, those roots of disquiet, like the volcanic forces beneath the massive chestnut-woods, spread so calmly through the breathless air, on the ledges and levels of the red heights of the Limousin, under which Gaston now passed on his way southwards. On his right hand a broad, lightly diversified expanse of vineyard, of towns and towers innumerable, rolled its burden of fat things down the slope of the Gironde towards the more perfect level beyond. In the

heady afternoon an indescribable softness laid hold on him from the objects, the atmosphere, the lazy business, of the scene around. And was that the quarter whence the daylight, the intellectual iron, the chalybeate influence, was to come?—those coquettish, well-kept, vine-wreathed towers, smiling over a little irregular old village, itself half-hidden in gadding vine, pointed out by the gardeners (all labourers here were gardeners) as the end of his long, pleasant journey—abode of Monsieur Michael de Montaigne, the singular but not unpopular gentleman living there among his books, of whom Gaston hears so much over-night at the inn where he rests for the night, before delivering the great poet's letter, entering his room at last in a flutter of curiosity.

Three different forms of composition have, under different conditions, prevailed—three distinct literary methods—in the presentation of philosophic thought: earliest, the metrical form, when philosophy was still a thing of intuition, sanguine, imaginative, often obscure, and became a *poem* “concerning nature” after the manner of Pythagoras “his golden verses”; precisely the opposite way to that, when native intuition had shrunk into dogmatic system, the dry bones of which rattle in one's ear with Aristotle or Aquinas as a formal *treatise*; the true philosophic temper, the proper human complexion in this subject, lying between these opposites as the third essential form of its literature, the *essay*—that characteristic model of our own time, so rich and various in special apprehensions of truth, but of so vague and dubious sense of their *ensemble* and issues. Characteristic modern form of philosophic literature, the essay came into use at what was really the invention of the relative or “modern spirit”, in the Renaissance of the sixteenth century. The reader sees already that these three methods are no mere literary

accidents dependent on the choice of particular writers, but necessities of literary form strictly determined by matter as corresponding to three essentially different ways in which the human mind relates itself to truth. If oracular verse, stimulant, but enigmatic, is the proper vehicle of enthusiastic intuition; if the treatise with its ambitious array of premise and conclusion is the natural output of scholastic all-sufficiency; so the form of the essay as we have it in Montaigne, the representative essayist, inventor of the name as in essence of the thing—of the essay in its seemingly modest aim, its really large and venturesome possibilities—is indicative of his peculiar function with regard to that age, as in truth the commencement of our own. It supplies precisely the literary form necessary to a mind for which truth itself is but a possibility, realisable not as general and open conclusion but rather as elusive effect of a particular experience—to a mind which, noting faithfully those random lights which meet it by the way, must needs content itself with suspense of judgment at the end of the intellectual journey, to the very last asking *Que sais-je ?*

In those earlier days of the Renaissance a whole generation had been exactly in the position in which Gaston now found himself. An older ideal moral and religious, certain theories of man and nature actually in possession, still haunted humanity at the very moment when it was called through a full knowledge of the past to enjoy the present with an unrestricted expansion of its own capacities. Might one enjoy? Might one eat of all the trees? Some had already eaten and needed retrospectively a theoretic justification, the sanction of their actual liberties, in some new reading of human nature itself and its relation to the world around it. Explain to us the propriety, on the full view of things, of this bold course we have taken, or know we shall take. *Ex post*

facto at all events, that justification was furnished by the Essays of Montaigne. The spirit of the essays doubtless had been felt already in many a mind as by a universal law of reaction the intellect *does* supply the due theoretic equivalent to an inevitable course of conduct. But it was Montaigne certainly who made that emancipating ethic current coin. To Pascal, looking back upon the sixteenth century as a whole, Montaigne was to figure as the impersonation of its intellectual licence, while Shakespeare, who represents the free spirit of the Renaissance moulding the drama, hints, by his well-known preoccupation with Montaigne's writings, that just there was the philosophic counterpart to the fulness and impartiality of his own artistic reception of the experience of life.

Those essays, as happens with epoch-marking books, were themselves a life, the power which makes them what they are having accumulated in them imperceptibly by a thousand repeated modifications, like character in a person; and that life had just begun at the moment when Gaston presented himself to go along with the great "egotist" for a season. Born here, at the place whose name he took—*Montaigne*, the acclivity of Saint Michael—just thirty-six years before, brought up simply, earthily, at nurse in one of the neighbouring villages, to him it was doubled strength to return thither when, disgusted with the legal business which had filled his days hitherto, seeing that "France had more laws than all the rest of the world", and was—what one saw! he began the true work of his life, a continual journey in thought, "a continual observation of new and unknown things", his bodily self remaining, for the most part, with seeming indolence at home. It was Montaigne's boast that throughout those invasive times his house had lain open to all comers, that his frankness had been rewarded by immunity from all outrages of war,

of the crime war shelters : and openness—that all was wide open, searched through by light and warmth and air from the soil—was the impression it made on Gaston, as he passed from farmyard to garden, from garden to court, to hall, up the wide winding stair, to the uppermost chamber of the great round tower, in which sun-baked place the studious man still lingered over a late breakfast, telling, like all around, of a certain homely epicureanism, a rare mixture of luxury with a preference for the luxuries that after all were home-grown and savoured of his native earth. Sociable, of sociable intellect, and still inclining instinctively, as became his fresh and agreeable person, from the midway of life towards its youthful side, he was ever on the alert for a likely interlocutor to take part in the conversation which, sweetest, truly! of all modes of commerce, was also of service as stimulating that endless inward converse from which the essays were a kind of abstract. For him, as for Plato, the essential dialogue was that of the mind with itself; but this dialogue thrived best with, often needed, outward stimulus—physical motion, some text shot from a book, the queries and objections of a living voice. “My thoughts sleep if I sit still”. Neither “thoughts” nor “dialogues” exclusively, but thoughts still partly implicate in the dialogues which had evoked them, and hence with many seemingly arbitrary transitions, many links of connexion to be supposed, constituting their characteristic difficulty, the essays owe their actual publication at last to none of the usual literary motives—desire for fame, to instruct, to amuse, to sell—but to the sociable desire for a still wider range of conversation with others. He wrote for companionship, “if but one sincere man would make his acquaintance”, speaking on paper as he “did to the first person he met”. “If there be any person, any knot of good company, in France or elsewhere, who can like

my humour, and whose humours I can like, let them but whistle and I will run”.

Notes of expressive facts, of words also worthy of note (for he was a lover of style) collected first for the help of an irregular memory, were becoming, in the quaintly labelled drawers, with labels of wise old maxim or device, the primary rude stuff or protoplasm of his proposed work, and already gave token of its scope and variety. “All motion discovers us”, if to others so also to ourselves. Movement, rapid movement of some kind, a ride, the hasty survey of a shelf of books, best of all a conversation like this morning’s with a visitor for the first time—amid the felicitous chances of that, at some random turn by the way, he would become aware of shaping purpose; the beam of light or heat would strike down, to illuminate, to fuse and organise the coldly accumulated matter of reason, of experience. Surely some providence over thought and speech led one finely through those haphazard journeys! Dependent to such degree on external converse for the best fruit of his own thought, he was also an efficient evocator of the thought of another—an original spirit which more than tolerated, which brought the originality of others into play. Here was one who (through natural predilection reinforced by theory) would welcome one’s very self, undistressed by, while fully observant of, its difference from his own—one’s errors, vanities, perhaps fatuities. Naturally eloquent, expressive, with a mind like a rich collection of the choice things of all times and countries, he was at his best, his happiest, amid the magnetic contacts of an easy conversation. When Gaston many years after came to read the famous essays, he found many a delightful conversation reset, and had the key we lack to their surprises, their capricious turns and lapses. He had opened the letter, had forthwith passed his genial criticism on the writer, and then, characteristi-

cally forgetting all about it, turned to the bearer as if he had been intimate with him for years. And the feeling was mutual. Gaston in half an hour seemed to have known his entertainer all his life. It was a flattery to have been sent hither.

In unimpeded talk with sincere persons of what quality soever—there, rather than in shadowy converse with or through even the best books—the flower, the fruit of mind was still in life-giving contact with its root. With books, as indeed with persons, his intercourse was apt to be desultory. Books! He was by way of asserting his independence of them, was their very candid friend: they were far from being an unmixed good. He would observe (the fact was its own scornful comment) that there were more books upon books than upon any other subject. Yet books—more than a thousand volumes, a handsome library for that day, nicely representative not only of literature but of the owner's taste therein—lay all around; and turning now to this, now to that, he handled their pages with nothing less than tenderness: it was the first of many inconsistencies which had about them a singularly taking air of reason, of equity. Plutarch and Seneca were soon in the foreground—they would still be at his elbow to test and be tested—masters of the autumnal wisdom that was coming to be his own, ripe and placid, from the autumn of old Rome, of life, of the world, the very genius of second thoughts, of exquisite tact and discretion, of judgment upon knowledge.

But the books dropped from his hands in the very midst of enthusiastic quotation, and the guest was mounting a little turret staircase, was on the leaden roof of the old tower amid the fat, noon-day Gascon scenery. He saw in bird's-eye view the country he was soon to become closely acquainted with, a country, like its people, of passion and capacity, though at that moment emphatically lazy.

Towards the end of life some conscientious pangs seem to have touched Montaigne's singularly humane and sensitive spirit as he looked back on the long intellectual entertainment he had had in following, as an inactive spectator, "the ruin of his country" through a series of chapters, every one of which had told emphatically in his own immediate neighbourhood. With its old and new battle-fields, its business, its fierce changes, and the old perennial sameness of men's ways beneath them all, it had been certainly matter of more assiduous reading than even those choice, incommensurable books of ancient Greek and Roman experience. The variable-ness, the complexity, the miraculous surprises of man, concurrent with the variety, the complexity, the surprises of nature, making all true knowledge of either wholly relative and provisional—a like insecurity in one's self, if one turned thither for some ray of clear and certain evidence—this, with an equally strong sense all the time of the interest, the power, and charm, alike of man and nature and of the individual mind—such was the sense of this open book, of all books and things: that was what this quietly enthusiastic reader was ready to assert as the sum of his studies; disturbingly, as Gaston found, reflecting on his long unsuspecting sojourn there, and detaching from the habits, the random traits of character, his concessions and hints and sudden emphatic statements, the soul and potency of the man.

How imperceptibly had darkness crept over them, effacing every thing but the interior of the great circular chamber, its book-shelves and enigmatic mottoes and the tapestry on the wall—Circe and her sorceries, in many parts, to draw over the windows in winter—where, supper over, the young wife entered at last. Always on the look-out for the sincerities of human nature (sincerity counting for life-giving form, whatever the matter

might be) as he delighted in watching children, Montaigne loved also to watch grown people when they were most like children, at their games therefore, and in the mechanical and customary parts of their existence, as discovering the real soul in them. Abstaining from the dice himself, since for him such "play was not play enough, but too grave and serious a diversion", and remarking that "the play of children is not performed in play, but to be judged as their most serious action", he set Gaston and the amiable, unpedantic lady to play together, where

he might observe them closely, the game turning still, irresistibly, to conversation, the last and sweetest, if somewhat drowsy relics of this long day's recreations. Was Circe's castle here? If Circe could turn men into swine, could she also release them again? It was frailty, certainly, that he remained here week after week, scarce knowing why, the conversation begun that morning lasting for nine months, over books, meals, in free rambles chiefly on horseback, as if in the waking intervals of a long day-sleep.

WALTER PATER.

(To be continued.)

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CRESSY.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the door closed on Rupert the master pulled down the blind, and trimming his lamp, tried to compose himself by reading. Outside, the "Great Day for Indian Spring" was slowly evaporating in pale mists from the river, and the celebration itself spasmodically taking flight here and there in Roman candles and rockets. An occasional outbreak from revellers in the bar room below, a stumbling straggler along the planked sidewalk before the hotel only seemed to intensify the rustic stillness. For the future of Indian Spring was still so remote that Nature insensibly re-invested its boundaries on the slightest relaxation of civic influence, and Mr. Ford lifted his head from the glowing columns of the "Star" to listen to the far-off yelp of a coyote on the opposite shore.

He was also conscious of the recurrence of that vague, pleasurable recollection, so indefinite that, when he sought to identify it with anything—even the finding of the myrtle sprays on his desk—it evaded him. He tried to work, with the same interruption. Then an uneasy sensation that he had not been sufficiently kind to Rupert in his foolish love-troubles remorsefully seized him. A half pathetic, half-humorous picture of the miserable Rupert staggering under the double burden of his sleeping brother and a

misplaced affection, or possibly abandoning the one or both in the nearest ditch in a reckless access of boyish frenzy and fleeing his home for ever, rose before his eyes. He seized his hat with the intention of seeking him—or forgetting him in some other occupation by the way. For Mr. Ford had the sensitive conscience of many imaginative people; an unfailing monitor, it was always calling his whole moral being into play to evade it.

As he crossed the passage he came upon Mrs. Tripp hooded and elaborately attired in a white ball dress, which however did not, to his own fancy, become her as well as her ordinary costume. He was passing her with a bow, when she said, with complacent consciousness of her appearance, "Aren't you going to the ball to-night?"

He remembered then that "an opening ball" at the Court House was a part of the celebration. "No," he said smiling; "but it is a pity that Rupert couldn't have seen you in your charming array."

"Rupert," said the lady with a slightly coquettish laugh; "you have made him as much a woman-hater as yourself. I offered to take him in our party, and he ran away to you." She paused, and giving him a furtive critical glance said, with an easy mingling of confidence and audacity, "Why don't you go? Nobody'll hurt you."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Mr. Ford gallantly. "There's the melancholy example of Rupert always before me."

Mrs. Tripp tossed her chignon and descended a step of the stairs. "You'd better go," she continued, looking up over the balusters. "You can look on if you can't dance."

Now Mr. Ford *could* dance, and it so chanced rather well, too. With this consciousness he remained standing in half indignant hesitation on the landing as she disappeared. Why shouldn't he go? It was true he had half tacitly acquiesced in the reserve with which he had been treated, and had never mingled socially in the gatherings of either sex at Indian Spring—but that was no reason. He could at least dress himself, walk to the Court House and—look on.

Any black coat and white shirt was sufficiently *de rigueur* for Indian Spring. Mr. Ford added the superfluous elegance of a forgotten white waistcoat. When he reached the side walk it was only nine o'clock, but the windows of the Court House were already flaring like a stranded steamer on the barren bank where it had struck. On the way thither he was once or twice tempted to change his mind, and hesitated even at the very door. But the fear that his hesitation would be noticed by the few loungers before it, and the fact that some of them were already hesitating through bashfulness, determined him to enter.

The clerks' office and judges' chambers on the lower floor had been invaded by wraps, shawls and refreshments, but the dancing was reserved for the upper floor or court-room, still unfinished. Flags, laurel-wreaths and appropriate floral inscriptions hid its bare walls; but the coat of arms of the State already placed over the judges' dais with its illimitable golden sunset, its triumphant goddess, and its implacable grizzly seemed figuratively to typify the occasion better than the inscriptions. The room was close and crowded. The flickering candles

in tin sconces against the walls, or depending in rude chandeliers of barrel-hoops from the ceiling, lit up the most astounding diversity of female costume the master had ever seen. Gowns of bygone fashions, creased and stained with packing and disuse, toilets of forgotten festivity revised with modern additions; garments in and out of season—a fur-trimmed jacket and a *tulle* skirt, a velvet robe under a *piqué sacque*; fresh young faces beneath faded head-dresses, and mature and buxom charms in virgin white. The small space cleared for the dancers was continually invaded by the lookers-on, who in files of three deep lined the room.

As the master pushed his way to the front, a young girl, who had been standing in the sides of a quadrille suddenly darted with a nymph-like quickness among the crowd and was for an instant hidden. Without distinguishing either face or figure, Mr. Ford recognized in the quick, impetuous action a characteristic movement of Cressy's; with an embarrassing instinct that he could not account for, he knew she had seen him, and that for some inexplicable reason he was the cause of her sudden disappearance.

But it was only for a moment. Even while he was vaguely scanning the crowd she reappeared and took her place beside her mystified partner—the fascinating stranger of Johnny's devotion and Rupert's dislike. She was pale; he had never seen her so beautiful. All that he had thought distasteful and incongruous in her were but accessories of her loveliness at that moment, in that light, in that atmosphere, in that strange assembly. Even her full pink gauze dress, from which her fair young shoulders slipped as from a sunset cloud, seemed only the perfection of virginal simplicity; her girlish length of limb and the long curves of her neck and back were now the outlines of thorough breeding. The absence of colour in her usually fresh face had been replaced by a faint magnetic aurora that

seemed to him half spiritual. He could not take his eyes from her; he could not believe what he saw. Yet that was Cressy McKinstry — his pupil! Had he ever really seen her? Did he know her now? Small wonder that all eyes were bent upon her, that a murmur of unspoken admiration, or still more intense hush of silence moved the people around him. He glanced hurriedly at them, and was oddly relieved by this evident participation in his emotions.

She was dancing now, and with that same pale restraint and curious quiet that had affected him so strongly. She had not even looked in his direction, yet he was aware by the same instinct that had at first possessed him that she knew he was present. His desire to catch her eye was becoming mingled with a certain dread, as if in a single interchange of glances the illusions of the moment would either vanish utterly or become irrevocably fixed. He forced himself, when the set was finished, to turn away, partly to avoid contact with some acquaintances who had drifted before him, and whom politeness would have obliged him to ask to dance, and partly to collect his thoughts. He determined to make a tour of the rooms and then go quietly home. Those who recognized him made way for him with passive curiosity; the middle-aged and older adding a confidential sympathy and equality that positively irritated him. For an instant he had an idea of seeking out Mrs. Tripp and claiming her as a partner, merely to show her that he danced.

He had nearly made the circuit of the room when he was surprised by the first strains of a waltz. Waltzing was not a strong feature of Indian Spring festivity, partly that the Church people had serious doubts if David's saltatory performances before the Ark included "round dances," and partly that the young had not yet mastered its difficulties. When he yielded to his impulse to look again at the dancers he found that only

three or four couples had been bold enough to take the floor. Cressy McKinstry and her former partner were one of them. In his present exaltation he was not astonished to find that she had evidently picked up the art in her late visit, and was now waltzing with quiet grace and precision, but he was surprised that her partner was far from being equally perfect, and that after a few turns she stopped and smilingly disengaged her waist from his arm. As she stepped back she turned with unerring instinct to that part of the room where the master stood and raised her eyes through the multitude of admiring faces to his. Their eyes met in an isolation as supreme as if they had been alone. It was an attraction the more dangerous because unformulated—a possession without previous pledge, promise, or even intention—a love that did not require to be "made."

He approached her quietly and even more coolly than he thought possible. "Will you allow me a trial?" he asked.

She looked in his face, and as if she had not heard the question but was following her own thought, said, "I knew you would come; I saw you when you first came in." Without another word she put her hand in his, and as if it were part of an instinctive action of drawing closer to him, caught with her advancing foot the accent of the waltz, and the next moment the room seemed to slip away from them into whirling space.

The whole thing had passed so rapidly from the moment he approached her to the first graceful swing of her full skirt at his side, that it seemed to him almost like the embrace of a lovers' meeting. He had often been as near her before, had stood at her side at school, and even leaned over her desk, but always with an irritated instinct of reserve that had equally affected her, and which he now understood. With her conscious but pale face so near his own, with the faint odour of her hair

clinging to her, and, with the sweet confusion of the half-lingering, half-withheld contact of her hand and arm, all had changed. He did not dare to reflect that he could never again approach her except with this feeling. He did not dare to think of anything; he abandoned himself to the sense that had begun with the invasion of her hair-bound myrtle in the silent school-room, and seemed to have at last led her to his arms. They were moving now in such perfect rhythm and unison that they seemed scarcely conscious of motion. Once when they neared the open window he caught a glimpse of the round moon rising above the solemn heights of the opposite shore, and felt the cool breath of mountain and river sweep his cheek and mingle a few escaped threads of her fair hair with his own. With that glimpse and that sensation the vulgarity and the tawdriness of their surroundings, the guttering candles in their sconces, the *bizarre* figures, the unmeaning faces seemed to be whirled far into distant space. They were alone with night and nature; it was they who were still; all else had receded in a vanishing perspective of dull reality, in which they had no part.

Play on, O waltz of Strauss! Whirl on, O love and youth! For you cannot whirl so swiftly but that this receding world will return again with narrowing circle to hem you in. Faster, O cracked clarionet! Louder, O too brazen bassoon! Keep back, O dull and earthy environment, till master and pupil have dreamed their foolish dream!

They are in fancy alone on the river-bank, only the round moon above them and their linked shadows faintly fluttering in the stream. They have drawn so closely together now that her arm is encircling his neck, her soft eyes uplifted like the moon's reflection and drowning into his; closer and closer till their hearts stop beating and their lips have met in a first kiss. Faster, O little feet! swing clear, O Cressy's skirt and keep the narrowing circle

back! . . . They are again alone; the judges' dais and the emblazoning of the State caught in a single whirling flash of consciousness are changed to an altar, seen dimly through the bridal-veil that covers her fair head. There is the murmur of voices mingling two lives in one. They turn and pass proudly down between the aisles of wondering festal faces. Ah! the circle is drawing closer. One more quick whirl to keep them back, O flying skirt and dainty-winged feet! Too late! The music stops. The tawdry walls shut in again, the vulgar crowds return, they stand pale and quiet, the centre of a ring of breathless, admiring, frightened, or forbidding faces. Her arms fold like wings at her side. The waltz is over.

A shrill feminine chorus assail her with praises, struck here and there with a metallic ring of envy; a dozen all-daring cavaliers, made reckless by her grace and beauty, clamour for her hand in the next waltz. She replies, not to them, but to him, "Not again," and slips away in the crowd with that strange new shyness that of all her transformations seems the most delicious. Yet so conscious are they of their mutual passion that they do not miss each other, and he turns away as if their next meeting were already an appointed tryst. A few congratulate him on his skill. Johnny's paragon looks after him curiously; certain elders shake hands with him perplexedly, as if not quite sure of the professional consistency of his performance. Those charming tide-waiters on social success, the fair, artfully mingling expectation with compliment, only extract from him the laughing statement that this one waltz was the single exception allowed him from the rule of his professional conduct, and he refers them to his elder critics. A single face, loutish, looming, and vindictive, stands out among the crowd—the face of Seth Davis. He had not seen him since he left the school; he had forgotten his existence; even now he only remembered his suc-

cessor, Joe Masters, and he looked curiously around to see if that later suitor of Cressy's was present. It was not until he reached the door that he began to think seriously of Seth Davis's jealous face, and was roused to a singular indignation. "Why hadn't this great fool vented his jealousy on the openly compromising Masters," he thought. He even turned and walked back with some vaguely aggressive instinct, but the young man had disappeared. With this incident still in his mind he came upon Uncle Ben and Hiram McKinstry, standing among the spectators in the doorway. Why might not Uncle Ben be jealous too? and if his single waltz had really appeared so compromising, why should not Cressy's father object? But both men—albeit, McKinstry usually exhibited a vague unreasoning contempt for Uncle Ben—were unanimous in their congratulations and outspoken admiration.

"When I see'd you sail in, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben, with abstract reflectiveness, "I sez to the fellers, 'lie low, boys, and you'll see style.' And when you put on them first steps, I sez, 'that's French—the latest high-toned French style—outer the best masters, and—and outer the best books. For why?' sez I. 'It's the same long, sliding stroke you see in his copies. There's that long up sweep, and that easy curve to the right with no hitch. That's the sorter swing he hez in readin' po'try too. That's why it's called the po'try of motion,' sez I. 'And you ken bet your boots, boys, it's all in the trainin' o' education.'"

"Mr. Ford," said Mr. McKinstry gravely, slightly waving a lavender-coloured kid glove, with which he had elected to conceal his maimed hand, and at the same moment indicate a festal occasion: "I hev to thank ye for the way you took out that child o' mine, like ez she woz an ontried filly, and put her through her paces. I don't dance myself, partikly in that gait—which I take to be suthin' betwixt a lope and a canter—and I don't get to

see much dancin' nowadays on account o' bein' worried by stock, but seein' you two together just now, suthin' came over me, and I don't think I ever felt so kam in my life."

The blood rushed to the master's cheek with an unexpected consciousness of guilt and shame. "But," he stammered awkwardly, "your daughter dances beautifully herself; she has certainly had practice."

"That," said McKinstry, laying his gloved hand impressively on the master's shoulder, with the empty little finger still more emphasized by being turned backward in the act; "that may be ez it ez, but I wanted to say that it was the simple, easy, fammily touch that you gev it, that took me. Toward the end, when you kinder gathered her up and she sorter dropped her head into your breast-pocket, and seemed to go to sleep, like ez ef she was still a little girl, it so reminded me of the times when I used to tote her myself walkin' by the waggin at Platt River, that it made me wish the old woman was here to see it."

Still colouring, the master cast a rapid, sidelong glance at McKinstry's dark red face and beard, but in the slow satisfaction of his features there was no trace of that irony which the master's self-consciousness knew.

"Then your wife is not here?" said Mr. Ford abstractedly.

"She war at church. She reckoned that I'd do to look arter Cressy—she bein', so to speak, under conviction. D'ye mind walkin' this way a bit; I want to speak a word with ye?" He put his maimed hand through the master's arm, after his former fashion, and led him to a corner.

"Did ye happen to see Seth Davis about yer?"

"I believe I saw him a moment ago," returned Mr. Ford half contemptuously.

"Did he get off anythin' rough on ye?"

"Certainly not," said the master haughtily. "Why should he dare?"

"That's so," said McKinstry medi-

tatively. "You had better keep right on in that line. That's your gait, remember. Leave him—or his father—it's the same thing—to *me*. Don't *you* let yourself be roped in to this yer row betwixt me and the Davises. You ain't got no call to do it. It's already been on my mind your bringin' that gun to me in the Harrison row. The old woman hadn't oughter let you—nor Cress either. Hark to me, Mr. Ford! I reckon to stand between you and both the Davises till the cows come home—only—mind *you* give him the go-by when he happens to meander along towards you."

"I'm very much obliged to you," said Ford with disproportionately sudden choler; "but I don't propose to alter my habits for a ridiculous school-boy whom I have dismissed." The unjust and boyish petulance of his speech instantly flashed upon him, and he felt his cheek burn again.

McKinstry regarded him with dull, red, slumbrous eyes. "Don't you go to lose your best holt, Mr. Ford—and that's kam. Keep your kam—and you've allus got the dead wood on Injin Springs. *I* ain't got it," he continued, in his slowest, most passionless manner, "and a row more or less ain't much account to me—but *you*, you keep your kam." He paused, stepped back, and regarding the master, with a slight wave of his crippled hand over his whole person, as if indicating some personal adornment, said: "It sets you off!"

He nodded, turned, and re-entered the ball-room. Mr. Ford, without trusting himself to further speech, elbowed his way through the crowded staircase to the street. But even there his strange anger, as well as the equally strange remorse, which had seized him in McKinstry's presence seemed to evaporate in the clear moonlight and soft summer air. There was the river-bank, with the tremulous river glancing through the dreamy mist, as they had seen it from the window together. He even turned to

look back on the lighted ball-room, as if *she* might have been looking out, too. But he knew he should see her again to-morrow, and he hurriedly put aside all reserve, all thought of the future, all examination of his conduct, to walk home enwrapped in the vagner pleasure of the past. Rupert Filgee, to whom he had never given a second thought, now peacefully slumbering beside his baby brother, had not gone home in more foolish or more dangerous company.

When he reached the hotel, he was surprised to find it only eleven o'clock. No one had returned, the building was deserted by all but the bar-keeper and a flirting chambermaid, who regarded him with aggrieved astonishment. He began to feel very foolish, and half regretted that he had not stayed to dance with Mrs. Tripp; or, at least, remained as a quiet onlooker apart from the others. With a hasty excuse about returning to write letters for the morning's post, he took a candle and slowly remounted the stairs to his room. But on entering he found himself unprepared for that singular lack of sympathy with which familiar haunts always greet our new experiences; he could hardly believe that he had left that room only two hours before; it seemed so uncongenial and strange to the sensation that was still possessing him. Yet there were his table, his books, his armchair, his bed as he had left them; even a sticky fragment of gingerbread that had fallen from Johnny's pocket. He had not yet reached that stage of absorbing passion where he was able to put the loved one in his own surroundings; she as yet had no place in this quiet room; he could scarcely think of her here, and he *must* think of her, if he had to go elsewhere. An extravagant idea of walking the street until his restless dream was over seized him, but even in his folly the lackadaisical, moonstruck quality of such a performance was too obvious. The school-house! He would go there; it was only a pleasant walk, the night was

lovely, and he could bring the myrtle-spray from his desk. It was too significant now—if not too precious—to be kept there. Perhaps he had not examined it closely, nor the place where it had lain; there might be an additional sign, word, or token he had overlooked. The thought thrilled him, even while he was calmly arguing to himself that it was an instinct of caution.

The air was quieter and warmer than usual, though still characteristic of the locality in its dry, dewless clarity. The grass was yet warm from the day-long sun, and when he entered the pines that surrounded the school-house, they had scarcely yet lost their spicey heat. The moon, riding high, filled the dark aisles with a delicious twilight that lent itself to his waking dreams. It was not long before to-morrow; he could easily manage to bring her here in the grove at recess, and would speak with her there. It did not occur to him what he should say, or why he should say it; it did not occur to him that he had no other provocation than her eyes, her conscious manner, her eloquent silence, and her admission that she had expected him. It did not occur to him that all this was inconsistent with what he knew of her antecedents, her character, and her habits. It was this very inconsistency that charmed and convinced him. We are always on the look-out for these miracles of passion. We may doubt the genuineness of an affection that is first-hand, but never of one that is transferred.

He approached the school-house and unlocking the door closed it behind him, not so much to keep out human intrusion as the invasion of bats and squirrels. The nearly vertical moon, while it perfectly lit the playground and openings in the pines around the house, left the interior in darkness, except the reflection upon the ceiling from the shining gravel without. Partly from a sense of precaution and partly because he was familiar with the position of the benches, he did not

strike a light, and reached his own desk unerringly, drew his chair before it and unlocked it, groped in its dark recess for the myrtle spray, felt its soft silken binding with an electrical thrill, drew it out, and in the security of the darkness, raised it to his lips.

To make room for it in his breast pocket he was obliged to take out his letters—among them the well-worn one he had tried to read that morning. A mingling of pleasure and remorse came over him as he felt that it was already of the past, and as he dropped it carelessly into the empty desk it fell with a faint, hollow sound as if it were ashes to ashes.

What was that?

The noise of steps upon the gravel, light laughter, the moving of two or three shadows on the ceiling, the sound of voices, a man's, a child's, and *hers*!

Could it be possible? Was not he mistaken? No! the man's voice was Masters', the child's, Octavia's; the woman's, *hers*.

He remained silent in the shadow. The school-room was not far from the trail where she would have had to pass going home from the ball. But why had she come there? had they seen him arrive? and were mischievously watching him? The sound of Cressy's voice and the lifting of the unprotected window near the door convinced him to the contrary.

"There, that'll do. Now you two can step aside. 'Tave, take him over to yon fence, and keep him there till I get in. No—thank you, sir—I can assist myself. I've done it before. It ain't the first time I've been through this window, is it, 'Tave?"

Ford's heart stopped beating. There was a moment of laughing expostulation, the sound of retreating voices, the sudden darkening of the window, the billowy sweep of a skirt, the faint quick flash of a little ankle and Cressy McKinstry swung herself into the room and dropped lightly on the floor.

She advanced eagerly up the moon-lit passage between the two rows of

benches. Suddenly she stopped; the master rose at the same moment with outstretched warning hand to check the cry of terror he felt sure would rise to her lips. But he did not know the lazy nerves of the girl before him. She uttered no outcry. And even in the faint dim light he could see only the same expression of conscious understanding come over her face that he had seen in the ball-room, mingled with a vague joy that parted her breathless lips. As he moved quickly forward their hands met; she caught his with a quick significant pressure and darted back to the window.

"Oh, 'Tave!" (very languidly.)

"Yes."

"You two had better wait for me at the edge of the trail yonder, and keep a look out for folks going by. Don't let them see you hanging round so near. Do you hear? I'm all right."

With her hand still meaningly lifted, she stood gazing at the two figures until they slowly receded towards the distant trail. Then she turned as he approached her, the reflection of the moonlit road striking up into her shining eyes and eager waiting face. A dozen questions were upon his lips, a dozen replies were ready upon hers. But they were never uttered, for the next moment her eyes half closed, she leaned forward and fell—into a kiss.

She was the first to recover, holding his face in her hands, turned towards the moonlight, her own in passionate shadow. "Listen," she said quickly. "They think I came here to look for something I left in my desk. They thought it high fun to come with me—these two. I did come to look for something—not in my desk, but yours."

"Was it this?" he whispered, taking the myrtle from his breast. She seized it with a light cry, putting it first to her lips and then to his. Then clasping his face again between her soft palms, she turned it to the window and said: "Look at them and not at me."

He did so—seeing the two figures

slowly walking in the trail. And holding her there firmly against his breast, it seemed a blasphemy to ask the question that had been upon his lips.

"That's not all," she murmured, moving his face backwards and forwards to her lips as if it were something to which she was giving breath. "When we came to the woods I felt that you would be here."

"And feeling that, you brought him?" said Ford, drawing back.

"Why not?" she replied indolently. "Even if he had seen you, I could have managed to have you walk home with me."

"But do you think it's quite fair? Would he like it?"

"Would *he* like it?" she echoed lazily.

"Cressy," said the young man earnestly gazing into her shadowed face. "Have you given him any right to object? Do you understand me?"

She stopped as if thinking. "Do you want me to call him in?" she said quietly, but without the least trace of archness or coquetry. "Would you rather he were here—or shall we go out now and meet him? I'll say you just came as I was going out."

What should he say? "Cressy," he asked almost curtly, "do you love me?"

It seemed such a ridiculous thing to ask, holding her thus in his arms, if it were true; it seemed such a villainous question, if it were not.

"I think I loved you when you first came," she said slowly. "It must have been that that made me engage myself to him," she added simply. "I knew I loved you, and thought only of you when I was away. I came back because I loved you. I loved you the day you came to see Maw—even when I thought you came to tell her of Masters, and to say that you couldn't take me back."

"But you don't ask me if I love you?"

"But you do—you couldn't help it now," she said confidently.

What could he do but reply as illogically with a closer embrace, albeit a slight tremor as if a cold wind had blown across the open window, passed over him. She may have felt it too, for she presently said, "Kiss me and let me go."

"But we must have a longer talk, darling—when—when—others are not waiting."

"Do you know the far barn near the boundary?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I used to take your books there, afternoons to—to—be with you," she whispered, "and Paw gave orders that no one was to come nigh it while I was there. Come to-morrow, just before sundown."

A long embrace followed, in which all that they had not said seemed, to them at least, to become articulate on their tremulous and clinging lips. Then they separated, he unlocking the door softly to give her egress that way. She caught up a book from a desk in passing, and then slipped like a rosy shaft of the coming dawn across the fading moonlight, and a moment after her slow voice, without a tremor of excitement, was heard calling to her companions.

CHAPTER VII.

THE conversation which Johnnie Filgee had overheard between Uncle Ben and the gorgeous stranger, although unintelligible to his infant mind, was fraught with some significance to the adult settlers of Indian Spring. The town itself, like most interior settlements, was originally a mining encampment, and as such its founders and settlers derived their possession of the soil under the mining laws that took precedence of all other titles. But although that title was held to be good even after the abandonment of their original occupation, and the establishment of shops, offices and dwellings on the site of the deserted places, the suburbs of the town and outlying districts were more

precariously held by squatters, under the presumption of their being public land open to preoccupation, or the settlement of school-land warrants upon them. Few of the squatters had taken the trouble to perfect even these easy titles, merely holding "possession" for agricultural or domiciliary purposes, and subject only to the invasion of "jumpers", a class of adventurers who, in the abeyance of recognized legal title, "jumped" or forcibly seized such portions of a squatter's domains as were not protected by fencing or superior force. It was therefore with some excitement that Indian Spring received the news that a Mexican grant of three square leagues, which covered the whole district, had been lately confirmed by the Government, and that action would be taken to recover possession. It was understood that it would not affect the adverse possessions held by the town under the mining laws, but it would compel the adjacent squatters like McKinstry, Davis, Masters, and Filgee, and jumpers like the Harrisons, to buy the legal title, or defend a slow but losing lawsuit. The holders of the grant—rich capitalists of San Francisco—were open to compromise to those in actual possession, and in the benefits of this compromise the unscrupulous "jumper," who had neither sown nor reaped, but simply dispossessed the squatter who had done both, shared equally with him.

A diversity of opinion as to the effect of the new claim naturally obtained; the older settlers still clung to their experiences of an easy aboriginal holding of the soil, and were sceptical both as to the validity and justice of these revised alien grants; but the newer arrivals hailed this certain tenure of legal titles as a guarantee to capital and an incentive to improvement. There was also a growing and influential party of eastern and northern men, who were not sorry to see a fruitful source of dissension and bloodshed removed.

The feuds of the McKinstry and Harrisons, kept alive over a boundary to which neither had any legal claim, would seem to bring them hereafter within the statute law regarding ordinary assaults without any ethical mystification. On the other hand McKinstry and Harrison would each be able to arrange any compromise with the new title holders for the lands they possessed, or make over that "actual possession" for a consideration. It was feared that both men, being naturally lawless, would unite to render any legal eviction a long and dangerous process, and that they would either be left undisturbed till the last, or would force a profitable concession. But a greater excitement followed when it was known that a section of the land had already been sold by the owners of the grant, that this section exactly covered the debatable land of the McKinstry-Harrison boundaries, and that the new landlord would at once attempt its legal possession. The inspiration of genius that had thus effected a division of the Harrison-McKinstry combination at its one weak spot excited even the admiration of the sceptics. No one in Indian Spring knew its real author, for the suit was ostensibly laid in the name of a San Francisco banker. But the intelligent reader of Johnny Filgee's late experience during the celebration will have already recognized Uncle Ben as the man, and it becomes a part of this veracious chronicle at this moment to allow him to explain, not only his intentions, but the means by which he carried them out, in his own words.

It was one afternoon at the end of his usual solitary lesson, and the master and Uncle Ben were awaiting the arrival of Rupert. Uncle Ben's educational progress lately, through dint of slow tenacity, had somewhat improved, and he had just completed from certain forms and examples in a book before him a "Letter to a Consignee" informing him that he, Uncle Ben, had just shipped "2 cwt. Ivory

Elephant Tusks, 80 peculs of rice and 400bbls. prime mess pork from Indian Spring;" and another beginning "Honoured Madam," and conveying in admirably artificial phraseology the "lamented decease" of the lady's husband from yellow fever, contracted on the Gold Coast, and Uncle Ben was surveying his work with critical satisfaction when the master, somewhat impatiently, consulted his watch. Uncle Ben looked up.

"I oughter told ye that Rupe didn't kalkilate to come to-day."

"Indeed—why not?"

"I reckon because I told him he needn't. I allowed to—hev' a little private talk with ye, Mr. Ford, if ye didn't mind."

Mr. Ford's face did not shine with invitation. "Very well," he said, "only remember I have an engagement this afternoon."

"But that ain't until about sundown," said Uncle Ben quietly. "I won't keep ye ez long ez that."

Mr. Ford glanced quickly at Uncle Ben with a rising colour. "What do you know of my engagements?" he said sharply.

"Nothin', Mr. Ford," returned Uncle Ben simply; "but hevin' bin layin' round, lookin' for ye here and at the hotel for four or five days allus about that time and not findin' you, I rather kalkilated you might hev' suthin' reg'lar on hand."

There was certainly nothing in his face or manner to indicate the least evasion or deceit, or indeed anything but his usual *naïveté*, perhaps a little perturbed and preoccupied by what he was going to say. "I had an idea of writin' you a letter," he continued, "kinder combinin' practice and confidential information, you know. To be square with you, Mr. Ford, in pint o' fact, I've got it *here*. But ez it don't seem to entirely gibe with the facts, and leaves a heap o' things onsaid and onseen, perhaps it's jest ez wall ez I read it to you myself—putten' in a word here and there, and explainin' it gin'rally. Do you *sabe*?"

The master nodded, and Uncle Ben drew from his desk a rude portfolio made from the two covers of a dilapidated atlas, and took from between them a piece of blotting-paper, which through inordinate application had acquired the colour and consistency of a slate, and a few pages of copy-book paper, that to the casual glance looked like sheets of exceedingly difficult music. Surveying them with a blending of chirographic pride, orthographic doubt, and the bashful consciousness of a literary amateur, he traced each line with a forefinger inked to the second joint, and slowly read aloud as follows :

“ Mr. Ford, Teacher.

“ DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 12th rec'd and contents noted.” (“I didn't,” explained Uncle Ben parenthetically, “receive any letter of yours, but I thought I might heave in that beginning from copy for practice. The rest is *me*.”) “In reference to my having munney,” continued Uncle Ben reading and pointing each word as he read, “And being able to buy Ditch Stocks an' Land——”

“One moment,” said Mr. Ford interrupting, “I thought you were going to leave out copy. Come to what you have to say.”

“But I *hev*—this is all real now. Hold on and you'll see,” said Uncle Ben. He resumed with triumphant emphasis.

“When it were gin'rally allowed that I haddent a red cent, I want to explain to you Mister Ford for the first time a secret. This here is how it was done. When I first came to Injian Spring, I settled down into the old Palmetto claim, near a heap of old taillings. Knowin' it were against rools, and reg'lar Chinyman's bizness to work them I didn't let on to enyboddy what I did—witch wos to turn over some of the quarts what I thought was likely and Orriferus. Doing this I kem upon some pay ore which them Palmetto fellers had overlookt, or more likely had kaved in upon them

from the bank unknown. Workin' at it in od times by and large, sometimes afore sun up and sometimes after sundown, and all the time keeping up a day's work on the clame for a show to the boys, I emassed a honist fortun in 2 years of 50,000 dolers and still am. But it will be askd by the incredjulos Reeder How did you never let out anything to Injian Spring, and How did you get rid of your yeald? Mister Ford, the Anser is I took it twist a month on hoss back over to La Port and sent it by express to a bank in Sacramento, givin' the name of Daubigny, witch no one in La Port took for me. The Ditch Stok and the Land was all took in the same name, hens the secret was onreviled to the General Eye—stop a minit,” he interrupted himself quickly as the master in an accession of impatient scepticism was about to break in upon him, “it ain't all.” Then dropping his voice to a tremulous and almost funereal climax, he went on :

“Thus we see that pashent indurstry is Rewarded in Spite of Mining Rools and Reggylashuns, and Predgudisses agin Furrin Labor is played out and fleeth like a shad-or contenuyeth not long in One Spot, and that a Man may apear to be off no Account and yet Emass that witch is far abov rubles and Fadith not Away.

“Hoppin' for a continneance

“of your fevors I remain,

“Yours to command,

“BENJ D'AUBIGNY.”

The gloomy satisfaction with which Uncle Ben regarded this peroration—a satisfaction that actually appeared to be equal to the revelation itself—only corroborated the master's indignant doubts.

“Come,” he said, impulsively taking the paper from Uncle Ben's reluctant hand, “how much of this is a concoction of yours and Rupe's—and how much is a true story? Do you really mean—?”

“Hold on, Mr. Ford!” interrupted Uncle Ben, suddenly fumbling in the

breast-pocket of his red shirt, "I reckoned on your being a little hard with me, remembering our first talk 'bout these things—so I allowed I'd bring you some proof." Slowly extracting a long legal envelope from his pocket, he opened it, and drew out two or three crisp certificates of stock, and handed them to the master.

"Ther's one hundred shares made out to Benj Daubigny. I'd hev brought you over the deed of the land too, but ez it's rather hard to read off-hand, on account of the law palaver, I've left it up at the shanty to tackle at odd times by way of practising. But ef you like we'll go up thar, and I'll show it to you."

Still haunted by his belief in Uncle Ben's small duplicities, Mr. Ford hesitated. These were certainly *bond fide* certificates of stock made out to "Daubigny." But he had never actually accepted Uncle Ben's statement of his identity with that person, and now it was offered as a corroboration of a still more improbable story. He looked at Uncle Ben's simple face slightly deepening in colour under his scrutiny—perhaps with conscious guilt.

"Have you made anybody your confidant? Rupe, for instance?" he asked significantly.

"In course not," replied Uncle Ben with a slight stiffening of wounded pride. "On'y yourself, Mr. Ford, and the young feller Stacey from the bank—ez was obligated to know it. In fact, I wos kalkilatin' to ask you to help me talk to him about that yer boundary land."

Mr. Ford's scepticism was at last staggered. Any practical joke or foolish complicity between the agent of the bank and a man like Uncle Ben was out of the question, and if the story were his own sole invention, he would have scarcely dared to risk so accessible and uncompromising a denial as the agent had it in his power to give.

He held out his hand to Uncle Ben. "Let me congratulate you," he said

heartily, "and forgive me if your story really sounded so wonderful I couldn't quite grasp it. Now let me ask you something more. Have you had any reason for keeping this a secret, other than your fear of confessing that you violated a few bigoted and idiotic mining rules—which, after all, are binding only upon sentiment—and which your success has proved to be utterly impractical?"

"There *was* another reason, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben, wiping away an embarrassed smile with the back of his hand, "that is, to be square with you, *why* I thought of consultin' you. I didn't keer to have McKinstry, and—" he added hurriedly, "in course Harrison, too, know that I bought up the title to thar boundary."

"I understand," nodded the master. "I shouldn't think you would."

"Why shouldn't ye?" asked Uncle Ben quickly.

"Well—I don't suppose you care to quarrel with two passionate men."

Uncle Ben's face changed. Presently, however, with his hand to his face, he managed to manipulate another smile, only it appeared for the purpose of being as awkwardly wiped away.

"Say *one* passionate man, Mr. Ford."

"Well, one if you like," returned the master cheerfully. "But for the matter of that, why any? Come—do you mind telling me why you bought the land at all? You know it's of little value to any but McKinstry and Harrison."

"Soppose," said Uncle Ben slowly, with a great affectation of wiping his ink-spotted desk with his sleeve, "Soppose that I had got kinder tired of seein' McKinstry and Harrison allus fightin' and scrimmagin' over their boundary line. Soppose I kalkilated that it warn't the sort o' thing to induce folks to settle here. Soppose I reckoned that by gettin' the real title in my hands I'd have the dead-wood on both o' them, and settle the thing my own way, eh?"

"That certainly was a very laudable intention," returned Mr. Ford, observing Uncle Ben curiously, "and from what you said just now about one passionate man, I suppose you have determined already *who* to favour. I hope your public spirit will be appreciated by Indian Spring at least—if it isn't by those two men."

"You lay low and keep dark and you'll see," returned his companion with a hopefulness of speech which his somewhat anxious eagerness however did not quite bear out. "But you're not goin' yet, surely," he added as the master again abstractedly consulted his watch. "It's on'y half past four. It's true thar ain't any more to tell," he added simply, "but I had an idea that you might hev took to this yer little story of mine more than you 'pear to be, and might be askin' questions and kinder bedevlin' me with jokes ez to what I was goin' to do—and all that. But p'raps it don't seem so wonderful to you arter all. Come to think of it—squarely now," he said, with a singular despondency, "I'm rather sick of it myself—eh?"

"My dear old boy," said Ford, grasping both his hands, with a swift revulsion of shame at his own utterly selfish abstraction, "I am overjoyed at your good luck. More than that, I can say honestly, old fellow, that it couldn't have fallen in more worthy hands, or to any one whose good fortune would have pleased me more. There! And if I've been slow and stupid in taking it in, it is because it's so wonderful, so like a fairy tale of virtue rewarded—as if you were a kind of male Cinderella, old man!" He had no intention of lying—he had no belief that he was: he had only forgotten that his previous impressions and hesitations had arisen from the very fact that he *did* doubt the consistency of the story with his belief in Uncle Ben's weakness. But he thought himself now so sincere that the generous reader, who no doubt is always ready to hail the perfect equity of his

neighbour's good luck, will readily forgive him.

In the plenitude of this sincerity, Ford threw himself at full length on one of the long benches, and with a gesture invited Uncle Ben to make himself equally at his ease. "Come," he said, with boyish gaiety, "let's hear your plans, old man. To begin with, who's to share them with you? Of course there are 'the old folks at home' first; then you have brothers—and perhaps sisters?" He stopped and glanced with a smile at Uncle Ben; the idea of there being a possible female of his species struck his fancy.

Uncle Ben, who had hitherto always exercised a severe restraint—partly from respect and partly from caution—over his long limbs in the school-house, here slowly lifted one leg over another bench, and sat himself astride of it, leaning forward on his elbow, his chin resting between his hands.

"As far as the old folks goes, Mr. Ford, I'm a kind of an orphan."

"A *kind* of orphan?" echoed Ford.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, leaning heavily on his chin, so that the action of his jaws with the enunciation of each word slightly jerked his head forward as if he were imparting confidential information to the bench before him. "Yes, that is, you see, I'm all right ez far as the old man goes—he's dead; died way back in Mizzouri. But ez to my mother, it's sorter betwixt and between—kinder unsartain. You see, Mr. Ford, she went off with a city feller—an entire stranger to me—afore the old man died, and that's wot broke up my schoolin'. Now whether she's here, there, or yon, can't be found out, though Squire Tompkins allowed—and he were a lawyer—that the old man could get a divorce if he wanted, and that you see would make me a whole orphan, ef I keerd to prove title, ez the lawyers say. Well—thut sorter let's the old folks out. Then my brother was onc't drowned in the North Platt, and I never had any

sisters. That don't leave much family for plannin' about—does it?"

"No," said the master reflectively, gazing at Uncle Ben, "unless you avail yourself of your advantages now and have one of your own. I suppose now that you are rich, you'll marry."

Uncle Ben slightly changed his position and then with his finger and thumb began to apparently feed himself with certain crumbs which had escaped from the children's luncheon-baskets and were still lying on the bench. Intent on this occupation and without raising his eyes to the master, he returned slowly, "Well, you see, I'm sorter married already."

The master sat up quickly.

"What, *you* married—now?"

"Well, perhaps that's a question. It's a good deal like my bein' an orphan—on certain and on settled." He paused to pursue an evasive crumb to the end of the bench and having captured it, went on, "It was when I was younger than you be, and she warn't very old neither. But she knew a heap more than I did; and ez to readin' and writin', she was thar, I tell you, every time. You'd hev admired to see her, Mr. Ford." As he paused here as if he had exhausted the subject the master said impatiently, "Well, where is she now?"

Uncle Ben shook his head slowly. "I aint seen her sence I left Mizzouri, goin' on five years ago."

"But why haven't you? What was the matter?" persisted the master.

"Well—you see—I runned away. Not *she*, you know, but *I*—I scooted, skedaddled out here."

"But what for?" asked the master, regarding Uncle Ben with hopeless wonder. "Something must have happened. What was it? Was she—"

"She was a good schollard," said Uncle Ben gravely, "and allowed to be sech, by all. She stood about so high," he continued, indicating with his hand a medium height. "War little and dark complected."

"But you must have had some reason for leaving her?"

"I've sometimes had an idea," said Uncle Ben cautiously, "that mebbe runnin' away ran in some fam'lies. Now, there war my mother run off with an entire stranger, and yer's me ez run off by myself. And what makes it the more one-like is that jest as dad allus allowed he could get a devorce agin mother, so my wife could hev got one agin me for leavin' her. And it's almost an evenhanded game that she hez. It's there where the oncertainty comes in."

"But are you satisfied to remain in this doubt? or do you propose, now that you are able, to institute a thorough search for her?"

"I was kalkilatin' to look around a little," said Uncle Ben simply.

"And return to her if you find her?" continued the master.

"I didn't say that, Mr. Ford."

"But if she hasn't got a divorce from you that's what you'll have to do, and what you ought to do—if I understand your story. For by your own showing, a more causeless, heartless, and utterly inexcusable desertion than yours, I never heard of."

"Do you think so?" said Uncle Ben with exasperating simplicity.

"Do *I* think so?" repeated Mr. Ford indignantly. "Everybody'll think so. They can't think otherwise. You say you deserted her, and you admit she did nothing to provoke it."

"No," returned Uncle Ben quickly, "nothin'. Did I tell you, Mr. Ford, that she could play the pianner and sing?"

"No," said Mr. Ford curtly, rising impatiently and crossing the room. He was more than half convinced that Uncle Ben was deceiving him. Either under the veil of his hide-bound simplicity he was an utterly selfish, heartless, secretive man, or else he was telling an idiotic falsehood.

"I'm sorry I can neither congratulate you nor condole with you on what you have just told me. I cannot see that you have the least excuse for delaying a single moment to search

for your wife and make amends for your conduct. And if you want my opinion it strikes me as being a much more honourable way of employing your new riches than mediating in your neighbours' squabbles. But it's getting late and I'm afraid we must bring our talk to an end. I hope you'll think this over before we meet again—and think differently."

Nevertheless as they both left the school-house, Mr. Ford lingered over the locking of the door to give Uncle Ben a final chance for further explanation. But none came. The new capitalist of Indian Spring regarded him with an intensification of his usual half sad, half embarrassed smile and only said: "You understand this yer's a secret, Mr. Ford?"

"Certainly," said Ford with ill-concealed irritation.

"'Bout my bein' sorter married?"

"Don't be alarmed," he responded drily; "it's not a taking story."

They separated; Uncle Ben, more than ever involved in his usual unsatisfactory purposes, wending his way towards his riches; the master lingering to observe his departure before he plunged, in virtuous superiority, into the woods that fringed the Harrison and McKinstry boundaries.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE religious attitude which Mrs. McKinstry had assumed towards her husband's weak civilized tendencies was not entirely free from human rancour. That strong loyal nature which had unsexed itself in the one idea of duty, now that duty seemed to be no longer appreciated took refuge in her forgotten womanhood and in the infinitesimally small arguments, resources and manœuvres at its command. She had conceived a singular jealousy of this daughter who had changed her husband's nature and who had supplanted the traditions of the household life; she had acquired an exaggerated depreciation of those feminine charms which had never been a factor in her

own domestic happiness. She saw in her husband's desire to mitigate the savage austerities of their habits only a weak concession to the powers of beauty and adornment—degrading vanities she had never known in their life-long struggle for frontier supremacy—that had never brought them victorious out of that struggle. "Frizzles," "furlblows" and "fancy fixin's" had never helped them in their exodus across the plains; had never taken the place of swift eyes, quick ears, strong hands and endurance; had never nursed the sick or bandaged the wounded. When envy or jealousy invade the female heart after forty it is apt to bring a bitterness which knows no attenuating compensation in that coquetry, emulation, passionate appeal or innocent tenderness which makes tolerable the jealous caprices of the younger woman. The struggle for rivalry is felt to be hopeless, the power of imitation is gone. Of her forgotten womanhood Mrs. McKinstry revived only a capacity to suffer meanly and inflict mean suffering upon others. In the ruined castle of her youth, and the falling in of banqueting hall and bower, the dungeon and torture-chamber appeared to have been left, or to use her own metaphor, she had querulously complained to the parson that, "Accordin' to some folks, she mout hev bin the barren fig-tree e-elected to bear per-simmums."

Her methods were not entirely different from those employed by her suffering sisterhood in like emergencies. The unlucky Hiram, "worried by stock," was hardly placated or consoled by learning from her that it was only the result of his own weakness, acting upon the cussedness of the stock-dispersing Harrisons; the perplexity into which he was thrown by the news of the new legal claim to his land, was not soothed by the suggestion that it was a trick of that Yankee civilization to which he was meanly succumbing. She who had always been a rough but devoted nurse in sickness was now

herself overtaken by vague irregular disorders which involved the greatest care and the absence of all exciting causes. The attendance of McKinstry and Cressy at a "crazy quilting party" had brought on "blind chills"; the importation of a melodion for Cressy to play on had superinduced an "innerd rash," and a threatened attack of "palsy creeps" had only been warded off by the timely postponement of an evening-party suggested by her daughter. The old nomadic instinct morbidly excited by her discontent, caused her to lay artful plans for a further emigration. She knew she had the germs of "mash fever" caught from the adjacent river; she related mysterious information, gathered in "class meeting", of the superior facilities for stock raising on the higher foot-hills; she resuscitated her dead and gone Missouri relations in her daily speech, to a manifest invidious comparison with the living; she revived even the incidents of her early married life with the same baleful intent. The acquisition of a few "biled shirts" by Hiram for festive appearances with Cressy painfully reminded her that he had married her in "hickory"; she further accented the change by herself appearing in her oldest clothes, on the hypothesis that it was necessary for some one to keep up the traditions of the past.

Her attitude towards Cressy would have been more decided had she ever possessed the slightest influence over her, or had even understood her with the intuitive sympathies of the maternal relations. Yet she went so far as to even openly regret the breaking off of the match with Seth Davis, whose family at least still retained the habits and traditions she revered; but she was promptly silenced by her husband informing her that words "that had to be tuk back" had already passed between him and Seth's father, and that according to those same traditions blood was more likely to be spilled than mingled. Whether she was only withheld from attempting

a reconciliation herself through lack of tact and opportunity remains to be seen. For the present she encouraged Masters's attentions under a new and vague idea that a flirtation which distracted Cressy from her studies was displeasing to McKinstry and inimical to his plans. Blindly ignorant of Mr. Ford's possible relations to her daughter, and suspecting nothing, she felt towards him only a dull aversion as being the senseless pivot of her troubles. Seeing no one and habitually closing her ears to any family allusion to Cressy's social triumphs, she was unaware of even the popular admiration their memorable waltz had excited.

On the morning of the day that Uncle Ben had confided to the master his ingenious plan for settling the boundary disputes, the barking of McKinstry's yellow dog announced the approach of a stranger to the ranch. It proved to be Mr. Stacey—not only as dazzlingly arrayed as when he first rose above Johnny Filgee's horizon, but wearing in addition to his jaunty business air a look of complacent expectation of the pretty girl whom he had met at the ball. He had not seen her for a month. It was a happy inspiration of his own that enabled him to present himself that morning in the twin functions of a victorious Mercury and Apollo.

McKinstry had to be summoned from an adjacent meadow, while Cressy in the meantime undertook to entertain the gallant stranger. This was easily done. It was part of her fascinations that, disdaining the ordinary real or assumed ignorance of the *ingénue* of her class, she generally exhibited to her admirers (with perhaps the single exception of the master) a laughing consciousness of the state of mind into which her charms had thrown them. She understood their passion if she could not accept it. This to a bashful rustic community was helpful, but in the main unsatisfactory; with advances so promptly unmasked the most strategic retreat

was apt to become an utter rout. Leaning against the lintel of the door, her curved hand shading the sparkling depths of her eyes, and the sunlight striking down upon the pretty curves of her languid figure, she awaited the attack.

"I haven't seen you, Miss Cressy, since we danced together—a month ago."

"That was mighty rough papers," said Cressy, who was purposely dialectical to strangers, "considering that you trapped up and down the lane, past the house, twice yesterday."

"Then you saw me?" said the young man, with a slightly discomfited laugh.

"I did. And so did the hound, and so, I reckon, did Joe Masters and the hired man. And when you pranced back on the home stretch, there was the hound, Masters, the hired man and Maw all on your trail, and Paw bringin' up the rear with a shot-gun. There was about a half-a-mile of you altogether." She removed her hand from her eyes to indicate with a lazily graceful sweep this somewhat imaginative procession, and laughed.

"You are certainly well guarded," said Stacey hesitatingly; "and looking at you, Miss Cressy," he added boldly, "I don't wonder at it."

"Well, it is reckoned that next to Paw's boundaries I'm pretty well protected from squatters and jumpers."

Forceful and quaint as her language was, the lazy sweetness of her intonation, and the delicate refinement of her face, more than atoned for it. It was unconventional and picturesque as her gestures. So at least thought Mr. Stacey, and it emboldened him to further gallantry.

"Well, Miss Cressy, as my business with your father to-day was to try to effect a compromise of his boundary claims, perhaps you might accept my services in your own behalf."

"Which means," responded the young lady pertly, "the same thing to me as to Paw. No trespassers but yourself. Thank you, sir." She

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twirled lightly on her heel and dropped him that exaggerated courtesy known to the school children as a "cheese." It permitted in its progress the glimpse of a pretty little slipper which completed his subjugation.

"Well, if it's only a fair compromise," he began laughingly.

"Compromise means somebody giving up. Who is it?" she asked.

The infatuated Stacey had reached the point of thinking this repartee if possible more killing than his own.

"Ha! That's for Miss Cressy to say."

But the young lady leaning back against the lintel with the comfortable ease of being irresponsibly diverted, sagely pointed out that that was the function of the arbitrator.

"Ah well, suppose we begin by giving up Seth Davis, eh? You see that I'm pretty well posted, Miss Cressy."

"You alarm me," said Cressy sweetly. "But I reckon he *had* given up."

"He was in the running that night at the ball. Looked half savage while I was dancing with you. Wanted to eat me."

"Poor Seth! And he used to be so particular in his food," said the witty Cressy.

Mr. Stacey was convulsed. "And there's Mr. Dabney—Uncle Ben," he continued, "eh? Very quiet but very sly. A dark horse, eh? Pretends to take lessons for the sake of being near some one, eh? Would he were a boy again because somebody else is a girl!"

"I should be frightened of you if you lived here always," returned Cressy with invincible *naïveté*; "but perhaps then you wouldn't know so much."

Stacey simply accepted this as a compliment. "And there's Masters," he said insinuatingly.

"Not Joe?" said Cressy with a low laugh, turning her eyes to the door.

"Yes," said Stacey with a quick

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uneasy smile. "Ah! I see we mustn't drop *him*. Is he out *there*?" he added trying to follow the direction of her eyes.

But the young girl kept her face studiously averted. "Is that all?" she asked after a pause.

"Well—there's that solemn school-master, who cut me out of the waltz with you—that Mr. Ford."

Had he been a perfectly cool and impartial observer he would have seen the slight tremor cross Cressy's soft eyelids even in profile, followed by that momentary arrest of her whole face, mouth, dimples and eyes, which had overtaken it the night the master entered the ball-room. But he was neither, and it passed quickly and unnoticed. Her usual lithe but languid play of expression and colour came back and she turned her head lazily towards the speaker. "There's Paw coming. I suppose you wouldn't mind giving me a sample of your style of arbitrating with him, before you try it on me?"

"Certainly not," said Stacey, by no means displeased at the prospect of having so pretty and intelligent a witness in the daughter, of what he believed would form an attractive display of his diplomatic skill and graciousness to the father. "Don't go away. I've got nothing to say Miss Cressy could not understand and answer."

The jingling of spurs, and the shadow of McKinstry and his shot-gun falling at this moment between the speaker and Cressy, spared her the necessity of a reply. McKinstry cast an uneasy glance around the apartment, and not seeing Mrs. McKinstry looked relieved, and even the deep traces of the loss of a valuable steer that morning partly faded from his Indian-red complexion. He placed his shot-gun carefully in the corner, took his soft felt hat from his head, folded it and put it in one of the capacious pockets of his jacket, turned to his daughter, and laying his maimed hand familiarly on her shoul-

der, said gravely, without looking at Stacey, "What might the stranger be wantin', Cressy?"

"Perhaps I'd better answer that myself," said Stacey briskly. "I'm acting for Benham and Co., of San Francisco, who have bought the Spanish title to part of this property. I——"

"Stop there!" said McKinstry, in a voice dull but distinct. He took his hat from his pocket, put it on, walked to the corner and took up his gun, looked at Stacey for the first time with narcotic eyes that seemed to drowsily absorb his slight figure, then put the gun back half contemptuously, and with a wave of his hand towards the door, said; "We'll settle this yer outside. Cressy, you stop in here. There's man's talk goin' on."

"But, Paw," said Cressy, laying her hand languidly on her father's sleeve without the least change of colour or amused expression. "This gentleman has come over here on a compromise."

"On a—*which*?" said McKinstry, glancing scornfully out of the door for some rare species of mustang vaguely suggested to him in that unfamiliar word.

"To see if we couldn't come to some fair settlement," said Stacey. "I've no objection to going outside with you, but I think we can discuss this matter here just as well." His fine feathers had not made him a coward, although his heart had beaten a little faster at this sudden recollection of the dangerous reputation of his host.

"Go on," said McKinstry.

"The plain facts of the case are these," continued Stacey, with more confidence. "We have sold a strip of this property covering the land in dispute between you and Harrison. We are bound to put our purchaser in peaceable possession. Now to save time we are willing to buy that possession of any man who can give it. We are told that you can."

"Well, considerin' that for the last four years I've been fightin' night and day agin them low down Harrisons for it, I reckon you've been lied to," said McKinstry deliberately. "Why—except the clearing on the north side, whar I put up a barn, thar ain't an acre of it as hasn't been shifted first this side and then that as fast ez I druv boundary stakes and fences, and the Harrisons pulled 'em up agin. Thar ain't more than fifty acres ez I've hed a clear hold on, and I wouldn't hev had that ef it hadn't bin for the barn, the raisin' alone o' which cost me a man, two horses, and this yer little finger."

"Put us in possession of even that fifty acres, and we'll undertake to hold the rest and eject those Harrisons from it," returned Stacey complacently. "You understand that the moment we've made a peaceable entrance to even a foothold on your side, the Harrisons are only trespassers, and with the title to back us we can call on the whole sheriff's *posse* to put them off. That's the law."

"That ar the law?" repeated McKinstry meditatively.

"Yes," said Stacey. "So," he continued, with a self-satisfied smile to Cressy, "far from being hard on you, Mr. McKinstry, we're rather inclined to put you on velvet. We offer you a fair price for the only thing you can give us—actual possession; and we help you with your old grudge against the Harrisons. We not only clear them out, but we pay *you* for even the part they held adversely to you."

Mr. McKinstry passed his three whole fingers over his forehead and eyes as if troubled by a drowsy aching. "Then you don't reckon to hev anythin' to say to them Harrisons?"

"We don't propose to recognize them in the matter at all," returned Stacey.

"Nor allow 'em anythin'?"

"Not a cent! So you see, Mr. McKinstry," he continued magnani-

mously, yet with a mischievous smile to Cressy, "there is nothing in this amicable discussion that requires to be settled outside."

"Ain't there?" said McKinstry, in a dull, deliberate voice, raising his eyes for the second time to Stacey. They were bloodshot, with a heavy, hanging furtiveness, not unlike one of his own hunted steers. "But I ain't kam enuff in yer." He moved to the door with a beckoning of his fateful hand. "Outside a minit—*ef* you please."

Stacey started, shrugged his shoulders, and half defiantly stepped beyond the threshold. Cressy, unchanged in colour or expression, lazily followed to the door.

"Wot," said McKinstry, slowly facing Stacey; "Wot ef I refoose? Wot ef I say I don't allow any man, or any bank, or any compromise, to take up my quo'r'ls? Wot ef I say that low-down and mean as them Harrisons is, they don't begin to be ez mean, ez low-down, ez underhanded, ez sneakin' ez that yer compromise? Wot ef I say that ef that's the kind o' hogwash that law and snivelization offers me for peace and quietness, I'll take the fightin', and the law-breakin', and the sheriff, and all h—ll for his *posse* instead? Wot ef I say that?"

"It will only be my duty to repeat it," said Stacey, with an affected carelessness which however did not conceal his surprise and his discomfiture. "It's no affair of mine."

"Unless," said Cressy, assuming her old position against the lintel of the door, and smoothing the worn bearskin that served as a mat with the toe of her slipper, "unless you've mixed it up with your other arbitration, you know."

"Wot other arbitration?" asked McKinstry suddenly, with murky eyes.

Stacey cast a rapid half indignant glance at the young girl, who received it with her hands tucked behind her back, her lovely head bent submis-

sively forward, and a prolonged little laugh.

"Oh nothing, Paw," she said, "only a little private foolishness betwixt me and the gentleman. You'd admire to hear him talk, Paw—about other things than business. He's just that chipper and gay."

Nevertheless as with a muttered "Good morning" the young fellow turned away, she quietly brushed past her father, and followed him—with her hands still penitently behind her, and the rosy palms turned upward—as far as the gate. Her single long Marguerite braid of hair trailing down her back nearly to the hem of her skirt, appeared to accent her demure reserve. At the gate she shaded her eyes with her hand, and glanced upward.

"It don't seem to be a good day for arbitrating. A trifle early in the season, ain't it?"

"Good morning, Miss McKinstry."

She held out her hand. He took it with an affected ease but cautiously,

as if it had been the velvet paw of a young panther who had scratched him. After all, what was she but the cub of the untamed beast, McKinstry? He was well out of it! He was not revengeful—but business was business, and he had given them the first chance.

As his figure disappeared behind the buckeyes of the lane, Cressy cast a glance at the declining sun. She re-entered the house, and went directly to her room. As she passed the window, she could see her father already remounted galloping towards the tules, as if in search of that riparian "kam" his late interview had disturbed. A few straggling bits of colour in the sloping meadows were the children coming home from school. She hastily tied a girlish sun-bonnet under her chin, and slipping out of the back-door, swept like a lissom shadow along the line of fence until she seemed to melt into the umbrage of the woods that fringed the distant north boundary.

(To be continued.)

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM as a political, social, or ecclesiastical idea formulated in any constitutions or confessions; the "ever-smiling Liberty," "the high-souled maid" of the poets, others shall praise. It is possible that the goddess appears less golden in 1888 than in 1788, when a credulous age thought she was coming down from heaven to take the place of Astræa, and when Madame Roland had not yet died "in her name." Of the freedom which I propose to describe there was as good commodity under Domitian as under Marcus Aurelius; and no Acts of Parliament nor ballot-boxes can affect it for better or worse.

I mean by it a state of mind, not a political or social condition. It is an inward not an outward growth, and is little affected by circumstances where it already exists, though its development may be checked or forwarded by them.

Among the ancients the question of freedom and its opposite was treated by the analogy of freeman and slave. They had before their eyes a majority of the human race bound to serve with no wages but food and lodging; with no choice of place, employer, or labour, liable to blows, branding, torture, prison, crucifixion, at the pleasure of their owner, and with little chance of any improvement of their condition. These the moralists left out of sight, or only cited them as examples of all that the wise or virtuous man must avoid. The "free" type of character was opposed to the "slavish;" the slave was regarded as a superior beast. He was *neuter* in morality. His virtue was called "usefulness," his vice "worthlessness."

This state of things has long gone by; but as we still read ancient writers, our ideas of words are modified

by theirs, and one of the ideas connected with the "slavish" character is that absence of morality which arises from absence of responsibility. A life spent in obedience has no room for choice. One of the characters of freedom, then, is choice of good and evil.

To antiquity succeeded the Middle Ages, and to slavery serfdom, mollified and sanctified by Christian feeling. The law did little to help the poor; but the tyrannical master had to fear the Church. Under the patronage of the Church a new sentiment arose. In the eyes of the Church Onesimus was the brother of his owner, and an equal partaker in the same Christian duties and privileges. A sense of personal worth was born in all. Immediate personal slavery became extinct by degrees.

The right to cut his own crops and boil his own pot in his own house was conceded to the serf, whereas the slave had to herd in a barrack, and received the daily mess of pottage served out to him and his fellows. Yet from this concession arose that stately manhood which we honour in the liberties of Switzerland and Holland, and which has made our own country the model of all the nations that aspire to freedom. Among slaves there is little sense of brotherhood—though it is one of the miracles of Christianity to have brought brotherly love to perfection in a society of slaves—but raise men ever so little above the state of absolute dependence, give them what they can call their own, and they will combine for mutual defence. Resistance without brotherhood is either a brute instinct or mere rebellion; with brotherhood it becomes divine. Naboth, if he refused the king's request for himself, was a churl, if for the sake

of the rights of his brethren in Israel, he died a martyr. We get here another character of liberty: that it must not be for self but for others. Obedience is better than rebellion; but to contend for the freedom of brethren is better than obedience.

"Desire and fear," says the moralist, "are the two roots of sin." The unselfish man is free from desire of good things for himself. If he is free also from fear of evil he has added another grace to freedom. "Gott steh' mir bei, Ich kann nicht anders (God help me! I cannot do otherwise)," and "Je maintiendrai (I will maintain)," are the mottoes of the Christian and the soldier hero. The sound of fear is absent from both. William of Orange and Luther had renounced the desire of advantage; they had also thrown away the fear of evil. They were contending for the freedom of the world, spiritual or political, and they had done with the fear of devils and kings.

Here then we put down another character of freedom—fearlessness.

But enough of external things. Freedom, if it means the power and right to do as one wills, has nothing noble in itself; but to contend for freedom of choice in things lawful for others is noble, and it can be only well conceived and executed by those who, possessing the power of choice, know also how to use it and are themselves free. What is it then that makes a man free, and worthy to win or defend the freedom of others?

Power of choice, unselfishness, fearlessness: on this foundation rises the stately building. But is it not after all a paradox to speak of power of choice at all? As judgment is the recognition of the stronger argument, so choice of action is the submission to the stronger motive. "Reason also is choice," says Milton; perhaps he might have said more truly "Choice is Reason." Reasonable choice is not capricious: it obeys the right. The sense of freedom is strengthened by the exercise of conscious choice; the

habit of choosing the right seems to be within our own power; and if we act as if we were free we become free, or if not free, servants to the law of liberty. Another character of liberty: obedience to what we believe to be the highest rule. He alone who of his own choice without selfish desire or fear obeys his conscience, is free.

If this is true, it follows that outward circumstance has nothing to do with a free spirit. A man cannot separate himself from circumstance; he cannot always create circumstance, but he can control it. "What is this to me?" is in its better sense the answer of the free spirit to things around. St. Paul could be moved neither by life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature. "I thank God I have won the victory," said Sir Thomas More, when he was leaving his wife and children and friends, and his house and garden at Chelsea, and place and power, for a dungeon and rude gaolers and the death of a traitor. Weak men have met the stake and the wild beasts. The martyr is sustained by his fellows and by the prospect of the palm and crown, as the soldier is strengthened by honour and comradeship to endure the extremities of war. It requires a higher courage and a finer spirit to lose the love of friends and relations, to be singular, to be despised, to lose usefulness as well as honour in order to obey some rule which seems to others silly and fanatical. It is perhaps even harder to follow an unappreciated ideal in the midst of the petty but endless hindrances of home or society, of local or professional custom. Christian met the lions of the Hill Difficulty with less delay than it cost him to escape from his wife and neighbours.

There are always to be found some who wisely, others who unwisely, give up the world. Those who do it wisely, do it because either they cannot live in the common trade of life without becoming merely unprofitable, or be-

cause they have better things to do than buying, selling, marrying, and giving in marriage. Compare Bacon with Cromwell. Both groaned over Mesech and Kedar, and neither changed his place of sojourning. But Cromwell felt "it could not be," and never turned away from war and policy to tend sheep by his woodside, or spend his days in preaching and meditation.

Many men have given up the world when they have failed in it, or had their fill of it. It was because he was a courtier and a fine gentleman, as well as a wit and a scholar, that we admire the sacrifice of George Herbert :

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town ;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown."

To be unable to make such a sacrifice when occasion comes, may arise from want of that "just self-esteem founded on right and good," which is needed to set the balance true, as well as just humility. There are those that shiver on the brink of new circumstances, who, if they had freedom, would take up work better suited to their hand than that to which choice or chance has set them. To go on merely because you are here and not there—because you have become used to a certain income, a certain position, a certain round of work and holiday, without regard to the quality of your work or whether you are fitter to do this or that—this is to be a mill-horse, not a man ; to forfeit all claim to freedom ; to be the slave of your own indolence of mind, or of the prejudice and pusillanimity of those with whom you live.

It is, however, seldom the case that a man is justified in leaving his profession or business till he has given the best of his life to it. Indolence or conceit prompts such action for the most part, not a wise comparison of the probable worth of life in and out of harness, still less a conscience of a work to be done. For the majority it is better to live from day to day than to spoil life by dreaming of something

different. To live in the hurry of professional life is distracting or absorbing, but it also is strengthening. The cloister breeds more weeds than flowers, and more flowers than fruit. It is generally but not always true, that a "character is formed in the stream of the world." But, on the other hand, the world wants talent as much as character. Crosses are needed for all as sign-posts to heaven, but if we could choose crosses for others, we would not have laid on Knox the discipline of a galley-slave, on Hooker to rock the cradle and tend the sheep, on Marcus Aurelius to make wars, on Seneca to govern Nero, on Casaubon the burden of twenty children and service at Court. Freedom is shown here in two ways : in choice of life—a choice which few men make, for many enter a profession or court a woman with less preparation than they give to the building of a house ; and in dealing with circumstance which comes without choice. Poverty and ill-health, and the hindrances of the present, have furnished plentiful themes to writers of sermons and essays. The future is in the hand of God ; yet this too should in fact exercise an influence on our present choice. But what is to be said of our past lives ? They cannot be obliterated any more than wrinkles or scars, or the changes of the body from childhood to age. We are what our parents and our ancestors have made us. We grow into fresh habits and tendencies of our forefathers as we pass from decade to decade of life, reproducing fatally what they felt and did at the same season of life. Kinsfolk may be shunned, dropped, forgotten, but they exist nevertheless as the interpretation of ourselves, and it is no sign of freedom to ignore this fact. It is likeness in unlikeness which makes family quarrels the bitterest, the keener bite of "benefits forgot, friends remembered not." The way to avoid them is to acknowledge facts—not to attempt an artificial harmony, or behave as if no change of time or scene could alter the habitual

state of feeling towards people whom you used to live with and now see once in five years ; nor on the other hand to exaggerate differences of place and circumstance, or be unfaithful to the past. It is so with friendship also. We have given to others a right to part of ourselves, and we cannot honestly recall it. The free spirit does not wish it ; for faithfulness is another character of freedom. No teaching of George Eliot cuts deeper than her scorn of unfaithfulness, the willingness to forget the inconvenient past. Tito Melema is the type of unfaithfulness, because he chooses to consider only what he is, without recognizing the persons and things which had made him such.

I have spoken hitherto of freedom as a quality depending partly at least on habit and practice—as if it could be taught or learnt. The use of freedom can be learnt as cricket, riding, or Greek. Yet many will remain bunglers to the end ; and to renounce a pursuit in which failure is certain is the only way to escape being ridiculous. And so to many the wisest use of the choice which is liberty, is to renounce liberty and take up obedience. And thus they were often wise who renounced liberty in the cloister. Others there are who have a natural power of it, for whom rules are not made. They may become libertines, or they may follow the law of liberty.

This capacity of liberty, as when it is perfect is a man's most glorious possession, so on a lower scale it does much to make life happy. The free giver, the ready laugh, the cheerful sharer in the pains and pleasures of others, the hearty comrade, the lover of children, for whom inferiors and even animals feel an instinct of service. There is a kind of largeness of nature often to be found in company with largeness of bodily frame. Size and strength are often found together with softness, but oftener they are combined with an absence of fear and a sense of personal superiority which ought to be, and often is, good-natured supe-

riority—a superiority of temper and generosity which becomes one who has natural advantages. Such a man may be gross and violent, but he is seldom waspish. This is the form in which freedom is most genial and not most rare ; it is a grace of nature. The name of "frankness" is rightly given to this character, and it is one of the most delightful things in human nature. The feminine counterpart is nowhere better seen than in early womanhood, because young women are not pestered with thoughts of a livelihood or a career—their business is to be happy and useful, and to be loved and admired. But Mephistopheles maintains wives and unmarried sisters to be the best preachers of liberty, because they do not desire it for themselves. They are not troubled by ambition or the desire of recognition which makes so many a man's life bitter. It is true that a peculiarly narrow form of worldliness, that of wishing to rise in society, especially belongs to women, and that the corresponding vice is less odious in men, who have to strive for their place in life. But a woman who is contented with her home and her place is the mirror of noble humanity. Thankfulness is one of the characters of freedom ; and the method of contentment, whatever the spirit from which it springs, is to deal cheerfully with details. A man who quarrels with his bread and butter because it is not ambrosia will always be hungry. If he thinks his farm, his counting-house, his village school, his lecture-room, his quarter-sessions too small for him, he will never find a room large enough for the exercise of his virtues. I am not saying that to desire a wider field or a higher work is unworthy of the free spirit. Desire for recognition is too often found side by side with personal jealousy, which may ripen into malignity. Such personal and professional jealousies are hindrances to freedom. Your adversary takes the judgeship or the recordership which would have made you a rich man ; he gains the elections which you lose ;

his family connection, his vulgar good looks, his insincere rhetoric, his odious obsequiousness, his unscrupulous support of the winning cause, takes away not only the praise from your ears but the bread from your mouth. And so the disappointed man becomes a slave, not merely to his own vanity but to his rival's success. There is more often than not a reason for his disappointment. It is well for him if he shows his control of circumstance by not ignoring it; otherwise disappointment ripens into envy. To be free from envy and jealousy is another note of liberty. Perhaps the meaning of what I have been saying may be best brought out by examples. They shall be examples of freedom by inheritance, and freedom by conquest or by purchase.

One of the most complete examples of the man whose freedom comes by nature is Montaigne. He is so superior to all personal pride and sensitiveness that he can contemplate impartially the workings of his own heart and mind.

Scott is another instance. A man of many weaknesses, prejudiced and unjust in politics—of the world, if Mr. Ruskin will have it so; but if Sir Walter Scott is of the world, humbler citizens of it need not despair,—unduly and not altogether nobly deferent to birth and rank, so not superior to personal antipathies nor to the common code of honour of his time; a careless spender of money easily got; a reckless speculator; no saint, either in his judgment or his personal habits of mind. Yet how free he was from anything which degrades. How delightful the description of his life at Abbotsford; how exalted his ideal, never with him removed from practice, of chivalry, industry, soundness in every relation of life. Nothing base or mean was in him. His stoical endurance of poverty and ill-health was not put on as a philosopher's cloak; it was genuine, and he took no credit for it. His kindness, his chivalrous respect for the poor, the unfortunate,

and the dull, are all his own. If the Scots are above all things a free people, the Memorial of Scott stands fittingly in Edinburgh as the monument in its noblest embodiment of their distinguishing national virtue. How well he contrasts with Byron, to whom he yielded at once as his superior in the field of poetry—not that he thought meanly of his own genius; he accepted as his right homage willingly given, but never grudged others their share of praise.

And his freedom of soul was based upon obedience. His code of morals may have been unenlightened, but it was genuine, and he obeyed it. Though Scott was not a Puritan, there was something of Puritan sincerity in him as in his Puritan heroes; he had the "mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle" of Jeannie Deans. He lived in the fear of God, and never believed in happiness or goodness which was not disciplined. Scott's life is full of acts of kindness shown to less successful writers—acts which involved the spending of time, pains, and money. If he was enslaved by the passion for speculation, and if this part of his life is not wholly pardonable, he expiated much by the example which he set of sacrificing everything to the payment of his debts. It is not just to say that he received great payment for bad work. His work was always unequal; but the years which produced "*Woodstock*" and the "*Chronicles of the Canongate*" are not unworthy to be compared with the best part of his literary career.

Or to take an instance from history. Henry the Fourth of France with all his libertinism was worthy to be a leader to freedom by reason of the freedom in him. He was capable of self-repression and of painful sacrifice. The very saying by which he is best known is rather the expression of tolerance than of irreligion. He may well be compared with his kinsmen, the Constable of Bourbon, and Condé, falsely termed the Great, whose vanity and egotism drove them into rebellion

against their country and alliance with the Empire and Spain. William of Orange is one of these who conquered freedom. He deliberately chose to live laborious days, and freedom gave him not a crown, but toil and privation. I would not put his grandson in the same scale, for great as he was, there was more of personal ambition and pride in his life. It was his pride to thwart Lewis the Fourteenth, a personal contest no less than a natural hostility to the chief enemy of liberty.

Johnson conquered his freedom from the grasp of ill-health, hypochondria, and indolence. His will to be free prevailed over everything by virtue of courage, judgment, and warmth of heart. His whole life was a battle for freedom, and a victory over devils as real as those which vexed St. Antony. And how many St. Antonys have there been who defended an empty fastness; whose strength spent itself in fighting chimeras and fashioning a character which had no usefulness left in it? The Thebaid and the monasteries of the West were full of men whose earnest and unrelenting efforts made them no more pious and less useful than if they had bought and sold, planted and builded, and had the substance of freedom, leaving its form to the monks. But we are not to reckon with these unintelligent votaries such an anchorite as George Herbert, who knew the value both of what he purchased and what he gave for it; or as Erasmus, when he refused the cardinal's hat offered as the price of discreet silence.

Of intellectual freedom I have nothing to say which has not been said a hundred times. Locke's warnings against "local truth," prejudice, authority, are well known and are always true. We have not outgrown Plato and Bacon, but the tendency of the present age is to discredit old authority and to set up new; it is the story of the New Presbyter and the Old Priest over again; but the dogmatist in this case is the negative not the positive authority. The negative

arm of argument, of which Grote in his "Plato" wrote so wisely, threatens the other with an atrophy. The dicta of natural philosophers are superseding those of the ancients; but it is a mistake to suppose that the moderns are free from the old error of submitting inquiry to authority; and it is perhaps a more pernicious error to believe what is new than what is old for that reason merely. Even in Cicero's time, natural philosophers could be spoken of as "a most arrogant sort of men," and our modern physicists are not inferior in arrogance to their predecessors. It is not too often that modesty is combined with knowledge as it was in Darwin and Faraday. The danger of the present time is to think that all knowledge is scientific, and that the only popes are the wise men of to-day. In intellectual matters, humility is one of the characters of liberty. He who would know anything, must in the first place confess ignorance: he must neither take things for granted, nor yet accept anything beyond his own conclusions. He must keep his mind free both from dogmatism and from despair of knowing, and above all from the self-deception of conceit. Good sense is an ingredient of free thought.

But intellectual freedom is not entirely dependent on logic. It requires freedom of will, courage, and other virtues to take one's own views and think consistently, and therefore rightly. Authority may be accepted from servility or laziness, or because we wish its conclusions to be true. The fault is in our will, and it obscures our vision; we "cozen our soul into byways of error" by slipping into the error of a partizan. One need only take up to-day's newspaper and read an electioneering speech or a parliamentary debate to see how miserable is the logic of party. In nine cases out of ten, we are inclined to say that the speaker is either deliberately misstating the case, or that looking at one side of it has prevented him from seeing the other; in either case his intellectual freedom is ruined. It is

strange that it should be so; for honest speech always makes itself felt, and you cannot convince without conviction. Politicians seem to forget that their business is to help to solve questions of practical philosophy, not to defend a thesis; and hence it is that there is so much of bad politics in the world.

It is a pity that there should be such a term as "independent" politician. All public men ought to be independent, if they have honesty and courage. Unwise and intemperate candour is often a mark of a weak head, and makes a man shift and untrustworthy; real candour, which is never found apart from courage, may sometimes spoil the game of party, but it has its reward in the long run. For the rank and file, however, obedience is better than captious independence. It is a safe rule to follow your party if you cannot lead it, and not inconsistent with an honourable independence. A man who says he belongs to no party has for the most part no heart in the matter.

There is no greater obligation incumbent on the free than to help others to be free. No one can love liberty for himself without cherishing it in others. He knows what it has cost him, and he would not keep it to himself. The tyrant, in great or in little, is not free; his rule is his own caprice, or obstinacy; to regulate, to domineer, to apply his own standard to others, to be intolerant of opinions, tastes, sentiments which do not fall in with his own, and to carry out his own will without regard to the wills of others. This is not liberty. He who loves freedom delights to see the free working of nature in others. He likes to see his children grow up to be themselves, not reflections of their parents. He is tolerant even of what he does not like, for he knows that no true taste or judgment can be formed except by native growth or free acceptance. He would not have all even think as he does, for he has humility enough to know that he is often mis-

taken, and he honestly respects difference of judgment, because it is the only road to truth, and because every tree must bear its own fruit, and he would not wish to hang apples on a barren stock. And because he respects the opinions and feelings of others, he is respected in return; because, as he is not for ever imposing his own views, regulating and hindering the action of others, so when he speaks his mind or asserts his will, it is felt that he acts from honest conviction, not from wilfulness or caprice. I do not deny that a domineering temper, like other forms of selfishness, may effect its object; but it is effected at the cost of peace and the wiser control which comes of itself to superior wisdom.

On the stage of history the domineering temper creates Napoleons and Lewis the Eleventh. It is a matter of everyday experience in the dealings of masters and workmen, teachers and pupils, parents and children, and disfigures characters which in other respects are admirable. Read "Emile and Levana", teachers and parents, and learn that there is nothing more precious than the liberty of a child.

From the moral point of view that choice, in which freedom consists, must be exercised within limits, or liberty becomes license. "Only the Law can give us Liberty." The law must be a schoolmaster, not only to Jews and Gentiles, but for every person individually. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" it is also the beginning of liberty. Liberty needs the safeguard of the sense of right and wrong. The true Puritan thinks nothing indifferent; he exaggerates the truth, that right and wrong have a place in every part of life. The biblical narrowness of England still contains some of its wholesomeness. How long it will continue to do so, is a question for the next generation to solve. We are perhaps growing to be too tolerant of evil. Our grandfathers and grandmothers drew a sharp line at certain opinions and actions, and refused to countenance them. Now-

adays bishops hobnob with atheists, and hope for their salvation without attempting to convert them; and all degrees of immorality are winked at if the sinner is a sufficiently eminent artist, actor or author, or a foreigner. If everything is not an open question, politeness demands that we should behave as if it were so. I would not wish to return to the manners and beliefs of the seventeenth century; but there is something to be learned from such a book as the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," or the simple rectitude of "Robinson Crusoe." The crude idea of Providence which prevailed then, however unscientific, worked well, and our new epicureanism does not altogether take its place as a guide of conduct. We take a personal standard, not a moral standard. We follow our virtuous impulses, but forget that it is by rule and not by sentiment that our vicious impulses must be curbed, till after the struggle of many years they are tamed. We think perhaps that a delicate taste, or a generous spirit, or a theory that life is to be led as a fine art, will save us, and we ignore the fact that the beast within each of us must be chained and kennelled before the godlike nature can range safely and enjoy its native liberty. When we have subdued the seven deadly sins, it will be time to think of uncontrolled liberty. If life is a matter of taste, the mind must be purified by discipline, in order to see things in their true colours, and to choose and reject in accordance with a right sentiment. If a generous spirit is to solve the problem, we want discipline to drive out whatever there is mean and ungenerous in our character. If life is an art, the truest artist knows best that it is only through obedience, humility, self-repression, unceasing labour within the limits of rule, that the certainty of hand, eye, and judgment is gained, in which consists the liberty of the great painter. We have discredited the idea of duty, without strengthening love; we talk about human nature as if it were already

perfect, and had nothing to do but to follow its impulses, or else we drop into the opposite error and represent it as a prey to contending emotions, a helpless hulk on a sea of calamities and passions.¹ The end of George Sand's philosophy is to destroy liberty by subjecting all to passion.

George Eliot's teaching, whatever its defects may be, rests upon the sovereignty of duty. She looks upon life as a service which love renders willingly, but not without the guidance of duty, and her "cynicism" goes no further than to show that the elements are often "unkindly mixed," and that such is the irony of life that "to die in vain" is often the "noblest death." That life is a service, is a more wholesome view than any other. That God's service is the only liberty, is the sublime paradox of St. Paul, which is as true now as in the reign of Nero—a truth which will survive theology.

It is quite right that many things should now appear indifferent which were once matters of life and death, but "Zeal and keen-eyed Sanctity" ought to find other objects as sacred and as difficult. Life is not easier because it is more comfortable, nor duty less imperious because it comes in a questionable shape, and states its problems more obscurely than in the days when "do this or die" was no allegory but a dreadful certainty. If this century is to help the solution of the contrast between love and duty, it must be by inflaming love, not by discrediting duty.

As in the choice of life, so in the renunciation of life which Christianity seems to command, true freedom takes counsel of humility. It is the voice of arrogance to say "I will be a saint." Too many saints are like those Puritans of whom their enemies said, "We at least have the vices of men,

¹ The philosophy of Rousseau and his modern followers (which has more influence on English thought than is generally supposed) is to substitute the idea of misfortune for that of sin.

whereas the Roundheads have the vices of devils, arrogance and pride." Devotion, as a pursuit, may be as misleading as Mr. Casaubon's "Key to all Mythologies." Such splendid examples as those supplied by the "Lives of the Saints" are not meant for the imitation of common folks. Of them and their imitation it is written, "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." The call is never mistaken; but beware of hearing what is meant for another, not for thee. In secular things, too, the armour of the hero must not be rashly assumed. The French Revolution furnishes many examples of would-be heroes as every week uncovers the nakedness of would-be poets. But in Nelson's dedication to the life of a hero there was no rodomontade. Ulysses' bow is always there for him who can shoot with it. But beware, ye suitors; stand aloof, ye profane. The frog in the fable followed an ideal, and

burst. Do not imagine that you are following an ideal when you are only straining your strength. Standing on tiptoe will not enable you to look over a ten-foot wall. You can no more be St. Francis by shaving your head and wearing a frock and girdle, than Xanthias can become Hercules by taking his club and lion's skin. He will have to pick up his master's baggage after all. By the side of "Know thyself" should be written, "Be thyself." To thine own self be true. The first condition of freedom is sincerity, and the second forgetfulness of self; and the end of the whole matter is the paradox that, as the best way to individuality is not to think about self, so the best and perhaps the only path of freedom is to be a willing slave. There is no maxim which transcends this from the old Service Books: *Quem nosse vivere, Cui servire regnare est.*

F. W. CORNISH.

THE SAVILE LETTERS.

1660-1689.

AMONG the statesmen of the Restoration there is no more interesting figure than George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. Friends and foes alike do justice to his splendid gifts, and bear witness to the clear head, the fine wit and fair eloquence of this brilliant and accomplished gentleman. Yet more remarkable in that corrupt age was the independence and high principle, the genuine zeal for the public good, which governed the course of his political life. But the most striking feature about the man, and that which in a special degree fascinates the gaze of posterity, is the peculiar constitution of his mind, the capacity for seeing both sides of a question which distinguished his whole career and which he himself has admirably analysed in his famous "Character of a Trimmer." At a time when party-hate and insolence ran dangerously high and threatened the very existence of the State, Halifax brought the inestimable value of a calm and philosophic mind to the study of public affairs, and kept himself singularly free from the passion and prejudice which blinded the ablest of his confederates. He looked with serene eye on the turbulent crowd about him, and, forgetting the tumult of the present scene, saw the larger issues of the questions, the great principles that were at stake, the laws which remain "eternally and unalterably true". By these laws he shaped his course, careless of popular clamour and the angry voices around him. Truth—injured, despised, slandered Truth—was the divine virtue which inspired him: as he says in that beautiful passage which forms the conclusion of his treatise:

"Our Trimmer adores the goddess Truth; though in all ages she has been scurvily used,

as well as those that worshipped her, 'tis of late become such a ruining virtue that mankind seems to be agreed to commend and avoid it. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains; falsehood with all her impudence has not enough to speak ill of her before her face: such majesty she carries about her that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power upon earth can never extinguish her. In all ages she has lived very retired indeed; nay, sometimes so buried that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her. With all that she has eternity in her, she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies."

The words recall that old picture painted by a Florentine master after a Greek model, in which Truth is represented under the form of a fair woman who, forsaken of all men, turns in silence from her persecutors and lifts her hand to heaven in the calm certainty that there justice reigns and her mute appeal will be heard.

It is true that this speculative and balancing turn of mind made Halifax less successful in circumstances where prompt and decisive action was necessary. He reasoned too long, and weighed probabilities and conflicting causes too nicely, to act with decision and promptitude;

"The native hue of resolution

Was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

But the very hesitation and capacity for seeing the opposite side of a question made his influence of the utmost value on other occasions. When the constitutional liberties of the nation, or the rights of a throne, were threatened, when violent measures were moved by a triumphant and blood-thirsty majority, whether in the Lords

or the Commons, then the voice of Halifax was always heard on the side of reason and justice; and the silvery sweetness of his eloquent tones made many pause before it was too late. When Stafford was brought to the block by the infuriated Whigs, Halifax boldly recorded his vote in favour of this innocent man; and when the Tories triumphed in their turn and Russell was condemned to die, it was Halifax again who dared to intercede on behalf of his old opponent. And as is generally the case with men whose hearts are large enough to embrace what is good and noble on both sides, his only reward was to find himself equally unpopular with both parties: to be called a papist and a republican by turns, and accused of plotting against both Whigs and Tories. "So difficult a thing it is", remarked a shrewd contemporary, "to wear both the court and country livery". The verdict of posterity has been given more fairly, and the historian of this age recognizes in the Great Trimmer, whatever were his mistakes and failings, a statesman who beyond doubt deserved well of his country.

It is a matter of sincere regret that so few of the utterances of this distinguished man are left to us. Those speeches which thrilled the Lords by their lucidity and eloquence, which old men remembered as masterpieces of parliamentary oratory long after the heat of the strife, have perished altogether. Even more to be deplored is the loss of the journal which Halifax compiled in his later years from his own diaries. This document, which would have been of priceless interest, was formerly among the Devonshire Papers, but has unfortunately vanished and hitherto been sought in vain. The small volume of his published writings contains a few political tracts and treatises on general subjects, chief among which are "The Character of a Trimmer," "The Letter to a Dissenter," and "The Advice to a Daughter." And of his vast private correspondence all that remains are some

sixty letters which he wrote to his brother Henry Savile, during the seven years between 1679 and 1686, first published by the Camden Society from the manuscripts in possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and a few letters addressed to different correspondents which we find scattered among contemporary records. These last are, however, for the most part brief and unimportant, and it is to the correspondence between the two brothers that we must look for information as to the great statesman's private life and the motives which inspired his public actions at this critical period in his career.

Halifax's own letters are very pleasant reading, written as they are in the same clear and polished style as his published works, and marked by that acute reasoning and genial wit which made him so agreeable a companion. Burnet, who had no love for him, and complained that he went backward and forward and changed sides so often in politics that no one could trust him, describes him as "a man of great and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all argument whatever."

This keen wit of his, as might have been expected, made him many enemies. His playful sallies often vexed graver colleagues, and the freedom with which he expressed his opinions at the council-board alarmed his best friends. "I had a conference with my Lord Halifax on the 3rd of June," observes one of his most constant friends and admirers, Sir John Reresby, Governor of York and member for Aldborough, "wherein I observed to him that he was too frank and open with some in business, who were well in the King's favour, and that they generally betrayed him, and desired him to keep himself more to himself, if possible. He told me he was very sensible of the truth and importance of what I said, but continued that he could not avoid

the freedom I condemned in the course of business, and hoped his integrity would support him." In the same way his love of jesting and habit of letting his wit run on matters of religion earned him the reputation of a confirmed atheist—a serious charge in those days and one which he often denied, although he owned he could not, like some of his friends, "digest iron as an ostrich, or take into his belief things that would burst him."

But with all the sharpness of his tongue no one was more tender-hearted and affectionate to his friends and family, or more compassionate and generous to those who needed his good offices. The delights of friendship were a subject on which he loved to dwell. We know how "perfect and constant a good friend" he proved to his mother-in-law, Lady Sunderland, and remember the profound regard which Lady Russell retained for him to the end of her days. There was a courtly grace in his manners, a rare gentleness and charm about his nature, which captivated those who knew him intimately, and which even his enemies were forced to acknowledge. "I never knew a man more ready at all times to forgive," writes Reresby, and he goes on to relate how, when he took a gentleman to ask his lordship's pardon for some things he had been reported to have said against him, Halifax met his apology with the remark, "Sir, if you did not say the words I am very glad of it, and even if you did I am glad you find cause to be of another mind." Another characteristic anecdote which the same writer tells is that of the lady who, blaming Halifax for the part he had taken in the Revolution, asked for an interview with him at Reresby's house, and there remonstrated freely with him on his desertion of James the Second. "The truth is, she dealt more roundly with him than anybody else could have ventured to do with so great a man." But the great man, strange as it seemed to Reresby, took it all in good part, and merely observed afterwards that

it was but prudence to lend an ear to everybody, a favourite maxim of his, which he repeats more than once in the course of his correspondence.

Henry Savile's own letters form by far the larger portion of the volume published from the Devonshire Manuscripts. He himself possessed no mean share of talents, and the zeal and ability with which he acted as Envoy at Paris won the approval of all honest men. "Monsieur Savile," it was said of him at the French Court, "*fait les affaires de son Maître le plus habilement du monde.*" The game was not an easy one to play, for while he represented the English king at Versailles, his bitter enemy, "the little urchin," Barillon, was holding secret dealings with Charles the Second at Whitehall, and bribing the chief English statesmen to serve his master's interests. On more than one occasion Savile showed that he could be as frank and spirited in the presence of royalty as Halifax himself. "Mr. Savile is sometimes a very impertinent minister," wrote Lady Scroope in 1680 from Paris; and nothing pleased the great statesman more than the tale spread by the town gossips, that the Grand Monarch himself had given the English envoy a cuff on the ear.

"One piece of intelligence," he writes to Henry Savile,

"I confess I am not a little pleased with, which is, that upon a contest you had with his Christian Majesty (we will suppose it was for the honour of England, or the advancement of the Protestant religion), he thought fit to give you a cuff on the ear. This was discoursed amongst the most sober newsmongers of St. James's Park as a real truth, and you cannot imagine how such a thing as this advanceth your reputation amongst all true lovers of the gospel. The King of France hath great pleasure to see how all the world trembleth under him, for I suppose it is a satisfaction suitable to his heroic mind; but, for my own particular, was I in his place I could find out a hundred things that would please me more than to keep Flanders and Germany from sleeping for fear of him."

Henry Savile resembled Halifax in his keen sense of humour, and the brothers in their private life make

merry over many small events passing around them both in London and Paris. Like him, too, he was a warm and faithful friend, and numbered among his intimate acquaintances and correspondents such different characters as Danby, the Lord Treasurer (Halifax's great rival), John, Lord Rochester, Algernon Sidney, for whom twice over he obtained leave to return to England, and the gay wit, Harry Killigrew.

His own stoutness is often made a subject of merriment, both with himself and his correspondents. When he hears of his nephew's birth and is told that he is to bear the name of Henry, he wishes with all his heart that the child may prove "as fatt and as fare-liking as his namesake"; and twenty years later Halifax, after confessing that he is startled to hear his brother has bought him a work in six volumes, observes that the Spanish proverb is often in his mind, "*es descredite el mucho*", but adds that he is tied to no opinion without allowing some exceptions, "especially when your own person is such an instance, that there may be 'a great deal of what is very good'".

The two brothers were deeply attached to each other. Halifax invariably acted the part of a kind elder brother, helping Savile with advances of money and with abundance of good advice, always pleasantly given; and the younger brother in his turn paid great deference to the elder's opinion, although he never scrupled to tell him his mind frankly upon most subjects. Once only in the entire course of his letters, extending as they do over the whole of the thirty years between the Restoration and the Revolution, do we find him make a complaint against Halifax, and that was when, in 1670, Savile wished to stand for Retford and his brother refused to ask the Duke of Newcastle to nominate him for the vacant seat. Savile, who had been appointed Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Duke of York, and whom Clarendon describes at that time as a young

man of wit but of incredible presumption, had incurred the King's displeasure by taking his uncle's, Sir William Coventry's, challenge to the Duke of Buckingham, and he writes from Paris, where he had taken refuge, in a tone of some vexation:

"You must give me leave to think that you can do this if you have the will, which I have as great a reason to believe you want as I have to be sensibly troubled at it; and though I know very well my discretion is very justly called in question by my best friends, yet I cannot but a little wonder that those who do so often advise me to apply myself to business should be so unwilling I should appear upon so considerable a stage of it as the House of Commons. Were I capable of recovering my credit so far as that you should think me fit to sit there, I do not think it were a matter of any difficulty to retrieve this whole matter. I crave you a thousand pardons for telling you my mind so freely, but it must out or I must burst; and it being the only act of your life to me that has not savoured of the most perfect and most tender kindness, it were a breach of mine not to take notice of it, but that it is with all the submission, all the deference, and all the most perfect kindness that one man is capable of having for another."

He was soon restored to favour and made Groom of the Chamber to the King; but a year or two later he seems to have been guilty of some more serious indiscretion, for he speaks of having done a very ugly action and promises to reform his ways and govern his future by the advice of his brother and uncle, and pleading that, if the remedy is to consist "in fawning, creeping, and serving on in offices troublesome and servile enough in themselves, however gilded by the fancies of man", he would rather live in a retirement where at least his hours were all his own. If a beggar might choose he would rather find some post abroad. "If I am capable of serving the King at all, I think my small talents will be of most use abroad, where I have spent so much of my life that I shall hardly be an absolute stranger to any place his Majesty may be pleased to send me".

Already it appears he had seen enough of court life and was thoroughly tired of it. Fortunately for him he

was elected member for Newark in 1677, and in the following year appointed Envoy to Paris. Very humorous is his description of the miseries of a contested election even in those days :

"It were worth giving a year of life that this insupportable week were past ; but what must not younger brothers do in some cases ? *Gaudant bene nati*. The day of election cannot be till Thursday, which is the day I wish for more than a lover ever did for a wedding night, to be at an end of more noise and tumult than ever poor mortal was troubled with. I have been all this day sick to agonies with four days' swallowing more good ale and ill sack than one would have thought a country town could have held ; and this worthy employment must be begun again to-morrow, though I burst for it ; therefore pray for me and pity me, for I would gladly change my next three days with any slave at Algiers."

All the same he owned he would have broken his heart had he been unsuccessful, and when he was returned as first burgess of Newark, he did not repent even though the payment was heavy and the seat suited his pride better than his purse. This time Halifax lent his brother all the help in his power, and the newly elected member sent him a list of "various good burghers," including the cooper and pewterer who had, in the court phrase, done him "a great deal of secret good service," begging him to give them the benefit of his patronage and asking him to welcome the aldermen who may come to take the air and pay their duty to him at Rufford.

Many are the allusions in both the brothers' letters to this favourite country-home of theirs in the heart of Sherwood forest. In ancient days a Cistercian Monastery, Rufford Abbey was founded in 1148 by Gilbert of Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln, who granted the land to a colony of monks from Rievaulx. After the dissolution it belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and passed by marriage into the Savile family, whose principal seat it became after the destruction of their ancestral home at Thornhill in Yorkshire during the Civil War. The beauty of the spot, surrounded by noble forest scenery, is

praised by every visitor from the days of Leland, and the sequestered site of the old Abbey, buried in ancient trees, gave the place a special charm in the great statesman's eyes. These "green and shady walks," this "fair broad lake," these "grassy banks and running streams" were a source of un-failing delight to him. There his heart is always turning in the midst of the cares and worry of public business. "I confess," he writes in the thick of the debates on the Exclusion Bill, "I dream of the country, as men do of small beer when they are in a fever, and at this time poor old Rufford with all its wrinkles hath more charms for me than London can show me." And again, when his colleague Sunderland has left town for Althorpe, he sighs to think his small tenement is so remote he cannot divert himself with such short journeys, and begins to fear the summer will pass without his seeing "poor old Rufford." Not even Windsor with all its stately splendour can drive away the remembrance of the old home, and he writes from the former place one summer day, "If I had my choice freely, I should prefer being there before this place with all its glory. There is a certain charm in that which we call our own that maketh us value it above its true price ; but I must lye under the mortification of an absent lover, and am not like to give any other expression at present of my kindness to Nottinghamshire." There he loved to escape whenever he could slip away from town, never so happy as when, in the quiet of this beautiful retreat, "forgetting the tumult of angry tongues and heated brains which make London a worse place to sleep in than a wasp's nest," he could give himself up to the delights of rural enjoyment and of the books and "cutts" which Henry Savile was always collecting for him abroad. His love for Rufford made him take great pleasure in enlarging and adorning the old Abbey, and his letters abound in allusions to the improvements on which he is engaged.

In January, 1680, he observes that he is eager to be there to see his small works, since as yet he has only had the pleasure of paying the mason's bill. A week later he writes from Rufford as follows :

"I am once more got to my old tenement, which I had not seen since I had given order to renew and repair it. It looketh now somewhat better than when you were last here ; and besides the charms of your native soil, it hath something more to recommend itself to your kindness than when it was so mixt with the old ruins of the Abbey that it looked like a medley of superstition and sacrilege, and though I have still left some decay'd part of old building, yet there are none of the rags of Rome remaining. It is now all heresy, which in my mind looketh pretty well, and I have at least as much reverence for it now as I had when it was encumbered with those sanctified ruins. In short, with all the faults that belong to such a misshapen building, patched up at so many times, and notwithstanding the forest hath not its best cloaths at this time of the year, I find something here which pleaseth me, whether it be the general disease of loving home, or whether for the sake of variety, since I have been so long absent to make my own house a new thing to me, or by comparing it to other places where one is less at ease, I will not determine ; the best reason I can give is that I grow every day fitter for a coal fire and country parlour, being come now to the worst part of my elder brotherhood, in having so much a greater share of years than you that it may make amends for the inequality of the division in other respects."

Henry Savile's affection for Rufford, "his mother earth" as he calls the old home, was as great as that of his brother. He is fond of rallying Halifax for spending so much of his time in town instead of living the whole year round in that Paradise of the whole North, if Paradise can be northward, and declares that his own passion for Rufford is far more real. And when he hears that Halifax is there, he can hardly restrain his own envy and longing to share his retreat in that "land of promise" which he "covets more than all the places and dignities any court upon earth can give."

Writing from the French Court at St. Germain in January 1680, he moralises on the vanity of the cour-

tier's existence and the superior charms of country life :

"I assure you that in this glorious day of this mighty Court I see very few men with whom a wise man could change the twenty-four hours round the year. I do not think you have a much better prospect of your Court, so that with truth as well as with Latin let me conclude, *Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis*, &c. Whether I owe this to the shame of having often crossed my own fortune, or to the weariness of not mending it by so long struggling in the world, or whether there may not be somewhat in our blood that affects ease and quiet, I will not determine ; but I can answer that all my first morning thoughts are vain wishes to be a country gentleman, for which I see a thousand reasons in both Courts every day of my life."

And when he has been telling his brother the horrible tales of poisonings which have been startling the French Court, he adds, "These are strange things to the calm thoughts of a happy man at Rufford. You that are in port pity those that are in storms and would never put to sea again, if once well on shore." But there is scarcely a letter in which he forgets to talk of Rufford, or to send a greeting to the well-loved place. He hopes the fine green coat Rufford wears will not be scorched and sullied by the summer sun before he can escape from Whitehall, and his brother in return tells him old Rufford will not fail to put on her very best looks to receive him.

Many are the pleasant pictures which young Henry Savile gives in his early letters of the family circle at Rufford, where his brother, as yet plain Sir George, was living with his young wife, Lady Dorothy, the daughter of Sunderland and Sacharissa, and their little chits. The first of his letters are written from France and Spain during his travels with his sister-in-law's brother, Robert, Lord Sunderland, and her uncle Henry Sidney, who were about his own age ; and both then and afterwards he frequently addresses his letters to Lady Dorothy herself, and once or twice to her mother Lady Sunderland, who was at that time a frequent

visitor at Rufford, and in after years retained so tender a recollection of the "sweet spot."

We see from these letters how careful and loving a father Halifax proved to his children, and how much their mother's early death in 1670 increased his anxiety on their account. Much of his correspondence with Henry Savile at one time relates to his sons whom he had sent with a tutor to be educated at Geneva; and when the eldest, Henry, Lord Eland, then a youth of nineteen, was sent to pay his uncle a visit at Paris, after laying down all manner of rules for the young man's guidance, he adds: "I think him so capable of succeeding well in the world that it is a pity he should miscarry by a wrong setting out at first; therefore pray let us have a care of his launching, for there is the greatest danger for young men of this age".

Unfortunately the fears were but too well founded, and this youth, who was sincerely attached to his uncle, and whose great promise gave both Henry Savile and Algernon Sidney "an extraordinary good opinion of his character and talents", turned out a profligate and spendthrift, who incurred his father's grave displeasure, ill-treated his French wife, and drank himself into an early grave. The youngest son, George, died in the same year of a wound received two years before at the siege of Buda, but William, the second and only surviving son, lived to console his father for these losses and disappointments, and justify the good opinions which his uncle had early formed of his excellent character.

Their sister, Lady Anne, the "dear Nan" of Lady Sunderland's letters, to whom Henry Savile in his turn often alludes, was married at the age of nineteen to John, Lord Vaughan, brother-in-law to Halifax's honoured friend Lady Russell. For this beloved child, "the chief object of his care as well as of his kindness", Halifax wrote the "Advice to a Daughter",

shortly after her mother's death, and while little Nan was "still playing full of innocence". This treatise, which ran rapidly through sixteen editions and was translated into French and Italian, is marked by all the great statesman's sagacity and prudence, and the counsels of worldly wisdom are curiously blended with maxims of earnest piety. Very graceful and charming is the concluding passage:

"May you, my Dear Child, be blessed with a husband and with children that may inherit your virtues, that you may shine in the world by a true light and silence envy by deserving to be esteemed. May you so raise your character that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave posterity in your debt for the advantage it shall receive by your example. Let me conjure you, my Dearest, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf that he reckoneth your happiness to be the greatest part of his own."

In August, 1678, Henry Savile went to Paris as Envoy Extraordinary, and the following year was appointed to succeed Lord Sunderland as the chief representative of England at the Court of Versailles. His letters during the four years of his residence at Paris in this capacity abound in interesting details of public affairs at the Court of the Grand Monarch, and reveal the intrigues by which Lewis the Fourteenth strove to accomplish his ambitious designs. One of Henry Savile's most laudable actions was his persistent endeavours to help the distressed Huguenots, whom the French clergy urged the King to persecute in revenge for the cruel treatment received by the Catholics in England. He did all in his power to ensure a friendly reception for them in England, where he saw they were ready to go in such vast numbers as he felt sure would prove of great advantage to this country. Halifax warmly supported his brother in these measures, observing that those who did not give French Protestants a kind welcome out of zeal for religion, might have "wit enough to do it for the increase in our trade", smiling to

himself all the while at the thought that such advice should proceed from one who was reviled at home as a Papist and a pensioner of the French King. As for Henry Savile, his zeal in the Protestant cause was a marvel to himself. He attended the Protestant service at Charenton twice every Sunday, and was quite touched at the kindness with which the poor people took this "small countenancing". Lord Rochester and his old companions seem to have been highly amused at their friend's appearance in this new character. Even Halifax reaped the benefit of this act of devotion, and declared that he owed his credit with the French Protestants entirely to his brother, whose zeal was so notorious that it threw a lustre on all his poor relations. "It is enough to be akin to a man that goeth twice a day to Charenton". In fact such a pillar of the community had he become, that very grave women applied to him to recommend Protestant governesses and servants to his friends in England. In one letter he goes into minute details as to the looks, education, and merits of a well-bred young person, whom he thinks would be a very proper nursery-governess for little Lady Betty, Halifax's only child by his second marriage, who would by this means acquire the French language, which her sister Nan had, it appears, always refused to learn. Another time he has made friends with Madame de Gouvernante, a lady of ancient family and most plentiful fortune, who has a very pretty daughter, Esther, as modestly bred as he has ever seen one, with a dowry of two hundred thousand crowns. So desirable a match in his eyes did this young lady seem that he proposed her as a fitting bride for the "Dolphin of Rufford", as he styles his nephew Harry. But Halifax declined the proposal, not relishing the idea of a foreign alliance, saying times were too uncertain and the sky too changeable to encourage early marriages, unless indeed Harry should show a decided

liking for the young person, in which case his opinion might alter. Four years later, however, Mademoiselle de Gouvernante, after being talked of as a suitable match for Lord Spencer, Sunderland's son, and for my Lord of Dorset, became Lord Eland's wife, and by all accounts seems to have deserved a better fate.

Meanwhile the fall of Danby had brought Halifax back to the helm of state, and in May, 1679, Henry Savile wishes his brother joy at his return to power, an event which scarcely afforded the new minister as lively a satisfaction as it did his friends, for the situation was a critical one, how much so no one knew better than Halifax himself: "We are here every day upon high points: God send us once an end of them! Impeachments of ministers are the only things our thoughts are employed about, and I that have dreamt this half-year of the silence and retirement of old Rufford, find myself engaged in an active and an angry world, and must rather take my part in it with grief, than avoid it with a scandal".

The dissolution of Parliament that summer and the King's illness did not brighten the prospect, and by the end of the year Halifax, who had been ailing himself, was so disgusted with the King's fickle temper and so weary of politics and talking knaves, as well as of the influence which the Duchess of Portsmouth exercised over affairs, that he retired to Rufford for the whole of that spring and summer. The entreaty of his friends, we know from Lady Sunderland's letters, could not induce him to return to town, and his only regret was that Henry Savile could not spare time to join him at Rufford. The disappointment, he wrote, was a grievous one to him, having so many things to tell his brother. "Poor old Rufford, too, mourneth that she cannot see you now she hath, too, her best cloaths on: she hath little to brag of, but yet she sayeth her flyes are harmless and the air is clear: and if it was

possible for a statesman to love ease and quiet and silence, you would rather enjoy them with bilberries than eat melons in the crowd and dust of a wandering Court."

At length in September Lord Halifax came to town, and the sight of his coach in the street was hailed with pleasure by his friends and talked of by all the gossips as a wonderful piece of news. Two months later came the debates on the Exclusion Bill, when Halifax, abandoned by the treacherous Sunderland, alone dared to raise his voice against the popular clamour, and by his single efforts, "so all confessed", persuaded the Lords to throw out the Bill. The day following that last debate, when his eloquence rose to the heights which made all men marvel, and he "did out-do himself and every one", he found time to send his brother a few lines which showed how clearly he had calculated the probable consequences of this action: "Our world here is so heated that you must not be surprised though you should hear I am in the disfavour of those from whom I never yet deserved ill: if innocence can be protection you need never be in pain".

The storm he had prophesied was soon to burst. A few days afterwards the angry Commons addressed a petition to the King, praying for my Lord Halifax's removal from his Majesty's Council as a favourer of Popery. Halifax, as was his wont, took it calmly and did not stir an inch from his position. Neither threats nor promises should hinder him from defending the right; he would speak his mind, and not be hanged as long as there was law in England. When Lady Sunderland and his friends marvelled at his intrepid conduct, while Reresby and a little knot of admirers looked on him as the hero of the town, he was moralizing to his brother in his favourite fashion:

"You will before this have one of mine, which giveth you some account of my late

preferment in the House of Commons, who were pleased to make me a man of more importance than I am, the better to entitle me to the honour of being addressed against. I am not worth the notice they have been pleased to take of me, and I do not doubt of outliving the disadvantage this may seem to throw upon me, being resolved to give such evidence of myself, if I should continue to have any part in the public business, as shall cure the suspicious men have taken of me in a heat, for differing with them in some of their darling points, to which they are at present so wedded that no reason can be admitted in contradiction to them. Your kindness maketh this appear a heavier thing than either it is in itself, or than I apprehend it; the circumstances that attended it are more than the thing itself, and yet I have borne it without much disquiet. I must only cast about for a new set of friends, for my old ones have been so zealous for the public that some of them thought it as meritorious to persecute me as others believed it excusable to desert me. The history of it I reserve till I see you, and in the meantime, whatever may be said from any other hand to lay any blame upon me, let it not find any great credit with you, for I dare undertake when you hear, you shall not need to make use of any partiality to incline you to judge of my side."

And when Henry Savile wrote back in hot haste to express his concern on his brother's account, and his indignation at the malice of his opponents, Halifax replied:

"I like kindness best when it is in so plain a dress and to be told by a brother and, which is more, by a friend, what the world sayeth or thinketh of me; though in their censures of me they may be mistaken, yet I cannot be so in judging your part to proceed only from true and perfect kindness, which I assure you is not thrown away upon me. Your opinion that I am in the right may be too partial, but that I think myself so, you may undertake for me. . . . You will, I am sure, give me some kind of credit when I tell you I am not such a volunteer in philosophy as to provoke such a storm as hath fallen upon me, from a mistaken principle of bravery, to do a thing only because it is dangerous; but when upon inquiry I think myself in the right, I confess I have an obstinate kind of morality, which I hope may make amends for my want of devotion. It seems the foreign ministers have had my picture, drawn by their correspondents, not very much to my advantage. I guess who were the painters, and think I am not mistaken in it. Where all this will end, either in relation to myself or to the public, God in heaven only knoweth. I am at this hour threatened with more thunder from the House of Commons to-morrow. Whether it will be so or in what manner I do not yet

know, but where there is private anger there is reason to expect the worst, for which I have recourse still to my small philosophy, and have not only the comfort of innocence to support me, but the impossibility of avoiding any strokes of this kind without such indecencies (to give no worse term) as I can never digest; and though I agree with you this is not an age for a man to follow the strict morality of better times, yet sure mankind is not yet so debased but that there will ever be found some few men who will scorn to join in concert with the publick voice, when it is not well grounded; and even the popular fury which may now blow in my face will perhaps with a little patience not only abate, but turn against these very men that now appear against me."

The thunder of the Commons resulted in another vote praying the King to remove Halifax and other Privy Counsellors who had supported him, upon which Charles replied by dissolving Parliament, against the advice of Halifax, although, as he expected, the step was ascribed to his influence. He had, as he very well knew, further incensed the popular party by giving his vote against the condemnation of Lord Stafford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill on December 29th. Even Henry Savile seems to have been so far carried away by the heat and prejudices of the Protestant party as to regret this noble action on his brother's part, and in the next letter Halifax observes:

"If I could talk with you, I should have little doubt of convincing you in the matter of my Lord of Stafford, in which you are possessed I see by the powerful majority, which is not at all times found to be in the right. A man must never hope a pardon for small sins if he will digest great ones, and where blood is in the case there is not, or at least ought not to be, any room for prudence. That an honest man is a very scurvy calling I agree with you, but having used it so long I do not know how to change, but must be content to keep to it with all its hazards and inconveniences."

Henry Savile seems to have been less high-minded, for a day or two later the Great Trimmer, faithful to his love of truth and justice, wrote again:

"Your kind repeated earnestness to rescue me from the dangers you apprehend I am in from the general anger that hath of late been

raised against me, coming from the warmth of your heart, as I am sure it doth, is a welcome though an unnecessary evidence of your mind towards me, and though I cannot absolutely agree to your prescriptions of a lesser morality in things that relate to the publick, yet I am enough convinced, and was so before my late experience, that there is a good deal of hazard in opposing the torrent of the House of Commons; but on the other side, it being the only definition of an honest man to be a lover of justice with all its inconveniences, I do not very well know how things of this kind are to be avoided, but by such means as would lie heavier upon me than all the votes or addresses an angry Parliament can throw upon me."

The following week he wrote still in the same strain from his beloved Rufford, where he was free to take shelter now that Parliament was dissolved:

"Things of this kind appear much greater to you at a distance than they do to us upon the place, and it looked much worse to you out of a very obliging reason to me, which was your being so kindly concerned for me. I think I am not mistaken when I tell you the greatest part of them are far from being proud of what they have done as to my particular; for where a thing wanteth a true foundation in justice it cannot be long-lived, let the authority be never so great that would give it countenance. I am now at Old Rufford, where the quiet I enjoy is so pleasant, after the late hurricane I have escaped from in town, that I think myself in a new world, and if wishes were not vain things and resolutions little better in so uncertain an age as this, I would neither intend nor desire anything but what I have here—silence and retreat; but if the Parliament sitteth at Oxford I am under the obligation of venturing once more to run the gauntlet. . . . How far your Charenton prayers will prevail for a man that is voted a promoter of Popery I do not know, but I would not discourage your devotion, let it be never so much misapplied."

But the violence of the storm was spent, and the tide was already on the turn. The Parliament which met at Oxford was dissolved after a week's sitting, and Halifax found himself relieved from his worst fears, and only grieved to be kept in town and lose the joy of being in the country when the rain had made it so delicious. His influence was greater at Court than it had ever been, and new honours were heaped upon him. The following year he was created a marquis, and Henry

Savile was recalled from Paris to receive a more lucrative post, which he had long coveted, in the new Commission of Admiralty. Henceforth his letters are few and far between, and only one or two of his brother's belonging to those later years have been preserved. These relate chiefly to family matters, the death of Sir William Coventry, the marriage and misconduct of Lord Eland, whom Halifax treated with what Savile held to be undue severity, the prospects of his second son William, and the wound which George, the third and youngest of the family, received in the siege of Buda. We hear little of politics, and nothing of the part which Halifax played in the Tory reaction which followed, of his vain efforts to save Russell and Sidney, of his courage in exposing Rochester's misuse of public money, or of his firmness in resisting the repeal of the Test Act and of the Habeas Corpus, which ended in his resigning office in 1685. We know that he did not abandon James until his flight, as he told his faithful follower, Sir John Reresby, that he held it to be the duty of Englishmen to support the new Government, since under present circumstances the *salus populi* must be the *lex suprema*. Henry Savile had been appointed Vice-Chamberlain by James, and held office until March, 1687, when serious illness obliged him to resign, and his last letter is written from Calais, in September, 1689, when he was on his way to undergo a surgical operation in Paris. His good spirits did not fail him even then; he was still gay Harry Savile, the flower of courtesy and most genial of companions. He sends compliments to his nieces, Lady Betty and Lady Eland, whose affairs he still took under his special protection; gives advice, not always, it may be, the best in the world, to his young nephews, and is still genuinely attached to his brother. Whether in his lodgings at Whitehall, or at Tunbridge Wells drinking the waters, in whose healing powers Halifax puts so little

faith, he is still unchanged in his love for Rufford, and his wish to end his days in a farm-house there rather than in the finest palace in smoky London. There is a touch of pathos in the letter which he writes from his sick-bed to his old friend Harry Killigrew, beginning with these words:—"Noble Henry, sweet namesake of mine, happy-humoured Killigrew, soul of mirth and all delight! the very sight of your letter gave me a kind of joy that I thought had been at such a distance that she and I were never more to meet. . . . Once I could drink, talk strangely, and be as mad as the best of you, my boys: who knows but I may come to it again!"

One more letter of the Great Trimmer's still remains. It is that which he addressed in July, 1689, to his old friend Rachel, Lady Russell, in reply to her condolences upon the loss of his two sons, Lord Eland and Lord George, who had both died in the same year. It was a bitter moment in his life, for, besides these family sorrows, he was once again experiencing the fickleness of popular favour, and the ingratitude of the triumphant Whigs. During that very month a fierce attack had been made upon him in the House of Lords, and a week afterwards a resolution, advising his removal from office, was moved by the Commons, and only negatived by a small majority, chiefly owing to Halifax's remaining son William, who told the accusers boldly that his father cared nothing for dismissal from court and challenged them to say he was guilty if they dared. No wonder that Halifax felt sick at heart as he wrote the following brief and mournful lines to the widow of the Whig lord he had vainly tried to save.

"MADAM,—I must own that my reason is not strong enough to bear with indifference the losses that have lately happened to my family; but at the same time I must acknowledge I am not a little surprised by your ladyship's favour to me in the obliging remembrance I have received from you, and in your condoling the affliction of the man in the world that is most devoted to you. I

am impatient till I have an hour's conversation with your ladyship, to ease my mind of the just complaints I have, that such returns are made to the zeal I have endeavoured to express in my small capacity for the good of England. I cannot but think it the fantastical of my ill stars, very peculiar to myself, all circumstances considered; but whilst I am under the protection of your ladyship's better opinion, the malice and mistakes of others can never have the force so much as to discompose, Madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient servant,
"HALIFAX."

To this Lady Russell replied in a beautiful and well-known letter, begging her noble friend who had stood by her in her darkest hour, to look for consolation to that Christian religion which had been her best support, and which he would find to be a cause of truer joy than all those temporal glories of which he had enjoyed so large a share.

Yet, such was the rashness and violence of the Parliament then sitting, that before the year was over the great man whom she addressed in terms of such deep and enduring gratitude was accused before a Committee of the House of Commons of being implicated in the murder of Lord Russell. Once more he came off victorious, and was honourably acquitted from all share in the deed, Dr. Tillotson himself bearing witness that he had been charged by Lord Russell to convey his dying thanks to Lord Halifax for his kindness and compassion. But public life had lost its charm for him, and a few months later he laid down the Privy Seal and retired to Rufford to enjoy the repose of that calm haven which the poet Dryden congratulates him on having at length reached after the trials of his long and glorious life.

On two memorable occasions after that he spoke with his old eloquence in the House of Lords; once to strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with the laws for

regulating trials for high treason, and the other time to defend the liberty of the Press by protesting against the appointment of a public censor. Two years later, on April 2nd, 1695, he died after a few hours' illness on the very day of his son William's second marriage to his old friend Lord Nottingham's daughter. When told of his approaching end, he refused with characteristic kindness to allow his son to be summoned, and met death with the calmness and courage he had shown in all the great crises of his life. For, as he wrote to Henry Savile long years before, when he heard rumours of poisoning at the French Court, "It is a misfortune to great people that they must be tempted to think death a worse thing than it is, by the weight their friends put upon it, either out of kindness or ostentation; and as their physicians must not let them die without pain, so their friends will not let them leave the world without making them be troubled at it. Well fare the skilful poisoners you speak of, that make an easy and a short passage into the other world!"

On his death-bed Halifax gave strict orders that his funeral should be private, and accordingly he was buried without pomp or ceremony in Westminster Abbey, in the north aisle of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, where a monument adorned with his bust marks the last resting-place of the Great Trimmer. His son and successor died without an heir in 1700, and his brother before that year, so that no Savile was left to bear the title which he had made illustrious. But his blood still flows in the veins of the Cavendishes, and a large share of his wit and genius descended through his daughter Lady Betty to her son Philip Stanhope, the fourth Lord Chesterfield.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

LOVE.

A voice of pity strove to bless
 In accents bountifully kind,
 But still my grief knew no redress,
 Grown mad and blind.

The presence made herself my slave,
 Hither and thither came and went :
 All that she had poor Kindness gave,
 Till all was spent.

She tried to soothe and make me whole :
 Her touch was torment in my pain ;
 It froze my heart, benumbed my soul,
 And crazed my brain.

At last, her duty all fulfilled,
 She turned with cheerful ease away,
 Yet would have lingered, had I willed
 That she should stay.

And lo ! there knelt, where she had stood,
 One, wistful as a child might be,
 Who blushed at her own hardihood
 In helping me.

She said no word, she only turned
 Her passionate sweet eyes on mine,
 Until within my sorrow burned
 A bliss divine.

And in that gaze I woke once more.
 To earth beneath and heaven above :—
 This was not Kindness as before,
 But only Love.

A. M.

JOHN BROWN.

IN the early years of the sixteenth century, when little Episcopalian King James argued in theology and touched for the king's evil at Whitehall, and the Lutheran Maurice of Nassau swung his sceptre over the states of the Dutch Republic, there set out from Leyden a company of English men and women determined upon securing beyond the Atlantic that right to worship God according to their conscience which was denied them within their native land. The undertaking was a hazardous one. The tongue of the informer might well prove less poisonous than the arrow of the Samoset, even if the more prosaic difficulties were overcome. "How would they live?" King James had demanded. "So God have my soul!" he cried, when they replied, "by fishing"; "'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling"! And with that encouragement they set sail. A few weeks later, when the "Mayflower" lay off Cape Cod, amongst the "Pilgrim Fathers," for so their descendants love to call them, who scanned from her deck the snow-clad shores of their new fatherland, wrapped in sea mist and rimmed by pine forests marching with the coast, was one Peter Brown, by trade a carpenter. Of his lineage nothing is known, saving only that tradition assigns him for an ancestor that John Brown, of Ashford, who was burned at the stake in his native village during the early persecutions of Henry the Eighth. In Leyden Street, where he built his house, dwelt Bradford, the Governor, and Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth, and there, in close fellowship with those sturdy neighbours, he lived and plied his trade.

Of the generations of Browns immediately succeeding little is known.

Like the kings of Judah they died, and their sons reigned in their stead, but the deeds that they did are recorded in no book of the chronicles of their house. The old Puritan love of freedom, however, which had driven Peter, the carpenter, over the sea, only slumbered; it was not dead. And so when, on a summer's night, one hundred and fifty years after the building of Boston, Paul Revere galloped away in the moonlight from the Charlestown shore, to carry "through every Middlesex village and farm" the fiery cross of opening civil war, the descendant of the exiled mechanic shouldered his matchlock and marched with the Connecticut contingent of George Washington's army. He fought the good fight and died in harness, leaving a son, Owen, settled at Torrington. And there, in the log cabin which his father had piled, was born, one day in May, as the flame of the old eighteenth century was flickering in the socket, John Brown, the Abolitionist.

When the boy was only five, his father, strong in the pioneering instinct of his race, struck his tents, and, moving westward, pitched his camp in the village of Hudson, Ohio. Here Owen Brown dug his pits and set up his tannery, and here the early years of his son's life were passed.

He learned to tan in his father's yard, and to read from the few books which formed his library. But study never came easily to him, and though, at a later period, he read a certain amount of history, and mastered sufficient mathematics to make a good surveyor, it was the rough outdoor life of the backwoods which he always loved. Mere child as he was, he had already the self-reliance of a man, and he was never more in his

element than when he was sent through the wilderness in charge of his father's cattle. It was during one of these expeditions, when he was but a lad of twelve, that a circumstance occurred which made him "a determined abolitionist". But he shall tell the story in his own way.

"He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, since a United States Marshal, who held a slave boy near his own age, very active, intelligent, and good feeling, and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John, brought him to table with his first company and friends, called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle, alone; while the negro boy (who was fully, if not more than, his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before his eyes with iron shovels or any other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children; for such children have neither fathers or mothers to protect and provide for them. He sometimes would raise the question, Is God their Father?"

A strange question!—but then a strange boy evidently!—and one which was destined to bring forth noble fruit. Years after, in his own Ohio home, John Brown called his children around him, and having implored God's blessing on the undertaking, entered into a compact with his sons to labour for emancipation.

The seasons at Hudson slipped quietly round; and little John shot up, and became a man. Suddenly the young tanner made up his mind to eschew his life of manual labour, and to devote himself to one of intellectual culture. He had "experienced religion", and to the school at Plainfield, famous for graduating ministers and missionaries, he betook himself in his twentieth year.

But the days at Plainfield were already numbered. A serious attack of inflammation of the eyes warned the young tanner that future greatness must not be sought for in the

pulpit, and sent him back once more to labour at the tan-pit.

A mile or so from his father's tannery in Hudson, John Brown, on his return from Plainfield, built his own house, and to it, in a few months, he brought home his wife. His mother had been dead some time. How much he missed her can best be gauged from the fact that, fifty years later, looking back upon the chances of his life, he deliberately expressed his opinion that her death "might have proved his ruin".

Like all truly noble men he seems to have been deeply conscious of the hallowing influence of women; whilst to his fervid, active spirit, what Schiller calls the "dignity of woman" was an indispensable presence. Luckily for him he found in Dianthe Lusk the woman capable of picking up the threads which had fallen from his mother's hands.

For five years after his marriage Brown continued to ply his trade at Hudson, and then he migrated to Richmond, in Pennsylvania, where Dianthe died in giving birth to her seventh child, and where he met and married his second wife, Mary Day. To his neighbours he was known, then as ever, as a steadfast, God-fearing man, whose way of life might be summed up in the words of one of his favourite texts: "I hate vain thoughts, but Thy law do I love". Years later one who knew him well when he was living at Springfield, said of him: "Mr. Brown's integrity was never doubted, and he was honourable in all his dealings, but peculiar in many of his notions, and adhering to them with great obstinacy". Peculiar in his notions, likely enough! Had it not been for those same peculiarities the story of John Brown's life need never have been told.

When he came home at night, worn out by his work in the tan-yard, it was his custom to ask one of the family to read him a psalm, and then he would sit in the darkness, with one of his children in his arms, and sing

his favourite hymns, and plead to his little ones for the slaves. One evening, when they had been singing, there came a fugitive slave and his wife to the door, and Brown, though he knew the risk he ran, took them in, and fed them, and when the coast was clear sent them upon their way. No mean deed in days when to succour a fugitive slave, a person who "had stolen himself", was about the worst crime that could come under the ban of the inexorable law which guarded the slave-owners' interests. For far less many a man had had to die, or at least been hooted forth from his native village in the same doleful plight in which Skipper Ireson was escorted down the Salem Road. A very notable deed, but then done by a man of peculiar notions and obstinate withal!

The following thirty years of John Brown's life were spent mainly in wandering from town to village and from village to town in pursuit of his multitudinous callings. He was in very truth a type of that "sturdy youth" whom Emerson has pictured in his "Self-Reliance", who gives himself not one but a hundred chances. But though no one probably ever followed more strictly the precept of the old proverb, "Do not put all your eggs in one basket", no one ever had less cause to be grateful for the advice. He was indeed what Mr. Ruskin has written on the granite slab over his own father's grave, "an entirely honest merchant". Too honest, perhaps, too nicely exact, to compete on altogether equal terms with the money-changers of this world. He would not sell his leather by the pound till the last drop of moisture had been dried out of it, lest he should sell water instead of leather. And the very day, in 1842, he obtained his discharge, unopposed by a single creditor, from the Court of Bankruptcy, he hastened to acknowledge his moral responsibility for his debts; and he continued to struggle year after year to wipe them out, until at last, wounded and a felon, awaiting his death in the gaol

at Charlestown, he left instructions in his will for the last payment he was ever destined to make in liquidation of a debt from which the law had absolved him seventeen years before.

At the same time there were other traits in his character which stood more in the way of his growing rich than ever his magnificent honesty did. "Uncle John", says his old friend, Mr. Leonard, "was no trader." That is just the kernel of the whole matter. No man knew better the exact moment when a piece of leather had been tanned to a nicety; no man ever had a finer touch for wool. Yet, practical as his knowledge was, the moment this hard-fisted, long-headed Yankee began to trade he got out of his depth. The truth is, his heart was never really in this great game of money-making, and it is doubtful whether any man ever wins real success in anything to which he cannot give his whole heart. Had he followed his inclinations his life would have been spent in the peaceful occupation of a Kansas shepherd, but his sheep were destined to be the black children of Africa. The crack of the overseer's cowhide and the answering scream of the victim rang for ever in his ears; he saw the whips of Solomon being exchanged for the scorpions of Rehoboam, as Time with his mighty Thor-hammer welded the institution into the conservative instincts of the people. He felt his arm withered for the lack of funds, and, to procure the sinews necessary for his plans, he plunged into speculations which are best described as visionary, and from which, however well he may have intended, his creditors did not always emerge unharmed. But if in his anxiety to come to close quarters with the devil, he was sometimes the cause of loss to others, he at any rate never spared himself. "For twenty years", he told Richard Hinton in 1858, "I have never made any business arrangement which would prevent me at any time answering the call of the Lord. Permitting nothing to stand in the way of duty, neither

wife, children, nor worldly goods." In that saying the whole man stands revealed.

And how did John Brown apply this principle to his life? It is comparatively easy to do some mighty deed of Quixotic daring, whilst all the world wonders; it is hard, hard almost beyond the belief of man, to live a life of daily humdrum self-forgetfulness. Yet this is the witness of the men who knew him. Dwight Hopkins found him in Kansas, in 1855, "living in a little cabin, with his toes out of his boots, and nothing but mush and milk on the table"; whilst Frederick Douglass, coming to visit him at Springfield in days when he was judged to be a prosperous woollen-merchant, found the simplicity of the establishment so Spartan as almost to suggest destitution. Well might Emerson say of that sombre October morning in the year 1859: "It was not a piece of spite or revenge—a plot of two years or of twenty years—but the keeping of an oath made to heaven and earth forty-seven years before."

Fortune, it must be admitted, had not used John Brown well. He had wooed her in as many guises as the gentlemen who came to Belmont to pay court to Lady Portia, and he had not found more favour in her eyes than those unfortunate suitors. He had kept cattle, and he had kept sheep; he had taken the hides of the one and tanned them in his yard, and the fleeces of the other and packed his bales of wool; he had tried farming; he had worked in a Government post-office; he had been a vintner; he had even bred race-horses, till convinced that he was encouraging gambling. Still the goddess refused to smile upon him, and now at the end of fifty summers it became necessary for the old man to make a new departure.

Amongst the mountains of the Adirondacs, as they range themselves by the western shore of Lake Champlain, a colony of coloured people, part freemen of the North, part fugitives

from the plantations of the South, had come to live. Here upon tiny clearings, hewn literally from the heart of the great forest, in a climate where the shoots of wheat or Indian corn were withered in the blade, these poor people, natives of a land of eternal summer, and trained to no rougher work than the cotton-hoe or the pantry, struggled to maintain their freedom. To go and live amongst them and labour for them, "to be", in short, "a father to them", was the task John Brown now set himself.

He came amongst them at a critical moment, when their hearts were faint from failure, and straightway he inspired them with confidence. In the eyes of these simple Africans, he possessed the terrific attainments of the schoolmaster of Auburn.

All his accomplishments were at the disposal of his new family; his very house was a hospital for the wayfarer, whilst out of his scanty savings he bought them food and raiment. "I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, I was a stranger and ye took Me in; naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Here is a man who evidently has read his Bible to some purpose, and who palpably believes in it as absolutely as any "Praise-God" or "Damned" Barebones of the past. Not with that fine discriminating faith which, when it comes to an awkward passage, adapts the meaning to fit present circumstances, but with a headlong enthusiasm which, under the impression that the Apostles meant what they said, bends itself to the text. And much self-sacrifice this same bending cost John Brown, for, if the life at Springfield had been one of Spartan simplicity, this new life in the Adirondacs was one of Draconian severity. "Mother and I", writes his daughter Ruth, alluding to their Springfield home, "had often expressed a wish that the parlour might be furnished too, and father encouraged

us that it should be, but after he made up his mind to go to North Elba he began to economise in many ways. One day he called us older ones to him and said: 'I want to plan with you a little; and I want you all to express your minds. I have a little money to spare; and now shall we use it to furnish the parlour, or spend it to buy clothing for the coloured people, who may need help in North Elba another year?' We all said, 'Save the money!'" But perhaps it may be deemed that the furnishing of a parlour is a little matter. One night, then, as the wind moaned round the mountain cabin, and the snow drifting through the log-roof settled on the bed, the young wife and baby of Oliver Brown were taken up to heaven. That, at any rate, was no slight trial to a man who, on an outbreak of small-pox, would travel a hundred miles to make sure that his son-in-law had been vaccinated, and who would sit up night by night, for a fortnight in the sick-room of his wife lest by chance the fire should burn low and she take cold. He had been a stern ruler in his youth, brooking no heresy in his religion, and adhering strongly to Solomon's maxim, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son"; but as the years sped on, and he breasted wave after wave of trouble, he became more tolerant of opposition, and advised his daughter to govern her children by reason rather than severity. "I meant to do right, but I can see now where I failed". Still, if he was ever severe when they were in fault, he atoned for it by his intense love for them and sympathy in their lives. He took the same strong interest in the professions of his sons and in the simple household work of his daughters. "He always seemed interested in my work", says Ruth, "and would come round and look at it when I was sewing or knitting; and when I was learning to spin he always praised me, if he saw that I was improving". Well might she add: "No one outside his family can

ever know the mingled strength and tenderness of his character. Oh, what a loss his death seemed to me! Yet we did not half know him until he was taken from us". That day of parting was drawing terribly nigh. At the beginning of October, 1855, John Brown passed into Kansas.

The state of Kansas had but lately been received into the Union. Was it, or was it not, to be delivered over unto slavery? That was the question which was agitating it from Dan to Beersheba—from the Missouri to the Arkansas River—and which, at the advent of Brown, seemed likely to be decided in favour of the slave-owners. In 1818, when Missouri applied to be admitted to the Union, the number of free and slave States was exactly even. The struggle over the new comer was fierce, for whoever gained the day gained a majority in the Senate. Eventually the South won, but on the distinct understanding that, when the time came for the admission of that great tract of unexplored country which stretched northward and westward from the boundaries of Missouri, it should be admitted as a free State. The slave-owners had won, and flushed by their victory they proceeded to take steps to render nugatory the agreement to which they owed their success. Owing to their exertions a Bill was passed by which, despite their own solemn undertaking, it was enacted, that henceforth the inhabitants of every new State admitted to the Union should settle by vote the question of slavery or freedom. Forty-five years passed, and then the territory which had been declared free was admitted, under the name of Kansas, to the Union. The day of the election which was to decide the future of Kansas at length dawned. The Abolitionists were in a majority, but what they lacked in numbers the slave-owners made up in braggadocio. Early in the morning an armed band of some thousand men, bringing with them two cannon, marched into Lawrence and surrounded the polling-

station. Four thousand fictitious votes were thrown into the boxes, and Kansas was declared to have gone for slavery. The legislature thus elected proceeded at once *more suo* to pass laws for the better government of the State. No one who opposed slavery was to be an elector of Kansas—no one indeed opposed to that divine right was to be anything at all in Kansas. Anybody aiding or abetting, even indirectly, the escape of a slave, was declared guilty of larceny, for which the punishment was death. Any one speaking or writing against slavery was to suffer imprisonment with hard labour. Whilst, as no person who objected to slavery was to sit upon a jury, any risk an Abolitionist might have run of getting a fair trial was reduced to a minimum. Such are a few specimens of the law, as imported from the statute-book of Missouri, and under the protection of which the Patriots proceeded to attempt to stamp out the Abolitionists. A veritable reign of terror followed. Lawrence was bombarded, sacked, and burned. A lawyer, who objected to electioneering frauds, was tarred and feathered, set up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. Anti-slavers were taken from their work and shot where they stood: "some fellow", cynically remarks Wilder, "would ride up to you and kill you because you could read and write, and were a Yankee." Whilst one hero, with a turn for originality, having made a bet that he would scalp an Abolitionist, rode out of Leavensworth till he met one, and then, having shot him and taken his hair, rode back to claim the money, waving his bloody trophy and shouting that he "went out to get a damned Abolitionist scalp, and got one".

Such was the state of things when John Brown came into Kansas. He found the cause to which he had dedicated his life suppressed by force and fraud. He found the men who ought to have been the pillars of the cause hopeless and cowed. He saw that the Patriots were fast becoming dominant

in the State; and that, unless he could win Kansas for freedom, he should lose America to slavery. All that followed, to a man like him, steeped in the theology of the Old Testament and convinced that he was the chosen instrument of the Lord, was not only necessary but ordained. If he committed actions which may seem unjustifiable, the character of the men to whom he was opposed must be remembered—men brutalised by licence, who recognised no weaker argument than compulsion, and no other right than might. To have appealed to the better nature of a "mean white" would have been about as profitable as arguing with a hyena. Luckily for Kansas, for America, ay, for the whole world, here was a man who found the necessary argument in the pages of his Bible. Was it not written: "Thine eyes shall not pity, but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot"? Shortly after he came into Kansas five anti-slavery men were murdered out of sheer wanton brutality. Such things had been done before, and, saving his presence, would have continued to be done whilst there was an Abolitionist left in the State. But the new law had come into operation. Suddenly, in the dead stillness of a Sabbath morning, a party of men came down to Dutch Henry's Crossing on the river Pottawatomie. Five men, notorious ruffians, who lived close by, were taken from their beds and carried out into the darkness. Next morning their bodies were found by their families, stabbed to the heart. The lesson was a horrible one, but it never needed to be repeated. There were rage and denunciations in the tents of the slavers, but there was also terror. They had chosen for their war-cry the words, "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." To the hilt had the knife been driven home. Henceforth every slaver who took an Abolitionist's life felt that the sword of Damocles was suspended above his head; and that, as there was justice

in heaven, it would surely fall. John Brown had struck. Whether he was right or whether he was wrong, every man must judge for himself. His son Jason disapproved. "Father," he said, the first time they met after the executions, "did you have anything to do with that bloody affair on the Pottawatomie?" "I approved of it", answered his father. "Whoever did it", replied Jason, "the act was un-called for and wicked." Then answered John Brown, "God is my judge: the people of Kansas will yet justify my course." His words came true. The executions at Pottawatomie did their work. The Abolitionists of Kansas lifted their heads and recognized their leader. He hated war, and in his youth had paid his fine rather than enter the ranks; but he hated slavery still more, and seeing that the Gordian knot could not be loosed, he did not hesitate to apply the sword. He modelled his tiny army in the mould from which Cromwell fashioned his Ironsides. None but God-fearing men were allowed in the ranks; strong drink was forbidden in his camp; at sunrise and at sunset the soldiers laid aside their rifles, and all knelt in prayer. Like another David, he dwelt, with these his mighty men, in the wilderness and in the mountains, rushing out against the Philistines and scattering them before the wind, until his name became a terror unto the slave-holders, who saw his hand in every blow which fell upon them. And so it came to pass, in this manner, that Kansas was won for freedom. But the majesty of the law had been outraged. The law, which could not prevent the murder of an Abolitionist, looked askance upon the man who substituted for it the un-written law of right. A warrant was issued for his arrest. Six hundred dragoons, with four cannon, were sent to take him dead or alive. So much however had the old man become respected that Governor Geary, before issuing his fiat, sent word to him of what was in the

wind. And so John Brown passed out of Kansas.

The sands of his life were now fast running out. But before it failed he was to strike one final, crushing blow for freedom, a blow which, though his sword broke in his hand and stretched him bleeding at the feet of his enemies, was to bring the Moloch down upon his knees. The campaign of Harper's Ferry has been characterised as the idea of a madman. That of course it was not. A failure it was, if we judge success superficially by its immediate effect. But it was a failure indispensable to ultimate victory. The Civil War itself was after all only the grand assault of which Harper's Ferry was the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope, as usual, was sacrificed, but the main attack prevailed. The fact is that John Brown saw quite clearly that some such step was indispensable. Douglass's suggestion that the slave-holders might be converted, he ridiculed. The time for conciliation was passed. The crisis demanded deeds, not words. "Talk!" he growled, as he came out from an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, "talk! talk! talk! That will never set the slave free. But a few men in the right, and knowing they are right, can overturn a mighty king. Fifty men, twenty men, in the Alleghanies, could break slavery to pieces in two years." And with that he set to work to find them.

The plans were matured with the greatest care. Twenty and two tried men, inclusive of five men of colour, were sworn in as the skeleton of an organisation which was to be expanded by the enlistment of such slaves as would join when freed. A dash was to be made at the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, arms and ammunition were to be seized, and the band was to retreat to the mountains. "These mountains", said Brown, laying his finger on them on the map, "are the basis of my plan. I know these mountains well, and could take a body of men into them and keep them there,

despite of all the efforts of Virginia to dislodge them. The true object to be sought is, first of all, to destroy the money value of slave property; and that can only be done by rendering such property insecure." So reasoned this brave old man. What might have been the outcome of his enterprise, had it not failed at the outset, it is useless to speculate. Early in October the little army received orders to concentrate on the Potomac.

The village of Harper's Ferry, which contained the arsenal and armoury of Virginia, lies at the junction of the Potomac with the Shenandoah. To capture the village, to seize arms and hostages, and then retreat to the hills, was to be the opening manœuvre of the campaign.

The evening of October 16th closed in wet and cold. At six o'clock Brown mustered his army, eighteen strong, at the Kennedy farmhouse, where he had been stopping for the last few weeks. "Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "let me press one thing on your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it." And with that counsel they set out. There was no moon visible. Unobserved they found their way down through the woods to the bridge over the Potomac, cutting the telegraph as they passed. Across the river all was still. The lights in the village were rapidly disappearing: Harper's Ferry was going to rest, all unsuspecting that the enemy stood in its gates. It was about ten o'clock. The watchman on the bridge peered out into the night and saw no foe. Suddenly, before he could sound the alarm, rough hands were laid on him and he was a prisoner. Leaving two men at his post, the rest pushed on. The clocks were striking the

half-hour as they debouched under the armoury wall. The gate was driven in with a crowbar, the men dashed through the breach, and the armoury was won. No time was wasted. The sleeping village was occupied, and parties were sent out to bring in hostages.

Up till now everything had gone well for Brown. The village lay at his mercy; the arms and stores of Virginia were at his disposal, and important hostages were in his hands. Day was breaking, but as yet no alarm had been given. He might have retreated without the loss of a man, but for some fatal reason he delayed. Why he delayed, it is impossible to understand. He said himself that had he chosen to take to the mountains he could never have been captured, but that he wished "to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill"; adding with characteristic Calvinism, "all our actions, even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen ages before the world was made." He believed that the delay was ordained, and he lived long enough to be able to assure his wife that he recognised the wisdom of the ordination. And in sober truth he was right. John Brown the guerilla might have met with failure: John Brown the martyr was to prove invincible.

Meanwhile Harper's Ferry was waking up. The labourers coming to their work in the arsenal were surprised to find themselves prisoners. Gradually the news spread. The villagers were furious; but, as all their arms were in the enemy's hands, their rage, at first, was helpless. Soon a dropping fire, which gained strength rapidly as help came in from the neighbouring country, was opened on the invaders. Still Brown might have got away; yet still he delayed. About noon the militia marched up the river, and, having cut off his retreat across the Potomac, proceeded to surround his position. Then the battle went on in earnest. On the one side of the

street stood all Virginia, on the other a bare score of men. The fire was furious, but not one of that devoted band flinched. One by one, as the hours wore away, they sank down, and there were no more to take their places. At last Brown evacuated the street, and fell back with his hostages on the engine-house. Immediately the whole power of the Virginians was concentrated on that building. All the afternoon the rain of bullets fell on it; and when the evening came four unwounded men stood within it. About six o'clock the fire slackened. The steady tramp of the regulars was heard coming up the street, and Lee's Marines deployed before the house. The name of Lee has won more sympathy for the South than all else besides; the badness of the cause has often been forgotten in the nobility of the champion. He acted now humanely, as was his wont. He stopped the useless firing, and sent a flag of truce to bid Brown surrender in the morning. The long October night had closed in when the embassy retired. Within the engine-house all was dark and sombre. The dead and wounded lay ranged round the room, and the sound of the hushed voices of the survivors was broken only by the groans of the dying. Brown, who had stood steadfastly by his loop-hole all through the afternoon, came now and knelt by the body of his son. "He is the third I have lost in this cause", he murmured, as he straightened the stiffening limbs. There was no question of surrender; all through that terrible night the heart of no man failed him. The door and windows were barricaded, the rifles loaded, and then they sat down to await the day. Slowly the morning dawned; the grey light piercing through the crevices in the barricades lingered on the walls ploughed up by bullets, and the stark, blood-stained corpses on the floor. Lieutenant Stuart came early for his answer. "Are you ready to surrender," he demanded, "and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown replied staunchly: "A rope for my men and myself. No, I prefer to die here." Stuart stepped aside, and at the same moment the hammers of the storming-party rained upon the door. But the door held firm, and under the steady fire of the garrison the stormers fell back. It was, however, only for an instant; in another minute the Marines dashed forward with a ladder improvised as a battering-ram. The door yielded; another blow or two, and the engine which was placed against it rolled slowly back. Green, of the Marines, sprang into the breach. For a moment he stood amid a shower of balls upon the top of the engine, looking for Brown. Then, as he caught sight of him, he sprang down into the room and lunged at him with his sword. The blade struck against Brown's belt and bent double, but the force of the blow threw the old man down; and as he lay helpless on the ground, Green struck him again and again upon the head with the hilt of his damaged weapon. Thus, in what looked like hopeless failure, ended John Brown's last fight. That night he lay wounded, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. Nothing remained for him but to answer for his deeds. He had "dared to be a traitor to the Government that he might be loyal to humanity."

A week later, heavily manacled, he was carried into the court-house at Charlestown to stand his trial on the charge of treason to the Commonwealth. All through the trial he lay on his back with closed eyes. Occasionally, when some words more than usually ungenerous fell upon his ears, he would raise himself to speak, only, after a few earnest and perhaps excited sentences, to fall back upon his pallet and draw his blanket more tightly around him. At last the proceedings closed. The verdict of guilty was given, and the judge turning to Brown asked him if he had aught to say. Then it was that, rising to his feet, he made that famous speech which drew from Thoreau the exclamation

"What avail all your scholarly accomplishments and learning, compared with wisdom and manhood?"

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them'. I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done!"

This and more than this he said, speaking "to time and to eternity" rather than to man, whose ears were deaf to his words. Sentence was passed, and he was carried out of court condemned to death.

Loaded with fetters, chained to the floor of his cell, guarded day and night by armed men, the old lion passed his last days on earth. But his work was done. The example of those last days converted thousands who had once denied him, and when he died it was in the firm belief that his sacrifice was not in vain, but "feeling the strong assurance", as he wrote in his last letter to his family, "that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family has sacrificed or suffered will be lost."

The morning of December 2nd dawned. It was John Brown's last morning upon earth. The sun streamed brightly down on Charlestown, lighting up the country round, and shining on the silver mountain peaks in the distance. In a field beyond the town the gallows was erected. And round

it in all the glare and pomp of war were massed the soldiers of Virginia. Out from the town, surrounded by a military escort, came the cart in which the prisoner was seated. "This is a beautiful country," he said to his companions, as they cleared the streets and passed into the open, "I have not cast my eyes over it before." At last the scaffold was reached. Firmly and without assistance he mounted the steps, and took his place beneath the rope with a strange calm smile upon his face. "I am ready at any time," he said, as the cap was drawn over his face, "do not keep me waiting." Those were his last words. The drop fell, and as the spirit of John Brown was carried up on high, the sun of emancipation burst from out the clouds and began to climb the heavens.

He was buried, as he had wished, amidst the forest of the Adirondacs. The noblest and most eloquent of America's sons stood bare-headed by his grave. And as the earth fell upon his coffin there went up a great shout of victory. It rang throughout the length and breadth of America; it was carried over the Atlantic to England and the continent of Europe. John Brown was dead. But the good deeds that men do live after them. His mortal frame might sleep beneath the forest trees of the Adirondacs, but his soul was marching on. His story, woven into song, written down by no man but claimed by a nation, became the *Marseillaise* of America. The Federal soldiers chanted it on their march, and charged to it in the hour of battle. The slave cowering in the cotton-swamp heard it, and knew that he was free. The planter in his Southern kingdom heard it, and knew his reign was over, when, with the measured footfall of the Northern armies there rose and fell the words:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the
grave,
His soul is marching on!"

SHAKESPEARE UNAWARES.

In 1851 the great Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, now almost forgotten, but once a force to be reckoned with by European statesmen, was received in this country with almost unbounded enthusiasm. The cordiality of his reception was partly due, no doubt, to the cause of which he was the eloquent and chivalrous advocate. But the cause alone would never have secured for him so appreciative and enthusiastic a hearing. His own striking personality lent weight to his pleadings; he was picturesque, and he possessed in the highest perfection the grand manner, which seldom fails to impress a popular audience. But the most seductive charm which he brought with him lay in his language. Like most patriots he had spent a good deal of his time in prison. The leisure thus thrust upon him he had turned to good account by learning English, with the result that he became a greater master of our tongue than our best home-bred orators themselves. He spoke the English of Shakespeare. In mere conversation he probably would not have been able to hold his own, or at any rate to conceal his foreign origin, but for the language of the highest and most impressive type of oratory he had chosen the most perfect model, as indeed the result abundantly proved. In the words of the historian of that epoch, "he could address a public meeting for an hour or more with a fluency not inferior seemingly to that of Gladstone, with a measured dignity and well-restrained force that were not unworthy of Bright; and in curiously expressive, stately, powerful, pathetic English which sounded as if it belonged to a higher time and to loftier interests than ours." While Kossuth resorted to the pure fountain-head, Shake-

speare's own countrymen have been content to degenerate into a style for the most part so adulterated that it cannot compare for either simplicity or strength with the great original. But we cannot altogether shake it off; and even in our work-day vocabulary there are not only many single words still surviving, but also not a few phrases and idioms still current, which do duty in the plays. In spite of ourselves we talk a great deal of Shakespeare unawares: it is scarcely possible to carry on a conversation without having recourse to him; and, if we choose to investigate the matter, we find that what we are in these days apt to regard as illiterate and vulgar, not to say absolute slang, has in some instances the very highest sanction. Since he became a school-book his commonplaces have been neglected in favour of learned explanations of words, phrases, and allusions no longer familiar to us. But the backbone of his language, the part of him which we have inherited and retain in daily use, is regarded with comparative indifference. Yet herein lies his chief value to us, as users and abusers of the English tongue, and one of his most indefeasible claims to our veneration and gratitude. Many of his quasi-proverbial expressions are daily quoted, or misquoted, in happy ignorance of the source whence they are derived, and colloquialisms are exchanged every hour without the slightest appreciation of the fact that the identical terms were bandied from mouth to mouth three centuries ago, and were caught and registered for our advantage by the Stratford playwright.

"The first thing we do", says Dick the Butcher, in "Henry the Sixth" (Part 2, iv. 2), "let's kill all the lawyers". Had this bloodthirsty

suggestion been carried out the wealth of legal terms which we find in Shakespeare would possibly never have been recorded. As it is we read of *defendants, deeds of gift, reversions, fees-simple, indentures*, and many other similar phenomena peculiar to the phraseology of the gentlemen of the long robe; we even learn incidentally that the interesting operation of *cutting the entail* ("All's Well that Ends Well", iv. 3) was not only known to, but described in these very words by, Elizabethan solicitors. The *process-server* and *bailiff* were likewise evidently familiar characters ("Winter's Tale", iv. 2). In the same connection we may notice a phrase, well-known to the trespasser of our own day, which occurs at least twice. In "Romeo and Juliet", v. 3, Friar Laurence suggests that, if the final catastrophe may be fairly attributed to any mismanagement on his part, his "old life" should be sacrificed "unto the rigour of severest law"; while in "Henry the Sixth", Part 2, i. 3, York denounces the unhappy Horner and requests that he may "have all the rigour of the law," as a reward for accusing his master of high treason.

At what point precisely an expression passes the bounds of colloquialism and must be held to fall under the category of slang, no hard and fast rule can be laid down. Still less are we able to determine where the line was drawn in Shakespeare's day. But it is certain that many of our own convenient idioms are entitled to a semi-classical rank on the score of their appearance in one or other of his dramas. Miranda, for example, in her anxiety to secure Ferdinand's company, assures him that he may cease his labours a while, without fear of detection. "My father," she says, "is hard at study; pray now rest yourself: *he's safe for these three hours.*" This sounds almost ridiculously modern, yet it is only one among a hundred instances of identity in thought and diction subsisting alike

in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. A flattering portrait is a common enough sight in these days; so, too, Julia, contemplating her rival's picture, finds some consolation in the obvious improvement on the features of the original: "and yet," she observes joyfully, "the painter *flatter'd* her a little" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," iv. 4). Mrs. Page uses an expletive which in many modern minds is somehow connected with a great novelist, though in reality at least three hundred years older: "I cannot tell *what the dickens* his name is" ("Merry Wives of Windsor", iii. 2); and in the same play we read of one coming "with half Windsor at his heels" (iii. 3); of "Welsh flannel" (v. 5); and of a man who was "as poor as Job" (Ibid). The simile last mentioned occurs again in "Henry the Fourth", Part 2, i. 2, where Falstaff, in answer to the Chief Justice, protests: "I am *as poor as Job*, my lord, but not so patient."

The adverb "simply" used to convey an emphatic asseveration, has good Shakespearean warrant. Falstaff is of opinion that, had he but "a belly of any indifferency," he "were *simply* the most active fellow in Europe"; a servant declares Coriolanus to be "*simply* the rarest man i' the world" ("Coriolanus", iv. 5); while Sir Andrew Ague-cheek thinks that he has "the back-trick *simply* as strong as any man in Illyria" ("Twelfth Night", i. 3). But the word does not seem to have been used in this sense by persons who were nice in their English. The still popular, if not elegant, expression, "I know a trick worth two of that," is put into the mouth of a carrier ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, ii. 1), but is apparently not found elsewhere; and in the same scene appears, for the first and last time, the no less popular, and quite as elegant, "cock-sure." An undeniably slang term, if we accept the reading adopted by Dyce, occurs in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew", where Christopher Sly, in a reckless humour,

cries: "Let the world *slide*, we shall ne'er be younger". The same Induction supplies us with "small", and "smallest ale". Two examples are forthcoming, also, of "green," signifying "easily taken in." The first is in "King John", iii. 4, where Pandolph says to Lewis, but clearly in no uncomplimentary sense: "How *green* you are, and fresh in this old world!"; the second in the mouth of Cleopatra: "My salad days, when I was *green* in judgment" ("Antony and Cleopatra", i. 5). With this may be compared the use of "gull," with a similar, but very erroneously deduced, meaning; we find "many simple *gulls*" in "Richard the Third", i. 3; and "O *gull*! O dolt!" in "Othello", v. 2.

A very favourite schoolboy-phrase is honoured with a place in "The Winter's Tale", where (v. 2) the clown, on the shepherd's suggestion that they may live to shed many more "gentleman-like tears", breaks in with: "Ay, or else 'twere *hard luck*, being in so preposterous estate as we are." And in Act i. Sc. 2 of the same comedy occurs the London workman's time-honoured greeting, "*What cheer?*" Ulysses finds fault with Achilles for being "so *plaguy* proud" ("Troilus and Cressida", ii. 3); while the Moor of Venice denounces Iago, with great truth but scarcely emphasis enough to content modern ears, as a "*precious* villain" ("Othello", v. 2). According to our lights, he was that and something more. Perhaps the only allusion to the game of whist is contained in the line, which also embodies a very common slang phrase; "*As sure a card as ever won the set*" ("Titus Andronicus", v. 1.); but other idioms of a slightly sporting aroma are scattered up and down with some liberality. "And, *ten to one*, you'll meet him in the Tower", may be read in "Henry the Sixth" (Part 3, v. 1); so, too, the modest epilogue of "Henry the Eighth" begins with the avowal that "*'Tis ten to one* this play can never please All that are here." And Norfolk's defiance of Bolingbroke

("Richard the Second", i. 1) is distinctly suggestive of the race-course in the sentence, "I would *allow him odds*"; as are likewise the expression in "Hamlet" (v. 2), "Your grace hath *laid the odds* o' the weaker side", and those in "Cymbeline", "I have *lost the wager*" (i. 6), "I have heard of *riding wagers*" (iii. 2). "A horse of that colour" ("Twelfth Night", ii. 3) seems also to smack somewhat of the turf.

Proverbial similes, still in vogue, and showing no symptoms of obsolescence, are frequent enough. Some years ago there was a discussion in the sporting-papers as to the origin of the slang phrase, "as sound as a roach". The exact words, it is true, are not Shakespearean, but the idea is illustrated in "as whole as a fish" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona", ii. 5). We have already noticed "as poor as Job," and other instances are, "as sound as a bell" ("Comedy of Errors", iii. 2); "as merry as crickets" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, ii. 4); "as quiet as a lamb" ("King John", iv. 1); "snorting like a horse" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, ii. 4, in which scene we may also observe, "as plenty as blackberries"); "as true as steel" ("Troilus and Cressida", iii. 2). An emphatic assurance of the extinction of life is popularly conveyed by the expression, "as dead as a door-nail." Evidently the Elizabethans were accustomed to employ the very same idiom, for in reply to Falstaff's inquiry, "What, is the old king dead?" Pistol, with laconic vulgarity, merely utters the formula, "*As nail in door*" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 2, v. 3). "Herring" is sometimes substituted for "door-nail," and the alternative reading has the authority of Dr. Caius, who was well enough versed in the English language to say: "By gar, the *herring* is no dead so as I vill kill him" ("Merry Wives of Windsor", ii. 3). Finally, Mercutio complains that Benvolio's head is "as full of quarrels *as an egg is full of meat*" ("Romeo and Juliet", iii. 1).

Of proverbs pure and simple, which fulfil, that is to say, Howel's definition of "sense, shortness, and salt," there is no lack. We English enjoy no Iberian aptitude for this particular form of speech, but there are some few pregnant aphorisms to which we cling, from century to century, with pertinacious fondness. A fair proportion of these may be found in the pages of Shakespeare, and any one who has studied the philosophy of proverbs—a very different thing, by the way, from proverbial philosophy—must needs recognise and admit their importance and interest. The home-spun adages, whose origin is lost in dim antiquity, which existed before books, and of which books are merely the more or less apt expansion and application, must always receive a kindly welcome. They are not, however, to be confounded with Shakespearean *bons mots*, many of which have received brevet rank, and pass current as a kind of junior proverbs themselves. He has provided us with excellent examples of both varieties.

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" one of the Outlaws, inviting Valentine to become the general of the gang, asks whether he will be content "to make a virtue of necessity" (iv. 1), and live, as they do, in the wilderness. And Gaunt, striving to reconcile Bolingbroke to the sentence of banishment just passed upon him, exhorts him to reason within himself that "there is no virtue like necessity". In the Third Part of "Henry the Sixth" we are reminded that "ill blows the wind that profits nobody" (ii. 5), having been already warned in "Henry the Fourth" Part 2, v. 3, of the same "ill wind which blows no man to good". It would need some research to discover to whom we owe the original record that "Care killed a cat". Claudio, however in "Much Ado about Nothing" mentions it as though it were a well ascertained fact, and twits Benedick with the adage: "What though", he says, 'Care killed a cat, thou hast mettle

enough in thee to kill care" (v. 1), an ingenious development of the saw which cannot but commend itself to persons overburdened with anxiety. It is as true here and now as it was in the days of Sampson and Gregory at Verona that "the weakest goes to the wall" ("Romeo and Juliet", i. 1); as plain to us as to Dogberry that "they that touch pitch will be defiled" ("Much Ado about Nothing", iii. 3), with which, however, compare Ecclesiasticus xiii. 1.; as patent to modern warriors as to fat-encumbered Jack Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, v. 4). In every age and country there have been those who would vote with Lysander on the motion that "the course of true love never did run smooth" ("A Midsummer Night's Dream", i. 1); and moralists of any date or nationality are always ready to maintain, if they do not believe, that "pride must have a fall" ("Richard the Second", v. 5), or, as Solomon puts it, "pride goeth before destruction", that "beggars mounted run their horse to death" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 2, i. 4), and that "the smallest worm will turn being trodden on" (Ibid ii. 2).

But conversation is not made up entirely, or even mainly, of simile and aphorism. Every language is furnished, more or less sumptuously, with an armoury of idioms, which distinguish it from all other languages, and upon which its linguistic wealth or poverty in great measure depends. The plays of Shakespeare are singularly rich in such vivid, forcible, and often epigrammatic turns of expression. In order to give point to our observations, whether written or spoken, we draw daily, but unconsciously, on this well-stored treasury. Many of them, no doubt, passed current in man's intercourse with his fellows when Shakespeare himself was living; others, it may fairly be surmised, were his own creation. To determine which were original, and which borrowed from the common vocabulary of the

times, it is necessary, of course, to study the contemporary literature. Our purpose just now, however, is not to formulate any such invidious classification, but rather to illustrate the freedom with which we trick out our ordinary conversation in terms undoubtedly used, if not always invented, by our King of Dramatists. It will be seen that some of the smartest of our so-called colloquialisms, as well as the most apposite of our metaphors, did duty in the mouths of his characters. Well may he be called the "myriad-minded"; but the variety of his idiom and his dexterous command of our mother-tongue must provoke our admiration no less than the unrivalled versatility of his genius.

For a finely expressive metaphor, so common that we use it without any thought of its full significance, what have we better than the words of Enobarbus on the beauty of the Queen of Egypt, "it beggar'd all description" ("Antony and Cleopatra", ii. 2)? We still beg our friends not "to stand on ceremony" ("Julius Cæsar", ii. 2); a hopeless pursuit is still popularly described as "a wild-geese chase" ("Romeo and Juliet", ii. 4); and if we seek to give a vivid picture of a lingering disease we cannot well improve upon the time-honoured "death by inches" ("Coriolanus", v. 4). When men comfort themselves with the immediate success of a new enterprise, some croaker is sure to suggest, even at the risk of "dashing their spirits a little" ("Othello", iii. 3), that "'tis but early days" ("Troilus and Cressida", iv. 1) for congratulation. Most of us in the course of our lives are called upon "to dance attendance" ("Richard the Third", iii. 7) on some "privileged man" ("Troilus and Cressida", ii. 3), and both students and reviewers find it sometimes a difficult matter to grasp their "author's drift" (Ibid. iii. 3). Not being so bellicose as our ancestors, we are well satisfied with the "weak piping time of peace" ("Richard the Third", i. 1), and have no desire to become "food

for powder" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, iv. 2). Even when we are "out at elbow" ("Measure for Measure", ii. 1), we still like to have plenty of "elbow-room" ("King John", v. 7). "Tittle-tattling" ("Winter's Tale", iv. 2) has always been condemned; we are fortunate if we do not number among our acquaintance one of whom it may be said, as of Wolsey, that "no man's pie is freed From his ambitious finger" ("Henry the Eighth", i. 1). When a school has "broke up" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 2, iv. 2), the pleasant experience will now and again force itself upon us of being "eaten out of house and home" (Ibid. ii. 1), and of finding everything left "at six and seven" ("Richard the Second", ii. 2). Two old enemies meeting will "embrace the occasion" ("Merchant of Venice", i. 1) to "pluck a crow together" ("Comedy of Errors", iii. 1); it is well if we can supply some seductive beverage in which they may "drink down all unkindness" ("Merry Wives of Windsor", i. 1).

"To break the ice" ("Taming of the Shrew", i. 2), in the metaphorical sense, is by no means always an easy feat, and we may sometimes say with Grumio: "See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together" (Ibid.), the old folks meanwhile perhaps striving "with troubled thoughts to take a nap" ("Richard the Third", v. 3). Poor Katharine "had all the royal makings of a queen" ("Henry the Eighth", iv. 1), was never "branded with suspicion" (Ibid. iii. 1), was accustomed "to tell truth and shame the devil" ("Henry the Fourth", Part 1, iii. 1), won "golden opinions from all sorts of people" ("Macbeth", i. 7), and yet, like Romeo, was "fortune's fool" ("Romeo and Juliet", iii. 1) after all. Hyperbolic talkers sometimes declare that wild horses shall not drag a certain secret, generally of very small moment, from their bosoms. Launce said the same thing long ago, in refusing to divulge the name of his

lady-love: "A team of horse shall not pluck that from me" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona", iii. 1). We are frequently exhorted to "strike while the iron's hot"; in "Henry the Sixth", Part 3, v. 1 we read: "Strike now, or else the iron cools". There is now a constant succession of "nine days' wonders"; so there seems to have been in Shakespeare's time, for when Edward suggests the possibility of his marrying Lady Grey, Gloucester replies: "That would be ten days' wonder, at the least", and Clarence adds: "That's a day longer than a wonder lasts" (Ibid. iii. 2). To be snatched "out of the jaws of death" ("Twelfth Night", iii. 5), to be in our neighbour's good or bad "books" ("Much Ado about Nothing", i. 1), to speak "under correction" ("Love's Labour Lost", v. 2), to "beguile the time" ("Midsummer Night's Dream", v. 1), "broken English" ("Henry the Fifth", v. 2), "a tower of strength" ("Richard the Third", v. 3), "a charmed life" ("Macbeth", v. 8), "post-haste" ("Othello", i. 2)—these and a hundred others are all terms and phrases which enter as a matter of course into our daily conversation, and are used alike by gentle and simple. To enumerate them all would be to extract the best part of any well-compiled English phrase-book.

Our very games are, some of them at least, stamped with the Shakespearean hall-mark. Of cricket, it is true, no mention is made, but tennis, foot-ball, bowls and billiards may be all said to have received the sanction of the drama. In "Comedy of Errors" Dromio of Ephesus complains that Adriana spurns him "like a foot-ball" (ii. 1); but the game was evidently held in disrepute, for in "King Lear" Kent can find no more opprobrious epithet for Oswald than that of "you base foot-ball player" (i. 4). The game of bowls, on the other hand, stood well in the estimation of even the clergy, for Sir Nathaniel, a curate, is described as "a good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler" (Love's Labour Lost,

v. 2). The technical terms, such as *bias*, &c., used in connection with this pastime, are still current, and in many rural districts the bowling-green, upon which time out of mind successive generations of players have exhibited their prowess, is pointed out as the scene of the most respectable encounters that the neighbourhood knows. The history of tennis has been written at great length by Mr. Julian Marshall, who, no doubt, has not omitted to record all the allusions to the game that are to be culled from Elizabethan authors. The solitary reference, "Let's to billiards", is chiefly remarkable as coming from the lips of Cleopatra ("Antony and Cleopatra", ii. 5)—one of our author's many anachronisms, of which, indeed, it is scarcely likely that a man of Bacon's calibre would ever have been guilty.

The dangerous figure of speech, known to grammarians as *Paronomasia*, is used by Shakespeare's characters with some freedom. But to describe him as a punster would be to convey a wrong impression of the manner in which he allows himself to play upon words. Sometimes, it is true, his use of what logicians call equivocal terms is barely distinguishable from the modern joke at any price; but, as a rule, we find a deeper meaning underlying the apparent facetiousness. In these days we prefer more joke and less meaning. Certain it is that few, if any, of his puns were intended merely to be laughed at. Apemantus can hardly have wished or expected to raise a laugh when he played upon *medlars* and *meddlers*, and several other instances might be adduced of words, seemingly identical in pronunciation but altogether different in meaning, upon which the changes are rung without the remotest prospect of provoking so much as a smile. *Rome*, *roam*, and *room* are a case in point. In short, it cannot be said that we are indebted to the plays for our abuse of this most forlorn of all colloquialisms now in fashion.

There is yet one other aspect in which we may regard ourselves as indebted to the language of Shakespeare. Writers of novels, especially of late years, have in many instances seen fit to abstract from it the titles of their books. The result has not been satisfactory, except by way of contrast, for novels thus provided, by a strange irony of fate, have almost invariably proved as ephemeral as their titles are enduring. It is as though the title resented the text; the one *purpureus pannus* cannot brighten the three volumes of mediocrity. At any rate, whatever the cause, they very seldom work well together, and our sympathy can scarcely fail to run with the unfortunate excerpts thus rudely pressed into obstetrical service. Verily, as Trinculo tells us, "misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows" ("Tempest", ii. 2). Of the few exceptions which suggest themselves perhaps the only one which seems secure of immortality is Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" ("Twelfth Night", iii. 1). Among the other elegant extracts which have done duty on the title-pages of modern literature are, "Dear Lady Disdain", "The Seamy Side", "The Giant's Robe", "John-a-Dreams", "The Primrose Path", "A Counterfeit Presentment", "Puck", "Household Words", "Not Wisely but too Well", "Heartsease", "A Passion in Tatters", and "The Green-eyed Monster". One ex-

cellent book of travel is introduced as "The Frosty Caucasus". But, speaking generally, all our best books have been written, titles and all, without any such adventitious aid. Their good wine has needed no bush; and the mere exhibition of a bush will not produce good wine or promote the sale of an inferior vintage.

What, then, is the legitimate conclusion to which our judgment leads us? If the foregoing sketch be not condemned as what Mrs. Quickly forcibly styles "an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English", it may perhaps be held to set forth a fair statement of our indebtedness in the matter of work-day idiom to the Shakespearean vocabulary. It does not pretend to be exhaustive or indeed to do more than indicate the great variety of expressions in daily use by all classes of the community, for which Shakespeare is directly or indirectly responsible. No other European language than our own can boast so important a creditor. Whether we cling to our Stratford traditions or cast in our lot with the new sect of Cryptogrammarians, the fact remains, and must ever remain, that to a certain collection of some four-and-thirty Dramas, now nearly three centuries old, may be traced a large proportion—far larger than is popularly imagined or realized—of our favourite and most idiomatic phraseology.

ARTHUR GAYE.

ON A TENNESSEE NEWSPAPER.

IN the "fall" of 1883 my experiences as a journalist began. I had been summering in the Cumberland mountains, the Alps of Tennessee, and wishing for some congenial employment when the hot season was over and a return to town prudent for other *genera* than salamanders, I wrote a carefully-worded letter to the managers of a prominent paper in the capital, modestly stating my belief that I possessed qualities peculiarly fitted for success in their line of business. As I had failed at everything else to which I had turned my hand, I felt justified in making this estimate of my powers, and applying for a position on the paper in event of a vacancy.

Knowing the political policy of this sheet, I inclosed in my letter an original report of a speech made the day before by a gubernatorial candidate whose cause it had espoused, and which I had purposely listened to in a neighbouring town. I lavished such a wealth of laudatory adjectives upon this democratic gentleman, buried his republican rival beneath so vast an accumulation of superlative invective, and altogether soared to such heights, and dived to such depths, of florid metaphor, that the Southern instinct was captivated: I was instantly regarded as, and requested to be, the Coming Man. I came,—or, rather, I went. In a few days I followed my successful appeal to Nashville, the metropolis, some ninety miles distant from my airy retreat.

The biennial race for Governor was at that time the all-absorbing topic of the day. The various issues of the campaign were being discussed with an ardour that only a Southern sun could have inspired in a Southern people; enough money being hazarded upon the probable settlement of the

"State Debt" question alone, to have paid it twice over and removed the problem beyond the province of a wager. My political ideas were as vague as phantoms in a fog, a misfortune, however, easily to be overcome by a discreet adoption of other people's. I saw clearly that it was judicious to become a democrat, if only for a time; so I became one,—for time and for a consideration. Having moulded my political existence in this truly statesmanlike manner, I allowed my patriotic ardour to cool down to a determined rigidity; a more unyielding partizan than I became never tried to turn ink into vitriol or used a Webster's Dictionary for more drastic purposes—but I anticipate.

I reported myself at the office one hot evening in September, was introduced to the editor by a common friend, and invited to take a seat and a cigar upon one of the chairs placed upon the side-walk for the accommodation of friends of the paper, or any casual acquaintances who might happen to "drop around."

After a few brief inquiries about my previous occupations (a theme that I related with more prudence than pride), and two or three hints for my future guidance, the editor drifted into a conversational tone, and, finding I was extremely fond of shooting (he called it "hunting", and it usually *is* hunting in that part of the world), an amusement he had a weakness for himself, we were soon absorbed in the freemasonry of the field. In the discussion of a favourite theme, and under the delicious influence of a Southern night, all thoughts of business took wings to themselves and flew into the uttermost parts of nowhere. My young dreams of journalistic ambition were replaced by exaggerated memories of

"big bags," "long shots" (in the relation of which the efficiency of breech-loaders was mutually supplemented by the assistance of an equally long bow), the joys of camp-life—the sorrows are never remembered except jocularly—and the thousand and one details ever dear to the Anglo-Saxon soul. That night was an experience in itself, and, though not strictly a journalistic one, is as worthy of a description in an article of this sort as it would be difficult to describe it in any. To an English mind, habituated to the almost ceaseless drizzle it dignifies by the name of climate, it is next to impossible to impart an idea of the raptures of a Southern night in this season of the year—or day either, for that matter. Its charms can hardly be exaggerated; even the usually disagreeable combination of great heat with metropolitan life is powerless to rob it of its delights. The natural desire one has for cool, shady woods, purling streams, airy expanses, &c., though not quenched, is directed into other channels, in which the refreshing influences of country life are replaced by artificial comforts, and to a great extent atoned for by social excitements, public interests, and the free and easy outdoor existence of a Southern city. Let me offer you a seat by my side—all things are possible in the past and future, the present only is prosaic—when the clear purple shadows, flung upon the pavement by the electric lights, are softened and almost "kissed to death" by the moonlight, warm and mellow, as it is shed through the heated air from the full-orbed sphere. Look down these vistas of streets, many-lighted and alive with a pleasure-loving populace, sitting, strolling and laughing in easy unrestraint and semi-tropical costumes upon the pavements. Are not these white-robed girls, hanging upon the arms of their attentive escorts, rarely beautiful? Do not these sounds of mingled merriment and music blend harmoniously with the varied scene—with the rattle of wheels, the hum of countless voices, and the

restless activity of feet? Then look above. The purple arch of the sky, dizzy with unnumbered stars, is just tinged with a rosy flush. You never saw that before, did you, except immediately after sunset? If you have seen these nights as I have seen them, you will not blame me for this digression.

Being pretty well absorbed in my surroundings and the conversation, I had not noticed the approach of a young man with a straw hat, gauzy habiliments, and a cigarette, who stood waiting for a pause to address my companion. Shortly afterwards I was introduced to him; he was the city-editor. After he had greeted me with a polite cordiality a stranger might seek in vain in this vaunted island, he endeavoured, as plainly as possible, to furnish me with a few needful hints, without which a new comer is liable to experience more excitement than success in this branch of literature. In a few moments my new friend wound up with the suggestion habitual to most male Southerners in most circumstances, but especially when making an acquaintance: "Let's go over here and take something." My countenance is suffused with a blush as I add, for I like to be candid, that we went and took it in a saloon across the street, and in a few minutes had begun over a mouthful of "Lincoln County" a friendship which I delight in believing eternity itself will be too short to terminate. This done, the next step was to seek the office for the purpose of introducing me to the staff, or "gang," as my new acquaintance called it, a procedure involving some perilous clambering up a totally dark wooden staircase in anything but good repair. We ascended, however, circumspectly towards a confused noise, which I fancied at the time resembled the sound of many looms at work in a menagerie, until I stepped false upon a species of landing I had been unable to distinguish in the darkness from the stairs. "This is what we consider the hub of civilization—the editorial

room in fact!" said my guide, pushing open a door somewhere on our right and ushering me into a dirty, dimly-lighted room, knee-deep in a raging surf of scattered papers. Over this somewhat impeding disorder I beheld a number of persons dotted about like foggy islands—for everybody was smoking—the greater number of whom were decorated with shades. Business might have been going on, but conversation and hilarity certainly *were*. In respect to attire, the cool decorum of shirt-sleeves seemed the prevailing fashion. I was presently introduced to the different members of the staff, who were conspicuous among the mere visitors by possessing less clothes and more dirt. They were nearly all young, but all colonels nevertheless except two who, for the sake of variety as well as on account of greater proficiency in the use of expletives, were distinguished by the more exalted title of general.

As I was exchanging salutations with the friendly warriors around me, a sudden commotion in an adjoining room caused me to look up. As I did so, a large, thickset man, modestly attired in the traditional costume in which Lady Godiva took horseback exercise for a charitable object, except for the flimsy addition of the most gorgeous and tightest under-shirt and drawers I have ever seen, rushed into the room, upsetting everything in his way, and employing language rarely heard even in the impolitest circles. When he had reached one of the windows overlooking the street, he thrust his huge, half-naked shoulders out of it and shouted some order to the buffet over the way: he then drew himself back, lit his cigar-stump over one of the lamps, and swore connectedly for five minutes. This was the editor-in-chief, and was indeed a remarkable object. The South alone could have produced such a character. Two piercing coal-black eyes, fervid with a kind of reckless intelligence; long, wildly-disordered hair of the same colour; a powerful cast of features, swollen, how-

ever, with evidences of continued dissipation; and a large, sensual, but far from stupid mouth, were, after its costume, among the more noticeable peculiarities of this extraordinary figure.

When I first met him, though not more than thirty-three or thirty-four years old, he was considered one of the most brilliant lawyers in the state, carrying on, as is often the case there, his legal profession together with his journalistic duties. Even as he stood there, half-drunk, and consigning everything on earth that he could think of to eternal disaster, I could hardly help admiring him: his eyes seemed to possess a power of focussing their own brilliance that suggested to me the idea of a mighty spirit manacled beyond redemption by clogging sensualities, yet scorning its desperate slavery. Poor fellow! he is dead now, and a horrible uncertainty hangs over his untimely end—which, however, it boots not to meddle with—but he has left behind him in many minds the memory of being, with all his faults, one of the kindest-hearted and most attractive of men.

The encouraging assurances I received from various members of the staff, that I should soon get into their ways, I found to be as true as prophetic, the character of a Southern newspaper being no very complex problem. The fervid language, jocular familiarity, and political vituperation too frequently found in the periodicals of this part have gained them the unqualified censure of the more dignified Press of the old world, a censure more just than charitable when the various causes are considered. The cool, measured subtlety, or the stately tedium produced in our papers as much, I fancy, by the damp, sunless climate as by any other single cause, would fail to arouse any interest below the Ohio, or, for that matter, but little above it. In our quiet, matured kingdom it is both natural and right for us to view political and most other questions through the colourless spec-

tacles of dispassionate thought, but should we expect a hot-blooded and comparatively unsettled people, from whose eyes the red flush of battle has hardly passed, to do the same? The Press there appeals, as it is intended to appeal, more to the feelings than to the intellect, denouncing where we insinuate, and demanding where we importune. The most appropriate symbol of a spread-eagle is the commonest ornament of a Southern sheet.

When sufficient time had elapsed to allow me to in some degree get my hand in, I was asked one night to report a political speech. Not knowing to what party the orator belonged, I deemed it necessary to inquire in what manner I was to handle his utterances. "Shall I puff him?" I asked. "Lord, no!" replied the manager. "Give him thunder!" He did not say "thunder", but we cannot always afford to be exact in regard to the weaknesses of our fellow men. This drastic hint was considered amply sufficient to insure a discriminating report. I am afraid I did revile that poor politician a good deal, with a plenitude of adjectives that evoked an indignant reply from a rival paper, and very nearly involved me in a funeral in which I should have figured as a prominent feature.

But abuse triumphed over logic, and I was warmly congratulated upon my first essay. I soon became very apt at this system of warfare, slinging insults in any direction I was required to with the precision of a practised sharp-shooter. In fact, whenever it was necessary to "do up" or "paralyze" any foe to democratic principles I was generally selected as the one to do it, being tolerably familiar with the dictionary.

To puff your friends in florid language, to suffocate your enemies beneath accumulated invective, to back your sentiments with a six-shooter if necessary, and to season every article with just that amount of "high falutin" without which English is

insipid to Southern ears, were, I soon found, among the inevitable requirements of journalistic success. In short, unless you were, in local vernacular, "sassy, spicey", and "spunky", you would be more apt to satisfy ambition in the undertaking line than through the columns of the newspaper. Truth is seldom flattering, but I always found that the most effective articles, especially during a political campaign, were those dashed off at boiling-point, when the writer had primed himself for the effort with the golden poison of his native land; the only restrictions being never to insult any one individually, except in extreme cases, though the most merciless assaults might be indulged in at the expense of his views or opinions. Liquor seemed to be the very life of our paper, and a very questionable sort of life at best, until it proved its destruction; everybody, from the "devil" to the chief editor, being democrats of the most bibulous description. The popular wonder was how we ever managed to get out an edition at all, though when the innumerable typographical errors had been puzzled over the marvel was in some degree explained. I remember one day, towards the close of the election for Governor, when excitement was at its highest, the sentence, "The carriage containing the *lions* of the day" (referring to our democratic candidate and his attendants, whom, of course, we were lauding to the skies) being rendered by some drunken or designing printer, "The carriage containing the *liars* of the day"; and well, too, do I remember the rage and fury of the writer, who rushed up stairs to kill the type-setter and succeeded in causing a general free-fight. Another time a sentence of our special political writer, which should have been read as "this diversity of opinion", created great bewilderment when it appeared as "this divinity of opium"; a remark supposed to contain, when read with the context, some pointed sig-

nificance at the unholy tyranny of the very faction we had espoused.

Our mistakes are the steps upon which we rise to success; and I had not been long a reporter before I surmounted the first rung in the ladder of experience by making one that proved rather important in its effects. One night the city-editor was threatened with symptoms of pneumonia, and compelled to leave the office for home at an earlier hour than usual. After cautioning me to be careful about my "local" as he would not be there to overlook it, he appointed me his proxy and went off. I assured him confidently that I was quite capable of representing him, and wished him good-night and a speedy recovery. He had not been gone an hour before I was called off to visit a German dance that was going on close by, for the purpose of reporting it. Coming back shortly before the paper went to press, I scribbled off an account of it which I headed "Dutch Dancers," sent it up, and, after consuming a hasty supper as usual, went to bed with the proud consciousness of having done my duty in that station of life in which it is exceedingly doubtful that it has ever pleased Providence to place anybody. The next day at two p.m., as I was on my way to the office, I met the telegraph-editor, who, not having, as he informed me, been to bed, might, or might not, be aware of what was going on. When he had borrowed two dollars for the rather doubtful purpose of "tapering off," he asked, "Going to the office?" "Yes," I replied. "Wouldn't if I were you." "Why not?" I inquired. "Just been there myself; they're looking for you!" "Who are looking for me?" "Why, every blessed German in town. They say they are going to make a lead mine of you! Good thing you're so precious ugly or I might have been mistaken for you myself." Thinking he must be drunk, and not wishing to continue the conversation if he was, I laughed and passed on. I had nearly reached my destination when I ran up

against the city-editor who, finding his symptoms of the night before a false alarm, had returned to his work. I was about to greet him when, "Hullo!" he cried, "you're the identical lunatic I was hunting! What the dickens have you been doing?" This last sentence, originally replete with strange invectives, I have thought fit to revise, retaining merely the sense thereof, an office I shall have to perform with most of this gentleman's utterances. "Well, what *have* I been doing? you seem in a pretty state of mind about something!" "I just knew you'd play thunder when I went off." "But what have I *done*?" "Done! why, doggonit, you've insulted every German in town; lost the paper four hundred subscribers and deuce knows how many advertisements! You've—" "Have I really?" I broke in, seriously alarmed. "But how?" "But the worst of it is", pursued the frenzied editor, not noticing my interruption in his excitement, "they think it's me!" "Think what's you?" "Why, you bullet-headed British outrage, think you're me!" "You must feel intensely flattered, Col.; but I wish you'd tell me *what* I've done." "Didn't you write up that German ball?" he almost shrieked. "Yes." "Well!" "Well!" "And you headed it 'Dutch Dancers'!" "I did." "And yet you ask me what you've *done*? why dad blame my skin! Are you aware that when you call a nice, fat, beautiful, beer-swiggling German a Dutchman you insult him mortally?" "Can't say I am." "Well, you will be if you saunter round to the office. There are about fifty of them there looking for you with shot-guns. They're making things happen around them, I promise you!"

It turned out as he said. In my innocent zeal to do honour to the German element, I had unhappily selected words which expressed to their ears the most pointed and humiliating affront. The city-editor's anger however was not proof against the pathos of my situation, which really was

rather a serious one, although my mistake affected him almost as much as it did myself in his capacity of reviser or expunger of bad matter. He was silent a moment, and then he said: "Look here, old man, I'm for you; I don't want those rascals to do you up. Sneak up stairs, get some paper, and then we'll go and 'monkey' with Fritz, and get him to talk to his plagued countrymen." Fritz was a German (I dare not say Dutch, even now) saloon-keeper much patronized by our office. Without going into details, let it suffice to say that the purchase of enough lager-beer to jaundice an elephant, most of which I clandestinely deposited in the various spittoons that adorned Fritz's floor, an hour or two of indefatigable flattery, the expenditure of nearly a month's salary, and two columns of explanatory matter in the next morning's edition had the effect of neutralizing the baneful effects of my temporary authority. I do not think we permanently lost a single subscriber, but I never heard the last of my Dutch Dancers.

The next misfortune which fell upon us I had no hand in bringing about. The printers struck. We were then paying thirty-five cents a thousand MS.; the Union, however, backed by two rival daily papers, drew the line at forty cents; thence the disappearance of our men. We telegraphed to Chicago for a fresh force of non-Union men, while in the meantime every available man about the office was employed in some totally foreign and unclean manner. We all worked with a will though, and managed to get out some sort of edition next morning.

Hearing that the new printers were on their way down, the manager, an odd, silent man whom no one quite understood, put his favourite six-shooter in his pocket, and was walking off to the station to receive them when the editor suggested: "You'd better take somebody with you, G.; you're likely to have trouble with those blackguards!"

"Reckon not," drawled the other,
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drifting as he spoke round the corner.

The railroad-offices happened to be among the places I visited every day in my thirst for news, and I chanced to arrive there on this particular day a few moments before the train bearing the expected printers was due. The platform was crowded with Union men, all more or less drunk, whose object in assembling there may be easily guessed.

I was coming down from the offices above the bridge when I saw the athletic figure of the manager sauntering carelessly towards me, he seemed to have lounged in during a fit of abstraction, or to have "blown in" as they say in the South. His face wore an expression of quiet boredom. He never noticed me as I passed him, and I should probably have gone out had not the arrival of the train attracted my attention. Passengers began to alight, negro-porters to rush about for victims amid the hurry and bustle, when, above the general excitement, I heard the loud voices of the Union men as they made a rush for one of the cars from which I saw several persons descending. They were sure of their game; the new printers would soon be befuddled into the fellowship of the Union. A tall, straight figure seemed to rise before them, and something shone in his hand as if it had caught the glitter from his eyes. "Stand back," he shouted. "I'll fill the first man that interferes with my business so full of holes that he won't hold shucks!" Not a fibre of his fine figure trembled, not a muscle of his face moved, as he faced the mob of desperate men. They were all armed, but no one seemed eager for perforation. With a quiet, almost sad smile he turned to the new men, asked one question, and said, "Come with me." A few minutes later he escorted them to the office. That night we had a full force.

Shortly after this event our candidate was elected Governor! The gluttony of joy upon this event

H H

caused our sheet to break out with an eruption of crowing "roosters" and other cuts illustrative of exultant metaphor, which in the South, generally finds expression in some animal-type. It was fortunate indeed that these symbols filled up the space of several columns, for otherwise, I fear, that triumphant edition would have been "powerful scattering" in the way of news. The managing editor had succumbed to the mingled intoxication of rapture and his usual habits, and was "laid out" in his den upon a couch, with his head pillowed upon a stack of papers. What little writing the city-editor accomplished had to be done with his left hand, his right being incapacitated on account of a knife-wound received while endeavouring to

separate two contending printers up stairs. Every one else seemed to consider our success as an excuse for a glorious indifference to labour of any kind, while even the press down stairs seemed to have caught the prevailing frenzy—banging and clashing away as it rattled off an entire Noah's Ark of jubilant creatures with unprecedented velocity.

Our ill-fated sheet did not long survive the delight of success—not a very remarkable fact when you consider some of the facts which I have confided to my readers. A month or two later it collapsed; and those of us who had survived the wreck without being physically or morally annihilated, enlisted with more creditable papers.

AFTER RAIN.

I.

DARK storms of rain have passed away,
Leaving the blue skies bare, and lo!
Above the odorous fields of May
Red sunset-arches glow.

II.

The hawthorn boughs are wet with drops
That flash and sparkle, each a star;
Bird-music chimes in every copse,
Re-echoed from afar.

III.

On wings with summer fancies fraught
The blue-black swallow sweeping by,
Cuts, like an unexpected thought,
The silence of the sky.

IV.

I hear the laughter of a child
Down where the meadow-banks are all
Fretted with shifting lights and wild,
And dreamy shadows fall.

V.

I see two passing, where I stand;
I catch the sweet soft undertone;
But they are walking hand in hand,
And I am here alone.

S. A. A.



A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

So vast and rapid a change of thought and habits has swept over the face of Europe during the last fifty years, so entirely have the occupations and, above all, the amusements of the people altered, whether for better or for worse, that it is nowadays often necessary to go to a less advanced or less mutable people to study phases and customs which were common enough among our own ancestors not so very many years ago. There are many of us, barely entering upon our sixth lustre, who have seen the disappearance of the May-pole and watched the obsequies of the morris-dancer, and will apparently be in at the death of Saint Valentine, if he is not indeed already buried. True, there are fitful attempts at the revival of local customs and ceremonies from time to time : mock-heroic efforts at Godiva processions, much-advertised enthronements of a Queen of the May ; but the trail of the nineteenth century is over them all. It seems sacrilegious to exhume the skeletons of old-world merriment. The skeletons look ghastly and unreal in armour from Drury Lane and dresses from Covent Garden. We feel that the feat of the heroine of Coventry is obviously incongruous with the arrival of a series of excursion-trains, and that the modern Queen of the May will probably appear as an advertisement for a new soap.

Progress and Protestantism have between them in England swept away the possibility of pilgrimages ; the latter by its disparagement of saints and relics, the former by its railways and telegraph-wires, which render the very idea of a pilgrimage ridiculous by robbing it of the one element that gives it value, the labour of accomplishment. The shrine of Saint Thomas of Canterbury no longer attracts crowds

of the devout, not so much because the virtue has gone out of his shrine as because a first-class return ticket has destroyed the romance of the journey ; and our Lady of Glastonbury works miracles no more, for how are miracles compatible with an excellent family hotel next door where hot luncheons are served at the shortest notice ?

But the modern spirit has not reached the heart of Ceylon yet ; and under the shade of "our victorious sovereign Lord, the Sacred Bo-tree", it is still possible to watch a pilgrimage taking place in much the same way, with much the same details, as it did two thousand years ago. The British traveller is so rapidly becoming alive to the fact that he has certain possessions, commonly known as the Indian Empire, which (and notably Ceylon) form a most agreeable field for exploration and sojourn during the English winter months, that perhaps it is less necessary now than it would have been ten years ago to premise that the "Sacred Bo-tree" is the paladium of Anuradhapura, and that Anuradhapura is the ancient capital of Ceylon, and is still the most revered centre of Singalese Buddhism. The place is admirably adapted to the purposes of a pilgrimage. Though a thousand years of decay and neglect have passed over it, carrying away all that was perishable of woodwork and ornament and personal life, still the sacred places, or at least their foundations and substructures, are plainly marked and well identified : the great "dagobas" (huge cones, over two hundred feet in height) still tower upwards defiant of time ; and the Vin Sacra, that leads from spot to spot, passes through a beautiful park-like country and is bordered with green turf and wild flowers.

A more thoroughly picturesque sight than the great pilgrimage in June it would be hard to imagine; and yet perhaps the first fact that strikes a European, accustomed possibly to associate large gatherings with the incidents of a Lord Mayor's Show and the rowdy horse-play of London streets, is the extreme orderliness of the people. Excellent proof of this lies in the fact that the five last pilgrimages have not left a trace on the records of the police-court. Could any other nation in the world boast of so spotless a register in similar circumstances? Does it not give one some insight into the character of the people and of the religion they profess? A creed which has never shed a drop of blood to make a proselyte also teaches the avoidance of the crimes and squabbles that mar a pilgrimage. Anyhow it has what certain other creeds have not, a commandment against the use of intoxicating liquors, which is better than the presence of many police. Here are no public-houses to turn exuberant piety into pot-valiance; no flaring liquor-bars to excite the weary wayfarer into sudden pugnacity. A long draught of tank-water, or a glass or two of red syrup, do not necessarily excite a tendency to assault your neighbour or to take a lodging for the night in the nearest gutter.

But there is certainly another fact which assists in promoting good behaviour, and that is the weather. The morality of the pilgrims is seldom put to the test of rain-water, for although the moon has of late years lost all credit as a weather-power, she undoubtedly contrives usually to secure a magnificent night for the display of her full beauty; and the climax of the festival is on the night of the full moon. All the previous day the pilgrims come trooping in: you meet them whithersoever you ride or drive, along the king's highway or the narrow village path, nearly always in single file and invariably chattering. It is the rarest thing in the world to meet two Singalese travellers walking

side by side, and rarer still to find them travelling in silence. The two facts seem incompatible: they are really the outcome of the village path, where there is seldom room to walk abreast, and where the human voice has its uses in warning such unwelcome fellow-travellers as snakes and bears to take themselves out of the way.

But the main body of the pious make their appearance on the following morning, by tens and twenties, by villages and companies. You hardly appreciate the rapidity with which the town is filling, so noiseless is the tramp of naked feet on dusty roads, so simple are the arrangements of their little camps of talipot leaves. And yet very comfortable withal. The favourite formation appears to be three sides of a square, without too nice a distinction between the separate tents; and the rapidity and skill with which the most suitable site is selected, the big leaves spread slantwise and secured, and a fine crackling fire prepared for cooking purposes would do credit to the best organised of German army-corps. It is only on the evening of the great day that you thoroughly grasp the fact that the little population of two thousand has swelled to five times that number, and that locomotion in the neighbourhood of the centres of attraction has become a matter of patience. But everywhere the prevailing characteristics are extreme good-humour and extreme devotion. It is a very different sort of devotion from that which you may witness on the great day at Trichinopoly, say, or at Madura. There is absolutely nothing revolting, nothing despicable, no disgusting obscenity, or barbaric, over-wrought excitement. It is far more like a Roman Catholic gala-day in a country village in Switzerland or Italy. The very ritual and offerings are touching in their simplicity and elevating in their intentions. To adorn and pay respect in some form or other to one or all of the monuments erected in honour of

the "Enlightened One" is the primary object in each pilgrim's mind. Be it only a big white lotus, or a few strips of areka-flower, or even a shred of cloth tied on to a stick and a handful of roasted rice, there is room for all on the great stone altar; even as there was room in the temples of a far higher creed for a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. Every age is represented: the tiny infant in its mother's arms, crowing with delight at the stirring crowds and the flash of the fireworks; and the grey, tottering veteran leaning on his long staff, with shaking hands scarce capable of holding the little offering he is pressing forward to deposit on the stone slab at the foot of the giant dagoba. There are troops of laughing girls gay with jewellery, the yellow gold gleaming lazily on full brown arm and delicate ankle, not unaccompanied by village swains prepared to draw as fine a line as possible between the worship of the ideal and the courtship of the real. And there is a very large attendance of elderly and eminently energetic female devotees (for piety sometimes increases as charms diminish), who perform their varied voluntary labours in a business-like way that tells of long experience. It is amusing to watch their keen desire to make their little store of offerings go as far as possible, and have something, however trifling, to leave at every shrine. Threepence or fourpence, in half-cent pieces, will go a long way with judicious management; and strips of areka-flower are capable of almost infinite subdivision. It is with a look of quiet contempt that they pass by one spot which has certain charms for their more frivolous younger sisters: a spot where there are three stone bulls, excellently carved; once perhaps the pride of a palace-chamber or the ornament of a temple, but now lying promiscuously on mother earth. The legend has it that whatsoever woman turns one of them completely round shall be blessed with a fruitful marriage-bed. They are of different sizes, and of

course by turning the biggest you are more likely of success. Nor is it a bad plan to make assurance doubly sure by turning all three; for is there not a mystic significance in the very number? And, to quote a distant analogy, was it not thrice that the huntress-deity of Rome had to be invoked—the goddess,

"Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis adimisque leto" ?

Apart from this spot, where in sooth there is much laughter and delicate jesting, in the choice of shrines for adoration there is a grand impartiality, rather than any particular fashion or choice; but the Sacred Bo-tree of course is the primary and ultimate object of respect; and the compound and terraces which surround it are ever filled with enthusiastic crowds, shouting "Sadu!" in long-drawn choruses, and performing endless genuflexions before the grim old trunk gaily decked on this gala-day with flags and wreaths and coloured paper. Proud is the devotee who can throw a handful of roasted rice right into the middle of the branches; prouder he who can beg or buy a fallen leaf from the lynx-eyed priest on guard; proudest of all the erudite pilgrim who has brought with him a book, whether it be a few strips of talipot leaf, the heir-loom of many generations, or a brand-new publication from the printing-presses of Colombo. With an air of profound and mystic knowledge, and spectacles a-tilt upon his nose, he stands the centre of a knot of admiring fellow-villagers, who hold up their lamps and candles for his enlightenment, and listen to his monotonous sing-song with immense satisfaction. Nor is he to be easily put down by the rival scholar, who takes up his position with his band of admirers just opposite. It becomes a regular contest of vocal endurance; and when the book is finished, it is simple enough to begin it again rather than leave your opponent in sole possession of the field. And so the long night wanes, and the

great moon sinks ever in the west, and a faint flush of prophetic pink steals upwards from the east. But devotion ceases not, though it claims a slight pause for hurried refreshment. Myriads of little fires are soon blazing merrily ; and a brisk trade is done in cakes and coffee, in sweetmeats and sugar-cane. The devil-dancers cease because they are few, and even the sound of the inevitable tom-tom is still for a moment ; and so noticeable is the cessation that the very silence it leaves behind it is a noise in itself.

But there is little time for breakfast, for there is much to be done ere sunset. It would never do to leave the more distant shrines unvisited, and this means a walk of five or six miles, with pauses innumerable. For instance, here is a new batch of arrivals, a little late but very demonstrative, bearing in their hands or on brass dishes quite a large collection of offerings—cloth and quaint flags and lotus flowers and a little silver-work—and all marching under cover of a long strip of white cloth held up on poles in front and rear. There is a look of unfeigned pride on the faces of the members of the procession ; a mingling of the joy of a journey successfully accomplished and of the certainty that their particular offerings will not be surpassed at any shrine. They stop and offer us the privilege of touching, that we may partake in the merit of their gift ; and while you are about it it is as well to touch everything, and so get all possible merit with the least possible trouble. Consequently the operation is a long one, and gives one time to reflect how rapidly the world has been moving in other places, how slowly and changelessly among some at least of these Oriental nations. Here in this nineteenth century, in this half-forgotten corner of the world, is precisely the same procession, the same ceremonial, the same little touches of human nature that were visible at this very spot years before the Christian era. There is no sign of what we mean by the

present ; no hint of the English rule which is changing and obliterating so many customs and ceremonies elsewhere ; no police to move you on, no excursion-train to move you off ; nothing but the telegraph-wires along the Government high road to give a thin, unnoticed warning of the change that is to come.

Once more a start is effected, and very picturesque is the sight, as the long line of pilgrims winds in and out among the brilliant foliage and fantastic creepers that line the narrow track ; the gay colours of their clothing blending strangely yet completely with the varied hues of the half-cleared jungle. Nothing harmonises so completely with the forest scenery as the yellow of the priests' robes ; it seems to relieve and give a new meaning to the endless green of grass and tree, like a witty commentary on a monotonous book. The Abhayagiri dagoba, rising two hundred and fifty feet out of the jungle, is a great centre of attraction to the passing crowds. The upper part of it is being repaired ; there is a path to the top, and a great chance of acquiring merit lies in the carrying up of bricks for the use of the workmen. Heaps of serviceable bricks are cunningly and suggestively piled below ; any one can carry two at least, while some of us can manage six, and the proud, stout bearer of seven elicits a little burst of applause from his feebler neighbours. And so up the narrow steep path we go, young men and maidens, old men and children, toiling under our loads and confident in our piety ; only want of breath will not allow us to shout properly till we stand at last on the broad square platform close to the summit ; and then the beauty of the view that bursts upon us almost takes our breath away again. The vast stretch of waving trees, a veritable jungle-sea, with its countless hues and soft undulations, an *ἀντήριον γέλασμα* of rippling leaves ; the brown-red house-roofs peeping out at intervals ; the quiet waters of snug ponds and lakes glittering beneath the

slant rays of the rising sun ; and the great still dagobas towering skywards, brickwork giants of an age when, say the people, there were giants on the earth.

But we must leave the pilgrims to their further tasks, and pass homewards through the on-coming masses, ever good-humoured, ever shouting. They are audible enough through the long hot day, as they come trooping back, weary but satisfied, to prepare for departure, and by eventide all are gone. They are filing homewards to distant villages along the dusty ways ; and the glory of the setting sun lights up the remnant of them, as they

“ Fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

We are told by missionaries that one of the greatest hindrances to their work in the East lies in the interest shown by Europeans in Eastern forms

of creed, and notably in Buddhism. It may be so ; far be it from one to underrate the difficulties they have to meet, or the admirable zeal and energy they show in meeting them. On the other hand one could wish sometimes that there was more of a tendency among them to look for those atoms of the Divine which are said to exist in all creeds, rather than denounce their followers indiscriminately as forsaken heathen, and their ritual as the work of the devil ; that they would occasionally leave their well-trodden pulpits and visit such gatherings of the people as this pilgrimage, would criticise them in a kindly spirit and notice what there is in them of piety and self-sacrifice and education, and so, it may be, learn to lead the people towards the highest truths by methods more successful and more rational than mere denunciation.

S. M. BURROWS.

A HALCYON DAY IN SUMMER.

THOUGH thy song-tribute ne'er has fail'd, O Sea !
Since that Æolian Master set thy soul
To music in his long hexameter roll,
One gift, in these changed years, I bring to thee :—
For thou to-day hast veil'd thy majesty
'Neath this smooth shining floor of purpled green,
Pattern'd with white waves o'er the glooms unseen
Where gray Leviathan circles fast and free :—
On such a day might Galatæa fair
Flaunt her fleet dolphins o'er the buoyant plain,
While Zephyrs dipt and vaulted through the sky :
—Now one lone bird, wheeling, her hungry prayer
Screams forth, responsive to the low refrain
Of thy sweet, sad, eternal litany.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

LYME, *September*, 1888.

GASTON DE LATOUR

CHAPTER V.

SUSPENDED JUDGMENT.

THE diversity, the undulancy, of human nature! So deep a sense of this went with Montaigne always that himself, too, seemed to be ever changing colour sympathetically therewith. Those innumerable differences, mental and physical, of which men had always been aware, with which they had so largely fed their vanity, were ultimate. That the surface of humanity presented an infinite variety was the tritest of facts: pursue that variety below the surface, the lines did but part further and further asunder, with an ever-increasing divergency which made any common measure of truth impossible. Diversity of custom! What was that but diversity in the moral and mental view—diversity of opinion? And diversity of opinion, what but diversity of mental constitution? How various in kind and degree had he found men's thoughts concerning death, for instance "some (ah me!) even running headlong upon it with a real affection". Death, life; wealth, poverty; the whole sum of contrasts, nay! duty itself, "the relish of right and wrong," depend upon the opinion each one has of them, and "receive no colour of good or evil but according to the application of the individual soul". Did Hamlet learn of him that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so"? "What we call evil is not so of itself: it depends upon us, to give it another taste and complexion. Things, in respect of themselves, have peradventure their weight, measure, and conditions; but when once we have taken them into us, the soul forms them as she pleases. Death is terrible to Cicero, courted by Cato, indifferent to Socrates. Fortune, cir-

cumstance, offers but the matter: 'tis the soul adds the form. Every opinion, how fantastic soever to some, is to another of force enough to be espoused at the risk of life". For opinion was the projection of individual will, of a native original predilection. Opinions!—they are like the clothes we wear, which warm us not with their heat but with our own. Track your way (as he had learned to do) to the remote origin of what looks like folly; at home it was found to be justifiable, as a proper growth of wisdom. In the vast conflict of taste, preference, conviction, there was no real inconsistency. It was but that the soul looked "upon things with another eye, and represented them to itself with another kind of face; reason being a tincture almost equally infused into all our manners and opinions. There never were in the world two opinions exactly alike". And the practical comment was, not as one might have expected, towards the determination of some common standard of truth amid that infinite variety, but to this effect rather, that we are not bound to receive every opinion we are not able to refute, nor to accept another's refutation of our own; those diversities being themselves ultimate, and the priceless pearl of truth lying, if anywhere, not in large theoretic apprehension of the general, but in minute vision of the particular—in the perception of the concrete phenomenon, at this particular moment, from this unique point of view, that for you this for me, now but perhaps not then.

Now, and not then! For if men are so diverse, not less disparate are the many men who keep discordant

company within each one of us, "every man carrying in him the entire form of human condition". "That we taste nothing pure": the variability of the individual in regard to himself: the complexity of soul which there, too, makes "all judgments in the gross" impossible or useless, certainly inequitable, he delighted to note. Men's minds were like the grotesques which some artists of that day loved to joint together, or like his own inconstant essays never true for a page to their proposed subjects. "Nothing is so supple as our understanding: it is double and diverse; and the matters are double and diverse, too". Here, as it seemed to Gaston, was one for whom exception had taken the place of law: the very genius of qualification followed him through all his keen, constant, changeable consideration of men and things. How many curious moral variations he had to show!—"vices that are lawful"—vices in us which help to make up the seam in our piecing, as poisons are useful for the conservation of health—"actions good and excusable that are not lawful in themselves"—"the soul discharging her passions upon false objects where the true are wanting"—men doing more than they propose, or they hardly know what, at immense hazard, or pushed to do well by vice itself, or working for their enemies—"condemnations more criminal than the crimes they condemn", the excuses that are self-accusations, instances from his own experience of a hasty confidence in other men's virtue which "God had favoured", and how "even to the worst people it is sweet, their end once gained by a vicious act, to foist into it some show of justice". In the presence of this indefatigable analyst of act and motive all fixed outlines seemed to vanish away. The healthful pleasure of motion, of thoughts in motion! Yes: Gaston felt them moving, the oldest of them, as he listened, under and away from his feet as if with the ground he stood on. And this was a vein of thought

which oftenest led the master back contemptuously to emphasise the littleness of man. "I think we can never be despised according to our full desert".

By way of counterpoise there were great surprises in man. That cross-play of human tendencies determined from time to time in the forces of unique and irresistible character, "moving all together", pushing the world around it to phenomenal good or evil. For such as "make it their business to oversee human acting it seems impossible they should proceed from one and the same person". Consolidation supposed, that did but make character, already the most attractive, because the most dynamic, phenomenon of experience, more interesting still. So tranquil a spectator of so average a world, a too critical minimiser, it might seem, of all that pretends to be of importance, he was constantly, gratefully, announcing his contact, in life, in books, with undeniable power and greatness, with forces full of beauty in their vigour, like lightning, the sea, the torrents:—overpowering desire augmented, yet victorious, by its very difficulty; the bewildering constancy of martyrs; single-hearted virtue not to be resolved into anything less surprising than itself; the devotion of that so companionable wife, dying cheerfully by her own act along with the sick husband who could do no better than kill himself; the grief, the joy, of which men suddenly die; the unconscious Stoicism of the poor; that stern self-control with which Jacques Bonhomme goes as usual to his daily labour with a heart tragic for the dead child at home; nay! even the boldness and strength of "those citizens who sacrifice honour and conscience, as others of old sacrificed their lives, for the good of their country". So carefully equable, his mind nevertheless was stored with, and delighted in, incidents, personalities, of barbarous strength—Esau in all his phases—the very rudest children of "our great and powerful mother na-

ture". As Plato had said, "'twas to no purpose for a sober-minded man to knock at the door of poesy", or, if truth were spoken, of any other high matter of doing or making. That was congruous with his sympathetic belief in the native gifts of youth. Even those unexpected traits in ordinary people which seem to hint at larger laws and deeper forces of character, correcting narrow judgment upon them, he welcomed as akin to his own indolent but suddenly kindling nature—the mere self-will of men, the shrewd wisdom of an unlettered old woman, the fount of goodness in a cold or malicious heart. "I hear every day fools say things far from foolish". Those invincible prepossessions of humanity, or of the individual, which Bacon reckoned "idols of the cave", are no offence to him; are direct informations, it may be, beyond price from a kindly spirit of truth in things.

For him there had been two grand surprises, two pre-eminent manifestations of the power and charm of man, not to be explained away—one within the compass of general and public observation; the other a matter of special intimacy to himself—the greatness of the old Greek and Roman life, so greatly recorded; the wisdom and kindness of Etienne de la Boetie, as made known to him alone. That his ardent devotion to the ancients had been rewarded with minute knowledge concerning them was the privilege of the age in which he was born, late in the Revival of Letters. The classical reading, which with others was often but an affectation, seducing them from the highest to a lower degree of reality, from men and women to their mere shadows in old books, had been for him nothing less than personal contact. "The qualities and fortunes" of the old Romans, especially, their wonderful straight ways through the world, the straight passage of their armies upon them, the splendour of their armour, of their entire external presence and show, their "riches and embellishments", above all, "the sud-

denness of Augustus", in that grander age for which *decision* had been justifiable because really possible, had ever been "more in his head than the fortunes of his own country". If "we have no hold on things present but by fancy", as he loved to observe, then how much more potent, steadier larger, the imaginative substance of the world of Alexander and Socrates, of Virgil and Cæsar, than that of an age which seemed to him, in the midst of it, respectable by its docility, by an imitation of the ancients which after all left untouched the real sources of their greatness. They had been great, at the least dramatically, redeemed in part by magnificent courage and tact, in their very sins. "Our force is no more able to reach them in their vicious than in their virtuous qualities; for both the one and the other proceed from a vigour of soul which was without comparison greater in them than in us."

And yet, thinking of his friendship with the "incomparable Etienne de la Boetie, so perfect, inviolate and entire, that the like is hardly to be found in story", he was to confess that the sources of greatness must still be quick in the world. It had remained with him as his one fixed standard of value in the estimate of men and things. On this single point antiquity itself had been surpassed; the discourses it had left upon friendship seeming to him "poor and flat in comparison of the sense he had of it". For once his sleepless habit of analysis had been checked by the inexplicable, the absolute; in his jealously guarded indifference of soul he had been summoned to yield, and had yielded, to the magnetic power of another. "We were halves throughout, so that methinks by outliving him I defraud him of his part. I was so grown to be always his double in all things that methinks I am no more than half of myself. There is no action or thought of mine wherein I do not miss him, as I know that he would have missed me". Tender yet heroic, impulsive yet so wise, he might

have done what the survivor (so it seemed to him) was but vainly trying to do. It was worth while to be famous if that hapless memory might be embalmed in one's fame. It had been better than love, that friendship! to the building of which so much "concurrence" had been requisite, that "'twas much if fortune brought the like to pass once in three ages". Actually, we may think, the "sweet society" of those four years, in comparison with which "the rest of his so pleasant life was but smoke", had touched his nature with refinements it might otherwise have lacked. He would have wished "to speak concerning it, to those who had experience" of what he said, could such have been found. In despair of that, he loved to discourse of it to all comers—how it had come about, the circumstances of its sudden and wonderful growth. Yet were he pressed to say why he had so loved Etienne de la Boetie, he could but answer, "Because it was He! Because it was I"!

And the surprises there are in man, his complexity, his variancy, were symptomatic of the changefulness, the confusion, the surprises of the earth under one's feet, of the whole material world. The irregular, the unforeseen, the inconsecutive miracle, accident, he noted lovingly: it had a philosophic import. It was habit rather than knowledge of them that took away the strangeness of the things actually about one. How many unlikely matters there were, testified by persons worthy of faith, "which, if we cannot persuade ourselves to believe, we ought at least to leave in suspense. Though all that has arrived by report of past time should be true, it would be less than nothing in comparison of what is unknown".

On all sides we are beset—walled up suddenly, as if by malign trickery, in the open field, or pushed forward senselessly in the crowd to good-fortune—by the incalculable. In art, as in poetry, there are the "transports" which lift the artist out, as

they are not, of himself; for orators also, "those extraordinary motions which sometimes carry them above their design." Himself, "in the necessity and heat of combat," had sometimes made answers that went "through and through," beyond hope. The work, by its own force and fortune, sometimes outstrips the workman. And then, in defiance of the proprieties, when poets "flag and languish after a prosaic manner," prose will shine with the lustre, vigour and boldness, with "the fury," of poetry.

And as to "affairs," how spasmodic the mixture, collision or coincidence, of the mechanic, independent, succession of things with men's volition! Mere rumour, so large a factor in events—who could trace out its ways? Various events (he was now tired of illustrating the fact) "followed from the same counsel." Fortune, that is to say the immense contribution of mere matter to man, "would still be mistress of events;" and you might think it no unwisdom to commit everything to fortuity. But no! "fortune too is oftentimes observed to act by the rule of reason: chance itself comes round to hold of justice;" war, above all, being a matter in which fortune was inexplicable, though men might seem to have made it the main business of their lives. If "the force of all counsel lies in the occasion," that is because things eternally shift. If man—his taste, his very conscience—change with the habit of time and place, that is because habit is the emphatic determination, the tyranny of external and material circumstance. So it comes about that every one gives the name of barbarism to what is not in use round about him, excepting perhaps the Greeks and Romans, somewhat conventionally; and Montaigne was fond of assuring people suddenly that could we have those privileged Greeks and Romans actually to sit beside us for a while, they would be found to offend our niceties at a hundred points. We have great power of taking ourselves in, and "pay our-

selves in the words." Words, too, language itself, and therewith the more intimate physiognomy of thought, slip every day through our fingers. With his eye on his labour, wistfully, he thought on the instability of the French language in particular—a matter, after all, so much less "perennial than brass." In no respect was nature more stable, more consecutive, than man.

In nature, indeed, as in one's self, there might be no ultimate inconsequence: only "the soul looks upon things with another eye, and represents them to itself with another kind of face: *for everything has many faces and several aspects*. There is nothing single and rare in respect of itself, but only in respect of our knowledge, which is a wretched foundation whereon to ground our rules, and that represents to us a very false image of things." Ah! even in so "dear" a matter as bodily health, immunity from physical pain, what doubts! what variations of experience, of learned opinion! Already in six years of married life, of four children treated so carefully (never, for instance, roughly awaked from sleep, "wherein," he would observe, "children are much more profoundly involved than us"), of four children, two were dead, and one even now miserably sick. Seeing the doctor depart one morning a little hastily, on the payment of his fee, he was tempted to some nice questions as to the money's worth. "There are so many maladies, and so many circumstances, presented to the physician that human sense must soon be at the end of its lesson: the many complexions in a melancholy person; the many seasons in winter; the many nations in the French; the many ages in age; the many celestial mutations in the conjunction of Venus and Saturn; the many parts in man's body, nay, in a finger. And suppose the cure effected, how can he assure himself that it was not because the disease was arrived at its period, or an effect of chance? or the operation of something else that

the child had eaten, drunk, or touched that day, or by virtue of his mother's prayers? We suppose we see one side of a thing when we are really looking at another. I never see all of anything; neither do they who so largely promise to show it to others. Of the hundred faces that everything has I take one, and am for the most part attracted by some new light I find in it."

And that new light sure to lead him back very soon to his "governing method, ignorance"—an ignorance "strong and generous, and that yields nothing in honour and courage to knowledge; an ignorance which to conceive requires no less knowledge than to conceive knowledge itself"—a sapient, instructed, shrewdly ascertained ignorance, suspended judgment, doubt everywhere. The balances, very delicate balances, he was partial to that image of equilibrium, or preponderance, in things. But was there, after all, so much as preponderance anywhere? To Gaston there was a kind of fascination, an actually æsthetic beauty, in the spectacle of that keen-edged intelligence, dividing evidence so finely, like some delicate steel instrument, with impeccable sufficiency, always loyally leaving the last word to the central intellectual faculty, in our entire disinterestedness. If on the one hand he was always distrustful of things that he wished, on the other he had many opinions he would endeavour to make his son dislike if he had one. What if the truest opinions were not always the most commodious to man, "being of so wild a composition"? (Was good faith, just there, calling bad faith to work in its vineyard?) He would say nothing to one party that he might not on occasion say to the other, "with a little alteration of accent". Doubt everywhere! In the far background, as the proper intellectual equivalent to the infinite possibilities of things; doubt shrewdly economising the opportunities of the present hour, in the very spirit of the traveller who walks

only for the walk's sake—"every day concludes my expectation, and the journey of my life is carried on after the same fashion"—doubt, finally, as "the best of pillows to sleep on." And in fact Gaston did sleep well after those long days of physical and intellectual movement, in that quiet world, till the spring came round again.

But beyond and above all the various interests upon which the philosopher's mind was for ever afloat, there was one subject always in prominent eminence—himself. His minute peculiarities, mental and physical, what was constitutional with him as well as his transient humours, how things affected him, were in him—Michael much more than man—all this Gaston came to know, as the world knew it afterwards in the *Essays*, often amused, sometimes irritated, but never suspicious of postures of insincerity. The habit Montaigne himself admitted with frank humour—"in favour of the Huguenots, who condemn our private confession, I confess myself in public". And this outward egotism of manner was but the symptom of a certain deeper doctrinal egotism. "I have no other end in writing but to discover myself". What was the purport, what the justification, of this undissembled egotism? It was the recognition, over against or in continuation of that world of floating doubt, of the individual mind as for each one severally at once the unique organ and the only matter of knowledge—the wonderful energy, the reality and authority, of that, in its absolute loneliness, confining all things to its law, without witnesses as without judge, without appeal save to itself. What truth there might be must come for each one from within not from without. To that wonderful microcosm of the individual soul, of which, for each one, all other worlds are but elements—to himself, to what was apparent immediately to him, what was "properly of his own having and substance" he confidently dismissed inquirers. His own egotism was but the pattern of the true intellectual

life of every one. "The greatest thing in the world is for a man to know that he is his own. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves". "How it is lodged in its author"—that, surely, was the essential question concerning every opinion that comes to one man from another.

Yet again, on this ultimate ground of judgment, what undulancy, complexity, surprises! "*I have no other end in writing but to discover myself, who also shall peradventure be another thing to-morrow*". The great work of his life, the *Essays*, he placed "now high, now low, with great doubt and inconstancy". "What are we but sedition? like this poor France, faction against faction within ourselves, every piece playing every moment its own game, with as much difference between us and ourselves as between ourselves and others. Whoever will look narrowly into his own bosom will hardly find himself twice in the same condition. I give to myself sometimes one face and sometimes another, according to the side I turn her to. I have nothing to say of myself, entirely, and without qualification. One grows familiar with all strange things by time. But the more I frequent myself, the better I know myself, the less do I understand myself. If others would consider themselves as I do they would find themselves full of caprice. Rid myself of it I cannot without making myself away. They who are not aware of it have the better bargain. And yet I know not whether they have or no!"

One's own experience! that, at least, was one's own; low and earthy, it might be; still the earth was emphatically good, good-natured, and he loved emphatically to recommend the wisdom, amid all doubts, of keeping close to it. Gaston soon knew well a certain thread-bare garment worn by Montaigne in all their sides together, sitting quaintly on his otherwise gallant appointments—an old

mantle that had belonged to his father. Retained, as he tells us, in spite of its inconvenience, "because it seemed to envelop me in him", it was the symbol of a hundred natural, perhaps somewhat material, pieties. Parentage, kinship, relationship through earth,—the touch of that was everywhere like a caress to him. His fine taste notwithstanding, he loved, in those long rambles, to partake of homely fare, paying largely for it. Everywhere it was as if the earth in him turned kindly to earth. "Under the sun", the sturdy purple thistles, the blossoming burrs also, were worth knowing. Let us grow together with you! they seem to say. Himself was one of those whom he thought "Heaven favoureth" in making them die, so naturally, by degrees. "I shall be blind before I am sensible of the decay of my sight, with such kindly artifice do the Fatal Sisters entwine our lives. I melt and steal away from myself. How variously is it no longer I!" It was not he would carry a furry robe at midsummer, because he might need it in the winter. "In fine, we must live among the living, and let the river flow under the bridge without our care, above all things avoiding fear, that great disturber of reason. The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear". And still, health, the invincible survival of youth, "admonished him to a better wisdom than years and sickness". Was there anything better, fairer, than the beautiful light of health? To be in health was itself the sign, perhaps the essence, of wisdom—a wisdom, rich in counsels regarding all one's contacts with the earthy side of existence. And how he could laugh!—at that King of Thrace who had a religion and a god all to himself, which his subjects might not presume to worship; at the King of Mexico who swore at his coronation not only to keep the laws, but also to make the sun run his annual course; at the followers of Alexander, who all carried their heads on one side as Alexander did.

The natural second-best, the intermediate, unheroic virtues (the Church, as we know, does not *require* "heroic" virtue) was perhaps actually the best, better than any kind of heroism in an age whose virtue even was apt to become insane; "guilty and extravagant" in its very justice; for which, as regards all that belongs to the spirit, the one thing needful was moderation. And it was characteristic of Montaigne, a note of the real helpfulness there was in his thoughts, that he preferred to base virtue on low, safe ground. "The lowest walk is the safest: 'tis the seat of constancy". The wind about the tower, coming who knows whence and whither!—could one heed its music, unless one knew the foundations safe, just twenty feet below ground? He loved always to hear those words which "soften and modify the temerity of our propositions". To say less than the truth about it, to dissemble the absoluteness of its claim, was agreeable to his confidence in the natural charm, the gaiety, of goodness—"the fair and beaten path nature has traced for us", over against a difficult, militant, chimerical virtue. "Never had any morose and ill-looking physician done anything to purpose". In that age, it was a great thing to be just blameless. Virtue had its bounds, which "once transgressed, the next step was into the territories of vice". "All decent and honest means of securing ourselves from harm, were not only permitted but commendable." Any man who despises his own life, might "always be master of that of another". He would not condemn "a magistrate who sleeps, provided the people under his charge sleep as well as he". Though a blundering world, in collusion with a prejudiced philosophy, has "a great suspicion of facility", there was a certain easy taking of things which made life the richer for others as well as for one's self, and was at least an excellent makeshift for disinterested service to them. With all his admiration for the antique

greatness of character, he would never commend "so savage a virtue, and that costs so dear", as that of the Greek mother, the Roman father, who assisted to put their own erring sons to death. More truly commendable was the custom of the Lacedæmonians, who when they went to battle sacrificed always to the Muses that "these might, by their sweetness and gaiety, soften their own martial fury". How had divine philosophy herself been discredited by the sour mask, the sordid patches with which her enemies, surely! had sent her abroad into the world. "I love a gay and civil philosophy. There is nothing more *cheerful* than wisdom: I had like to have said more wanton".

Was that why his conversation was sometimes coarse? "All the contraries are to be found in me, in one corner or another"; if delicacy, so also coarseness. Delicacy there was, certainly, a wonderful fineness of sensation. "To the end", he tells us, "that sleep should not so stupidly escape from me, I have caused myself to be disturbed in my sleep, so that I might the better and more sensibly taste and relish it. Of scents, the simple and natural seem to me the most pleasing, and I have often observed that they cause an alteration in me, and work upon my spirits according to their several virtues. In excessive heats I always travel by night, from sunset to sunrise. I am betimes sensible of the little breezes that begin to sing and whistle in the shrouds, the forerunners of the storm. When I walk alone in a beautiful orchard, if my thoughts are for a while taken up with foreign occurrences, I some part of the time call them back again to my walk, to the orchard, to the sweetness of the solitude, and to myself. There is nothing in us either purely corporeal, or purely spiritual. 'Tis an inhuman wisdom that would have us despise and hate the culture of the body. 'Tis not a soul, 'tis not a body, we are training up, but a man; and we ought not to divide him. Of

all the infirmities we have, the most savage is to despise our being". There is a fineness of sensation here, which to Gaston seemed to connect itself with the exquisite words he had found to paint his two great affections, for his father and for Etienne de la Boetie—a fineness of sensation perhaps quite novel in that age, but still of physical sensation: and in pursuit of fine physical sensation he came, on his broad, easy, indifferent passage through the world, across the coarsest growths which also thrive "under the sun", and was not revolted. They were akin to that ruder earth within himself, of which a kind of undissembled greed was symptomatic—a love of meats little roasted, "very high and even as to several quite gone", while in drinking he loved "clear glass" "that the eye might taste too, according to its capacity", to a certain slothfulness,—"Sleeping has taken up a great part of my life". And there was nothing he would not say: no fact, no story, from his curious, half-medical reading he would not find plausible pretext to tell. Man's kinship to the animal, the material, and all the proofs of it—he would never blush at them! In truth, he led the way to the immodesty of French literature, and has his defence—a sort of defence—ready. "I know very well that few will quarrel with the licence of my writings, who have not more to quarrel with in the licence of their own thoughts".

Yet when Gaston, twenty years afterwards, heard of the seemingly pious end of Monsieur de Montaigne, he recalled a hundred always quiet, but not always insignificant, acts of devotion noticeable in those old days, in passing a village church, at home in the little chapel—superstitions, concessions to others, strictly appropriate recognitions, rather, as it seemed to him, of a certain possibility, which might lie among the conditions of so complex a world. It was a consideration which could hardly escape so reflective a mind as Gaston's: and at

a later period of his life, at the harvest of his second thoughts, as he pondered on the influence over him of this always two-sided thinker, the opinion that things as we find them would bear the old-fashioned and so hopeful construction, seemed to have been the consistent motive, however secret and subtle in its working, of his increasing intellectual activity. A lowly philosophy of ignorance would be little likely to disallow or discredit whatever intimations there might be in the experience of the wise or the simple, in favour of a venerable religion, which from its long history had come to seem like a growth of nature. Somewhere, among men's seemingly random and so inexplicable apprehensions, might lie the grains of a wisdom more precious than gold, or even its priceless pearl. That "free and roving thing", the human soul—what might it not have found out, in a world so wide? To deny, at all events, would be "to limit the mind by negation".

It was not however this side of that double philosophy which recommended itself just now to Gaston. The master's wistful tolerance, so extraordinary a characteristic in that age, seemed to him, in his present humour, less a receptivity towards problematic heavenly lights that might find their way to one from infinite skies, than towards the pleasant quite finite objects and experiences of the indubitable world of sense so close around him. It presented itself to him as that general license, over against the world's challenge to try it, which his own warm and curious appetite demanded of the theorist just then. For

so pronounced a lover of sincerity as Monsieur de Montaigne, there was certainly a strange ambiguousness in the result of his lengthy inquiries, on the greatest as well as on the lightest matters, and it was inevitable that a listener should accept the dubious lesson in his own sense. Was this shrewd casuist only bringing him by a roundabout way to principles he would not have cared to avow? To the great religious thinker of the next century he was to figure as emphatically on the wrong side, not merely because "he that is not with us is against us". It was something to have been, in the matter of religious tolerance, as on many other matters of justice and gentleness, the solitary conscience of the age. But did he really care for truth who never found it? Did he fear, perhaps, the practical responsibility of getting to the very bottom of certain questions? That the actual discourse of so keen a thinker seemed often inconsistent or inconsecutive was a hint at some deeper ground of thought in reserve, as if he were really moving, securely, over ground you did not see. What might that ground be? As to his own case, had this kindly entertainer only drawn the screws of a very complex piece of machinery which had gone well enough hitherto for certain uses? These were the questions Gaston had in mind, as he thanked his host one morning with real regret, and took his last look around that meditative place, the manuscripts, the books, the emblems—the house of Circe on the wall.

WALTER PATER

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